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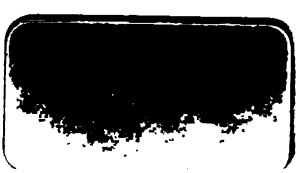


THE

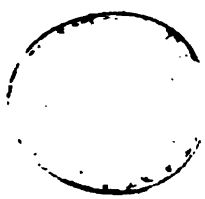
MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

FOR

Members of the English Church.



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THE MONTHLY PACKET

OF EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

PART 19. JULY, 1867. PRICE 1s.

PANSIES.

'Pansies, that's for thoughts.'—*Hamlet.*

THOUGHTS! why thoughts? why call ye thoughts, sweet flowers?
Why liken ye to these sad thoughts of ours?
Sure, there is naught
Of care or sorrow e'en in *one* flower-face,
Untroubled children of that happy race
Who 'take no thought!'

Thoughts! yes, thoughts; wherefore not thoughts, fair flowers?
Are they *all* sad and drear, these thoughts of ours?—
Not so, forsooth!
But of complexion varied, like to ye,
All shades, all hues; so call ye thoughts may we
In very truth.

Yes, ye are like to thoughts, but not the whole,
Not thoughts sad-coloured by mere earthly dole,
Or stained by sin;
Ye, dark or bright, wear Heaven's own livery,
And e'en the darkest hath a golden eye
Its heart within.

Our flowers we tend, we water morn and eve,
And dress with richest soil; the while we leave
Our own heart's plot
With rankest weeds o'errun, or e'en at best
Unwatched, unsown, unwatered, and undrest,
A desert spot!

But let it not be so.—Come, heavenly dews;
Come, sacred airs, fresh energy infuse,
Shine, healing ray!
O mighty Husbandman, Thy planting own,
Quicken the seed that Thine own hand hath sown,
At break of day!

Come, childlike trusting thoughts, remembering Him
Who all far-gazing into future dim
Hath erst forbade.
Considering well the lily's dainty cup,
Not looking *on*, but ever looking *up*,
Rest undismayed.

Come, gentle thoughts of poor humanity,
Spreading the garb of heav'n-born charity,
That knows no end,
O'er all its sins and woes; for His dear sake,
Who each frail man did for a brother take,
And eke a friend!

And with such thoughts we'll store ('tis very fit)
Thoughts of the good and great, what sage hath writ
Or poet sung,
Who sway the minds of men, the while they sleep
In death; these shall the heart embalm, and keep
It ever young.

'On all things true and pure; if there be aught
Of virtue, lovely, and of good report,
Think upon these.'
So shall our thoughts bring peace; so may they claim
Likeness to ye, fair flowers; and bear thy name,
Our own 'Heartsease!'

E. W.

THE CANTICLES IN MATINS AND EVENSONG.

CHAPTER III.

THE CANTICLES IN MORNING PRAYER.—THE TE DEUM.

ANALYSIS.

THE TE DEUM is a Hymn of twenty-nine verses. The first two verses strike the key-note of praise and adoration. The remainder may be arranged as follows:—

PART I.

VERSES 3–9.

THE ADORATION OF SAINTS AND ANGELS,
Offered to JEHOVAH *directly*.

I. That of the Angels of GOD in the Seraphic Hymn 2–6
II. That of Saints in bliss—Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs . . . 7–9

PART II.

VERSES 10–18.

THE ADORATION OF THE CHURCH MILITANT,
Offered to the HOLY TRINITY through CHRIST *mediately*.

I. In the acknowledgment of the Holy Trinity 10–13
II. In the commemoration of Christ's redeeming work . . . 14–18

PART III.

VERSES 19–29.

THE SUPPLICATION OF THE CHURCH Mmilitant,
Addressed to CHRIST as *Redeemer*.

I. That *having* redeemed He will also ultimately save His Church; and which petition 19–28
II. Each individual concludes by offering separately for his own individual soul 29

PARTS I. and II. are responsive or antiphonal. In Part II. GOD's Church on Earth makes response to the praises offered, in Part I., by GOD's servants in Heaven.

PART III. is not praise at all. It is a kind of appendix of supplication, and is *not* antiphonal to anything in Part I. The Church on earth being yet militant, has to follow up her praises with supplication that she may hereafter *join* the praises in Part I., to which now she only *responds* in Part II.

Part I. is Old Testament praise offered to JEHOVAH. Parts II. and III. are New Testament praise and prayer offered to the Holy Trinity through Christ the Mediator.

WE come now to the TE DEUM, which is indeed the typical or pattern Canticle of all. By this we mean that all the various purposes which the Canticles fulfil in our Service-book are discharged by this great ecclesiastical Hymn. We have already explained at great length how the office of the Canticles is

(1) To respond to the reading of Holy Scripture;—
(2) To introduce further reading of Holy Scripture;—
(3) To connect the readings from the Old Testament with those from the New; and thus generally

to weld into one connected whole both the Divine teaching of GOD'S Word, and also our human worship in its two great departments of praise and prayer.

The TE DEUM fulfils all these offices in the most marked and typical manner. As to the Divine teaching of GOD'S Word, it has been well called a 'Creed set Hymn-wise.' It sums up the revelation of GOD as contained in Holy Scripture. If our Scripture Lessons begin with the Old Testament revelation of the Father, and then go on through the New Testament revelations of GOD the Son and GOD the Holy Ghost, down to the second Advent and the final judgment of mankind;—so does the great TE DEUM. It begins with 'We praise Thee, O GOD;' it travels onward down the Gospel History to the 'We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge;' and thus it embraces the full-orbed round of Scripture teaching. That it has always been regarded as a thanksgiving for—or a commemoration of—the revelation of GOD in Holy Scripture, is obvious from the way in which it has always been used in every Service-book ever known of. Its place has been always *after* the Matin Lections; never before them. The Eastern Church too adds her witness in the same direction. Of course, in the form in which we have it, the TE DEUM is a hymn of the Western, and of the Western Church alone. Not so however with reference to the elements of which it is composed. Portions of it, or hymns and anthems which look like portions of it variously worked up, are frequent in the ancient Eastern Offices; and the curious thing is that these too were always hymns to be sung *after* the reading of Holy Scripture. For ancient as our TE DEUM is in the form in which we now have it, there is no doubt that its materials are older still, and that the stately tree sends its roots far down into the ritual stores of the Sacred East. It is a touching thought that in our grand TE DEUM we combine full many a hymn and anthem of untold antiquity, the offspring of the rapt devotion of the early Eastern mind, all welded into one majestic whole by the genius of the Western Church; and that, since its first composition, there never has been a time in the history of the Western Service-books when it has not formed part of the Matin song.

But the TE DEUM is not only a 'Creed set hymn-wise,' it is also in its measure a kind of rhythmical paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer too. You may write it out in parallel columns with the several petitions of our Saviour's Prayer, just as you may arrange the Articles of the Creed in parallel columns with the list of the great Church Seasons, and the Christian Festivals and Anniversaries. The TE DEUM is a cord of three strings, each interwoven with the other so that you can scarcely disconnect them. The facts of the Faith are the central cord of all which binds the whole together;—the facts of the Incarnation of our Lord, His redemption of mankind, His future judgment, and the revelation of the Holy Ghost. Then come the two other cords of praise and of supplication, intertwined with each other and with the facts of our belief:—(1.) of praise for what GOD and Christ have done for us, for the Church as a whole, and for each

of us as individuals; (2.) of supplication lest we come short of the glory which has been revealed, and fail to profit by the redemption which He has accomplished. And nothing can be more touching than to see the way in which this grand Canticle comes gradually down from the elevated strain of its majestic opening to the almost saddened tone of its pathetic close. At first all is grand and noble and jubilant, for it begins with GOD and not with men, with Heaven and not with earth. It is GOD in His illimitable majesty Whom we contemplate: we are filled with His Glory, and all our words and thoughts are laden with exultation. We think of those who stand next to Him in adoration; the heavenly host who have never sinned—Angels and Cherubim and Seraphim; the redeemed who have fought their fight—Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs; and all our thoughts are joyous. Then we come down to earth, to the Church yet militant, and our words are soberer, but still partake of the same general character of jubilation—for is She not the Bride of Christ although for the present She abides in the wilderness?—'holy' in her collective capacity, the Temple of the Holy Ghost. But yet our phrase is now of moderated tone. The Angels '*cry aloud;*' the Apostles '*praise Thee;*' of the Church we say, 'the holy Church .... doth *acknowledge Thee.*' Mark the change of word—*acknowledge*. It is a word of lesser exultation, but still it is decisive in its character. There is no indecision about it; and we observe too that it is the precise description of what the Church militant is placed on earth to do. She is GOD'S witness upon earth; it is her business to 'acknowledge' Him below, even as the redeemed 'praise' Him above; and this she never fails to do even in the worst of times. GOD is never without the witness of the 'Holy Church throughout all the world;' and accordingly we go on next with *how* the Church acknowledges Him, *i. e.* in the maintenance of the Apostolic Testimony in the Apostles' Creed, the substance of which is next recited in verses 11–19. So the Church acknowledges Him throughout the whole world. After this we come down a step lower still—from the Church to its constituent parts;—to ourselves now worshipping, and to the *supplication* which forms Part III. of the TE DEUM. The Church below is militant, yet sure to be triumphant in the end; but how as to each several member of her body? How about ourselves? are we sure of our crown? are we sure that we 'acknowledge' Him? A pathetic minor now begins to cross the harmony, and from praise we turn to *praying*. We want 'help,' and where are we to get it? The answer can only come out of the Creed which the Holy Church has just acknowledged. What is the Creed but the revelation of our help? Hence the *supplication* takes its start from the *acknowledgement;* we start off from the Creed when we begin to pray; and we go on to call upon the Redeemer to 'save' us, to 'govern' us, to 'lift us up;' we conjure Him by the memory of His Redemption, which we have just been acknowledging, not to leave us without His help. Thrice we call upon Him to have mercy upon us. Once we pray that during the coming

day we may be kept from sin, for we are not sure of ourselves for an hour. Alas! this is a long descent from the praises of the opening verses. We cannot even feel secure that we shall so much as acknowledge Him even during the coming day. We do not venture to look *beyond* the day. All we venture to do is to ask that for the one day now dawning we may at least be kept from denying our Lord by the commission of actual sin. Then comes the last verse of all, narrowing the ground still more. In verse 10 it was the whole Church militant throughout all the earth which spoke. After that (verses 19–28) we come to ourselves, *i.e.* the actual congregation now uttering these words—a congregation large or small as the case may be, but of course a much narrower circle than the world-wide round of the Catholic Church. But in the last verse the thought is brought home to our own separate soul. It is no longer, how about *our*selves? but;—how about *my*self? What is my own case? However it may be with the others, I know *this* at least—that but for the help of GOD I can never acknowledge Him; I can never even keep clear of sin; I can never hope to be numbered with the saints in 'Glory everlasting.' So the TE DEUM ends with what sounds almost like the cry of Peter upon the waves—a cry for *individual* help—'LORD, save *me*,'*—not for the whole Church militant, not for the congregation now gathered in GOD'S House, but for *myself;* and for the first time in our Matin Service we cease to speak of 'our' and of 'we;' it is 'I' and 'me'—and the last voice of all is that of individual appeal from each soul to GOD—

'O Lord, in Thee have I trusted:
Let ME never be confounded.'

Thus it is that the TE DEUM works its way gradually down from Heaven to Earth through every successive gradation;—down—from the combined adoration of all created beings in earth and heaven;—down—from the loftiest height of seraphic worshipping, down to the individual supplication of each trembling servant of GOD as he stands single and solitary beneath the all-seeing Eye. It is the most exquisite recognition of our individuality which our Service-book contains. And it is such a just and true one. Our individuality ought not to be forgotten even though we worship GOD collectively and as His Body which is *one*. And so it is not forgotten. *Je mourrai seul* is a phrase now familiar to all Churchmen, since Keble printed it in a foot-note to the Poem for the Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity; and as we look onward to the end, we remember that although we triumph *together* we must be saved *one by one*. There must be individual trust, individual perseverance, individual salvation. It is this which marks the exquisite truthfulness of the way in which our separateness is brought in at the last, and only at the last. All the exultation is common, all the praise is common, the most part of the supplication is common. The rule set by the first word in the LORD'S

* St. Matthew, xiv. 30.

Prayer is observed throughout. But each member of the great Body mystical of Christ has his own separate sins, his own separate fears, his own separate crossing to make of the dark river of death. Let that crossing be well over, and we may rejoin the united flood of praise and adoration. But until it is over, sin is still present with us, and sin is the one thing which wars against our perfect unity with one another and with Christ. When the last enemy is overcome, the word ME shall be heard no more; but until then, even the TE DEUM itself has to bear its witness to the imperfection of our adoration in the separate pleading and the separate supplication, 'Let ME never be confounded.'

Look back then for one moment over this gradual descent of which we have spoken. First there is the adoration of the angelic host. This is all pure praise of the loftiest kind. Then (2) there is the praise of the redeemed. This is all pure praise, undashed by a single interfering note; but it is less elevated in its tone. Then (3) we have the voice of the Church on earth *as a whole*. This is a step lower;—*acknowledgement*;—she witnesses to GOD. Not being yet triumphant, this is her appropriate language. She acknowledges Him in the recital of the Creed which next follows, the recital of the facts which it is her business to witness to and proclaim, (verses 11–19.) and by holding to which she will win her crown. Then (4) we have the voice of the actual collection of worshippers then and there saying their TE DEUM—the actual congregation then lifting up its voice to GOD. This is the fourth step, and it comes down from the *whole* Church militant, to the *portion* of it then gathered together in Church or Oratory; and as soon as 'we' (see verse 19) begin to speak for *ourselves*, the thought of our needs comes over us, and the 'acknowledgement' of the whole Church comes down to the 'supplication' of the individual fraction of it which 'we' form. Now almost all is supplication for our joint needs; until at last (5) the last step of all is taken, and we exchange 'we' for I, and the individual soul makes its own separate profession of trust in the GOD whom it has been praising with Angels and Apostles, acknowledging with the Church Catholic, and worshipping with the assembled congregation.

Thus we see how the three constituent portions of the TE DEUM are interlaced and intertwined; praise, prayer, and the Creed, (*i.e.* the facts of our Faith)—praise, shared in by all, but commencing from on high where alone it is perfect and complete;—supplication, based upon the Creed, offered by the congregation as a whole, and then at last narrowed down to the separate utterance of the individual soul;—the Creed being the *backbone* of the whole. For we must observe, finally, that the Creed runs through all. We have already pointed out how the supplication of the congregation takes its start from the Creed (see verse 20); we have already pointed out how it is the Creed in which the whole Church militant 'acknowledges' Her Lord; we have therefore only to add one more remark as to the way in which the Creed runs through all the TE DEUM, and it is this. How does the TE DEUM open? It is with the *Ter*-sanctus, that *triple* ascription

of Glory to the Most High in which the Angel-host recognize the essential *Trinity* of the Divine Nature. It is the Trinity of the Divine Nature which is the basis of the Christian Creed. The Creed itself is only an expansion of the baptismal formula, 'into the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.' All that the Creed does is to tell us *what* each of three Persons is, what He is *to us*, what He *has* done for us, what He still does, and will hereafter do for us. So the Ter-sanctus is but the rudimentary form of the Creed, sung on high by the host of Heaven: its concentrated essence, if we may so speak. And thus the TE DEUM is indeed a creed set hymn-wise and prayer-wise. It begins with the Creed in its essence as a hymn sung in Heaven by the Angels: it goes on with it in its larger form, as the way in which GOD is acknowledged on the earth by the militant Church; it concludes with it, as the basis of the supplication which the congregation next proceeds to offer to its Saviour.

But it is now time for us to turn to the consideration of how the TE DEUM is fitted to connect the reading of the two Testaments, to follow the Lesson from the Old Testament, to introduce the Lesson from the Gospels or from the Acts. It is to be observed that according to the primitive idea of worship, the praise and glory of GOD was the first consideration throughout the whole service. Accordingly, the Lessons were regarded as furnishing subject-matter for our praises of GOD to dwell on, by continually bringing forward some point in the work or nature of GOD—either as revealing something of what GOD is in Himself, or reciting something of GOD's work on behalf of men. The Canticles come in next as dwelling upon these subjects of praise; and therefore the TE DEUM, as the great specimen of what a Canticle is intended to be and to do in our Service-book, begins fitly with the words, 'We praise Thee, O GOD.' But how and in what aspect do we praise GOD? First of all, as the GOD of the Old Testament. The words are—'We acknowledge Thee to be the LORD.' We can hardly be mistaken in understanding this word '*Lord*' in the same way as it is intended when used in the New Testament* as the translation of the Greek Κύριος—*i.e.* as the equivalent of the Divine Name in the Hebrew Bible—the Name JEHOVAH. Now the Old Testament was the revelation of GOD under the title of JEHOVAH or LORD; and therefore when we are praising Him as the GOD of the Old Testament we begin by ascribing to Him His Old Testament title—'we acknowledge Thee to be JEHOVAH.' But in what character does the Old Testament reveal the LORD JEHOVAH?

* See, among other examples, such a case as St. Peter's great conclusion (Acts, ii. 36.) to the Pentecostal Sermon, 'Therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly, that GOD hath made this same Jesus, whom we have crucified, both LORD and CHRIST:'—*i.e.* has proved Him to be both Jehovah and Messiah:—or again, our Lord's own words in St. Matthew, xxii. 45, 'If David then call Him LORD, how is He his son?'

It reveals Him as the Almighty Father. It was the revelation of GOD the Father, it was the preparation for the further revelation of GOD the Son, and GOD the Holy Ghost. This accounts for the second verse of the TE DEUM. The second verse is the response to the first, explaining it, dwelling upon it, carrying out its meaning further. And this second verse acknowledges GOD in His Old Testament *character* of eternal Father, just as the first praises Him in His Old Testament *name* of JEHOVAH:—'Thou, O Lord, art our *Father;* Thy name is from *everlasting.*' (Isaiah, lxiii. 16.) Thus the two first verses fix the *aspect* in which we are addressing our GOD:—*i. e.* as the GOD revealed in the Old Testament Scriptures. After this, the next following verses proceed to *offer* the praise which has just been commenced. And the way in which the praise is offered is exactly in harmony with its introduction. The next following verses are *actually* the ascription of the highest form of praise ever offered to GOD in the Old Testament Scriptures; and the whole hymn or canticle grows out of this form of praise to GOD, just as the whole revelation of GOD grows out of the Old Testament itself. Thus we proceed to use the Seraphic Hymn of Isaiah, vi. 3:—the Ter-sanctus of the heavenly host, as being the loftiest specimen of adoration which the Old Testament has revealed, and which is therefore suitable for the expression of our praise now that the reading of the Old Testament is finished. The work of praise is essentially the work of pure and holy beings, and it is only in proportion as man rises in purity and holiness that he becomes fit to praise GOD at all. Hence it is that we take as our starting point of praise, not the adoration of any of GOD'S human servants, however far they may have risen in the life of holiness, not even the adoration of the Saints at rest, but the one typical specimen of absolutely pure and holy praise which the Old Testament presents to us. Prayer may take its origin upon earth. Praise *must* take its origin from Heaven. The lamp of praise can only be kindled by fire from the shrine of the Divine Presence. We open out our TE DEUM with words borrowed from the language of the Angels who have never sinned, words revealed to us in the Old Testament, which reveals to us at once the Majesty of the Almighty Father, and how it is adored by those who have never failed in their adoration.

But after all this is a voice borrowed from Heaven and copied from Heaven:—How is it to be used and answered upon earth? *Can* it be answered upon earth? It is a voice of pure and holy beings who have never sinned:—Can it ever be shared in by sinful men? Yes, it may. The next three verses shew us those who were once men like ourselves, and who have come very near to it. The next three verses * give us a response which is made to the Song of the Angels, and tell us who it is that are privileged to make the response. It is those who have fought their fight, and rest from toil; the Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs, of the elder and the younger Churches. The point to be observed here is that

* Verses 7, 8, 9.

these form the link between men on earth and Angels in the presence of GOD. They are the intermediate step between us and the Angel host, and they make response to the Seraphic Hymn before the song of praise is taken up by us here below. And it is curious to notice with what extreme precision the balance is kept up. Three orders of heavenly existences praise GOD in the Seraphic Hymn. Three ranks of men redeemed take up the voice of praise in exact response. Apostles answer to Angels; Prophets and Martyrs answer to Cherubim and Seraphim. The balance is complete, even to the exact meanings of the words. For an '*Apostle*' is 'one who is sent,' just as an '*Angel*' is a 'messenger;' while of the Cherubim and Seraphim the one is said to excel in *knowledge* and the other in *love*, just as the Prophet is one who teaches the *knowledge* of Divine things, and the Martyr gives the greatest proof of devoted *love*. Thus the Apostles show forth obedience, answering to the Angels, who are ministering [*i.e. serving*] spirits; while the Prophets and Martyrs reflect the love and knowledge which the Cherubim and Seraphim possess in their perfection. Love, knowledge, obedience;—these then are the three practical graces by which the redeemed have won their right to share in the praises of the heavenly host; and these are the graces by which the Church below must prove her title to echo in this lower earth the heavenly adoration with which the TE DEUM makes its opening.

For now comes the question, By what right or title can men, sinful and fallen, venture to join in the praises of JEHOVAH? How can the Church on earth venture to take up the Angelic Song thus revealed in the Scriptures of the Elder Covenant? This brings us to the second division * of the TE DEUM, and it is this which gives the reason why its second portion differs from the first. In the second part of the TE DEUM it is not JEHOVAH the Creator who is praised, but CHRIST the Redeemer. In the second part of the TE DEUM it is not Angels who offer the adoration, but the Church on earth, yet struggling against sin. Angels may look upon the face of GOD and live; men can only approach GOD *through Christ*. Angels may sing GOD'S praises without a mediator, the Church can only praise Him through Her Saviour, and by virtue of what He has done and suffered for us. Hence with verse 10 the subject changes, or at least the manner of the adoration alters. The praise is no longer offered directly to JEHOVAH, *i.e.* to GOD as revealed in the Old Testament, but it has to be based on the Christian faith, on the revelation of GOD in Christ, on the facts of the Gospel and the teaching of the New Testament. Angels and Saints in bliss may sing the Old Testament Trisagion unblamed; but if the militant Church desires to make response, it must be in the acknowledgement of the New Testament revelation, the New Testament hopes, the graces and the gifts not of the Father only, but of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.

Such is the real connection between the two first portions of the hymn

* Refer to Analysis at beginning of the chapter.

TE DEUM. It seems at first sight somewhat an abrupt transition, but it is not so in reality. It is a true antiphon or response. On the one side you have Angels and Saints in Heaven, on the other side you have the Church on earth. In the first place you have the praises of JEHOVAH as the Everlasting Father, in the second place you have the praises of Christ in His redeeming work. In the first place you have GOD praised for what He is, the Creator and the Father of all. In the second place you have Christ hymned for what He has done and suffered for us, for the Redemption He has accomplished for us, for the hopes of Glory He has given us. It is the Old Testament which is the revelation of the Father, and it is the New Testament which is the revelation of the Son; and the two sides of the responsive hymn unite the praises of both. It is the Old Testament which reveals to man the need of the CHRIST Who was to be, which foretold His coming, foreshadowed His work, predicted the facts of the Christian Creed. It is the New Testament which point by point fulfilled the predictions of the Old, filled up in detail what it presented in outline, revealed the separate offices of the Trinity, and shews how fallen man may rise (through the Son and Spirit) to the honour and glory of once more joining in the adoration of the Father. It is the Christian Creed which explains the meaning of the triple 'Holy, Holy, Holy,' and expands the teaching of the elder covenant into the fuller light of the Gospel of Christ.

Thus the great TE DEUM shews the meeting point of the two Testaments, and brings each into the full light which the other sheds upon it. Thus it makes each interpret and explain the other, makes each dovetail into the other, and shews how each bears upon the other. Thus it introduces the Lesson from the Gospels by reminding us how the second Testament is the sequel to the first, and how it is only *through the redemption* of the Gospel that we can approach the Divine Father Who was revealed in the elder dispensation. And lastly, it welds into one harmony of adoration alike the praises of the Angels, the joy of the redeemed, and the *acknowledgement* of the Church yet militant which is on its way to join the choir on high.

In this way then, the TE DEUM is introductory to the Lessons from the Historical Books of the New Testament. Let us now spend a short space in observing still further how it sums up the teaching of the Gospels and the Acts with reference to GOD and to ourselves who sing the TE DEUM. First of all observe that verses 11, 12, 13, are the New Testament expansion of the Old Testament Hymn in verse 5. It is only in the New Testament that we learn explicitly that we are saved by GOD the Son, and that we are sanctified by GOD the Holy Ghost. The Trinity is pre-shadowed in the Old Testament, it is only revealed in the New. Then in verses 14 and 15 it proceeds to set forth the eternal existence of our Lord, and His Divine royalty, reminding us of the teaching in St. John's Gospel of His eternal Godhead, in St. Matthew's Gospel of His

Messianic Kingdom. Next (verse 16) comes the Incarnation,—as recorded in St. Matthew and St. Luke; His victory over death and the grave; His Resurrection and Ascension,—as recorded in the Gospels generally. Then we have the opening of the Kingdom of Heaven on the Day of Pentecost, when the Christian Church was thrown open to all who believed and were baptized, and the Kingdom of GOD or Christian Dispensation had its commencement,—as recorded in the Acts; and lastly, His abiding honour at GOD'S right hand in Heaven. It is in short a complete summary of the histories of the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles;—a summary of the main points of all; so as to form a most suitable introduction to those Lessons which are going to be taken from those books. But the whole Canticle takes its point of departure from the Old Testament Ter-sanctus, of which it is an expansion and application, thus binding into one the meaning and the teaching of both divisions of the Bible.

Here we must pause a moment, for verse 18 finishes the second grand division of the Canticle. The first part ended at verse 9, having finished the Old Testament praises of saints and angels. Then, the next part ends at verse 18, and finishes the New Testament response of the Church Militant on earth. Thus far, each part has balanced each, just as the two sides of a choir do; earth answering Heaven—the Church below taking up and answering the song of the heavenly worshippers above. But the Church, yet militant, has two duties to perform with reference to the New Testament revelation, from which the 'Lessons' are just going to be read. She must praise GOD for that revelation, she must acknowledge Him in His gifts of grace, in the facts of our Saviour's Gospel, the Mission of the Holy Ghost and the founding of the Church. But she must do more. She must take care that she also *profits* by those gifts, and that she puts to perfect use her knowledge of that Redemption, which the Old Testament showed the need of, and which the New Testament has recorded. How is she to do this? By her own power? No. Is it enough to praise GOD for them? No. There is a strife to accomplish, a warfare to be won, dangers to be overcome, sin to be defeated, hell to be escaped, everlasting glory to be attained—and all this has to be done through an effort altogether beyond ourselves or our own capabilities and energies. The New Testament is also the revelation of the need of continual prayer, of continual dependence upon Divine Grace, upon Christ's help. The New Testament reveals Christ to us in more capacities than one. It reveals His present office, as well as His accomplished work. He *has* redeemed us; He *will* judge us; He *does* guide, govern, and support us. The *present* work of Christ has to be thought of as well as His Gospel Ministry. Only by His *present* help and governance can we hope to attain the blessings of that *past* work, for which we have been offering Him our thanks and praise. Now the TE DEUM is introductory to the New Testament Lessons in *all* their teaching;—in their teachings *to us*, as well as their revealings

about Christ;—and therefore it would have only finished half its duty if it stopped short with the Christian work of thanks and praise. With the Angels and the Saints in bliss, adoration may sum up all. With us it is not so. We must echo back their praises, doubtless; but the New Testament teaches us that, while yet militant, we must wait on Him in prayer as well as praise; that we must abound also in supplication to Him, through whose *present* help we hope to win our future glory. Hence, at verses 19 and 20, we commence an altered strain. The glorious antiphon to the Angels' adoration ends with verse 18; and we begin to chant the solemn strain of Christian prayer, that all the great things Christ has done for us may not be thrown away through our continuance in sin. All the rest is one continuous petition that we may have the benefit of His continual help and governance; that He will have mercy upon us to the uttermost; that He will save us at the last; that He will watch over us in detail day by day—each individual day; that, for the day now breaking, He will keep us from that 'sin' which severs us from Him, and prevents us reaping the full fruition of all that He has bought for us. Supplication as well as praise is the burden of the New Testament. No introduction to our 'Second Lesson' would be complete, which did not furnish a model of New Testament prayer, as well as a model of New Testament praise.

So strongly was this transition felt in the old English Church, that, when verse 18 was finished, and as verse 19 was begun, it was the rule to bow the head in recognition of the fact that here the joyous part was ended, that now we begin to recognize our own unworthiness, the sad uncertainty whether we shall ever reach the choirs above, the need we have of perpetual prayer and perpetual dependence on our Saviour's help. It was a touching custom, but it was not more touching than the transition which it illustrates, and serves to bring out into full relief. It is not more touching than the whole construction of the great Christian Canticle, which leads us down from those whose adoration is one harmony of praise, to those whose worship is accompanied by an ever present undertone of supplication, a pathetic minor stealing its way continually amid the notes of adoration. And so the Te Deum bears it in upon our minds, that if hereafter we would mingle our praises with those of angels and just men made perfect, we must for the present temper them with supplication too. It is the lesson of the Gospels: men must always pray as well as give thanks. The time will come when—if we pray now—we shall be privileged to take up the angelic hymn *without* this supplement, *without* this appendix of chastened supplication. Is there any doubt about this? No. A glimpse has been given us of the worship of the blessed. Turn to the Apocalypse at this point, and read verses 9 and 10 of chapter v. There you have the Te Deum of the Christian victors—the Te Deum which we hope, through Christ, to share. It is noticeable that, in Apoc. iv. 8, we have the Seraphic hymn of Isaiah, vi. 3, sung by the Angels, just as we have it in verses 5 and 6 of our Te Deum.

Then in chapter v., verses 9 and 10, we have the response of Christ's victorious members, just as in our TE DEUM, verses 16–29, we have the response of Christ's yet militant servants. Take the two together, and you have an exact parallel to our TE DEUM—*minus* the appendix of supplication.

These two Apocalyptic hymns should never be lost sight of in any study of the TE DEUM. They are the TE DEUM of the future, to which our TE DEUM is the present preparation. And this TE DEUM of the future is *all* praise; and it is all of it *united* praise. No one there has to stop to think of his own individual needs or fears; but they all blend their harmonious voices without the necessity to add *any* petition, much less the individual prayer with which the earthly TE DEUM closes:

'O LORD, in Thee have I trusted:
Let me never be confounded.'

'There for ever and for ever
ALLELUIA is outpoured;
For unending, for unbroken,
Is the feast-day of the LORD;
All is pure and all is holy,
That within thy walls is stored.'

A. R. A.

(To be continued.)

ENGLISH HYMNOLOGY.

I.

INTRODUCTORY.—MORNING AND EVENING HYMNS.

THE general revival of Church hymns forms a most interesting feature in the great restoration which GOD is now being pleased to work in our holy English Church. We are placed in the midst of a great and still increasing spiritual movement; we are living in an age which shows itself active to renew, not merely the sculptured tracery, the external beauty, of the Church's fabric, but also the ancient graving of her doctrines, the towering harmony of her praise. And though in some details the waywardness of man may have marred the noble work, yet surely its existence and advance must be matters of deep thankfulness to us all. Nor is the luxuriant and fruitful growth of our hymnology by any means a small part of these blessings. Hymns possess a wonderful power, for evil or for good:—for evil, when they are made the vehicle of false teaching, as they were by the early heretics;[1]—for good, when they attune men's hearts to thankfulness and praise, and meanwhile unite

[1] Especially by Bardesanes the Gnostic, and later by Arius and Apollinarius.

them, in the bonds of peace and truth, more closely with the HEAD of the Church.

It is the purpose of the present series of articles briefly to review the best of our English hymns, glancing incidentally at anything which may help to illustrate them, assigning them, as far as possible, to their sources, and noticing where the hymns, as generally known, materially differ from the original compositions of their authors. The hymns which it is intended to consider will be chiefly those adapted to form a part of public worship, though some of them may perhaps be regarded as more suitable for private devotion. The classification will follow, with few variations, the order of the subjects contained in the Book of Common Prayer, reserving to the last the consideration of 'General Hymns.' In justification of such an arrangement, we may quote the language of Archdeacon Wordsworth: 'A Hymn-book of the Church of England may perhaps best be described as a companion to the Book of Common Prayer.' In the first place, parallel with the Order for Morning and Evening Daily Prayer, would be found hymns for the different hours of the day, and days of the week. It seems to be the especial province of Morning and Evening hymns to note the passing phenomena of sunrise or sunset, and turn them to spiritual account. Springing from *individual* observation, their natural expression is usually *singular*. This is exemplified in Bishop Ken's well-known morning and evening hymns. It is related that he often sang his morning hymn, before dressing, to his lute—probably to the tune known as Tallis's Canon. The exact text of these and of his midnight hymn, as they were first written, may be seen in Mr. Daniel Sedgwick's edition of Ken's hymns, or in Anderdon's Life of Ken, published by Pickering. The version in Sir Roundell Palmer's 'Book of Praise' contains the author's latest corrections, many of them apparently made to improve the position of accented syllables. Thus:—'*Glory* to Thee,' is in two places corrected to '*All praise* to Thee;' '*Influenced by* the Light Divine,' to '*By influence of;* 'ye *Angelic* Host,' (in the Doxology,) to 'ye *heavenly* Host.' In the Evening Hymn, the last two lines of the third stanza are altered from

'Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphing rise at the last day.'

and given thus—

'To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.'

The address to the Guardian Angel is changed into a prayer for his protection. In the Midnight Hymn, the only material changes are in the first two stanzas.

Perhaps the best known Morning and Evening Hymns, after those of Bishop Ken, are taken from the first two poems of the Christian Year. There is no doubt that some years intervened between their composition and their publication in 1827. For the full understanding of those

verses which are sung in church, it will be found very useful to become thoroughly familiarized with the rest, especially the introductory verses, which raise the soul to the realization of the feelings expressed in the hymn. The true difficulty of actually feeling and entering into the spirit of the morning hymn is, that so few persons are really familiar with sunrise in summer, and that for so many the 'Hues of the rich unfolding morn,' the 'rustling breeze,' the 'fragrant clouds of dewy steam' are indeed but wasted 'treasures of delight.' If only we had more *experience* of these things, if they greeted us hastening early to the sanctuary of GOD, we should gain much more from our daily lives. But evening hymns are more real to us, because they refer to a time when we are more frequently alive to the beauties of nature.

As a hymn for Morning *and* Evening, perhaps there is none which surpasses Mrs. Alexander's, 'The roseate hues of early dawn.' The authoress has given a somewhat less happy version of it as an evening hymn in 'Hymns, Descriptive and Devotional.' A 'Morning or Evening Hymn,' by Dr. Watts, has acquired some celebrity—'My GOD, how endless is Thy love,'—but it seems scarcely fitted for public worship. His morning hymn, (from Psalm xix.) 'Behold the morning sun,' was once very popular in the modified form in which Mr. Hall presented it in the 'Mitre Collection.' Two morning hymns by Charles Wesley are well known. The first, 'CHRIST, Whose glory fills the skies,' will be found in Wesleyan collections with an entirely different first verse, beginning, 'O disclose Thy lovely Face,'—the hymn in them beginning 'CHRIST, Whose glory fills the skies,' not being a morning hymn, nor in the same metre. Wesley's other morning hymn, 'Forth in Thy Name, O LORD, I go,' is only appropriate for week-day use.

Of translated hymns for the morning, the most noticeable is Miss Winkworth's beautiful version of Heinrich Albert's 'GOTT des Himmels und der Erden.' The first line is the same as that of an evening hymn, (the composition of Bishop Heber, to which Archbishop Whately added another verse,) 'GOD, Who madest earth and heaven:'—the two have sometimes been confounded together. The two Sunday Morning Hymns from the Paris Breviary[1] have supplied us with two excellent English hymns—'Morn of morns, and Day of days,' translated by Sir H. W. Baker, and 'Now morning lifts her dewy veil,' translated by I. Williams and J. Chandler; the latter borrowing much from the translation of the former. The Ambrosian hymn, 'Splendor Paternæ Gloriæ,' has been well translated by Chandler, whose version appears, slightly altered, in 'Hymns, Ancient and Modern,'—'O JESU, LORD of Light and Grace.' Dr. Wordsworth's Sunday Morning Hymn, 'O Day of rest and gladness,'

[1] 'Die dierum principe,' and 'Ad templa nos rursus vocat.' It must be remembered that the Paris Breviary Hymns have no claim to antiquity, having been mainly composed in the eighteenth century by Santeul and Coffin. Yet, as Dr. Newman says, they 'breathe an ancient spirit; and even where they are the work of one pen, are the joint and invisible contribution of many ancient minds.'

is exceedingly beautiful; its second stanza commemorates the threefold joy of the Day—the creation of Light, the Resurrection of the LORD, the gift of the SPIRIT—even more successfully than Sir H. W. Baker's hymn, 'On this Day, the first of days.'[1] The daily hymn for the third hour in the Roman and Sarum Breviaries,[2] has been been translated by Dr. Newman as follows:—

'Come, HOLY GHOST, Who ever one
Art with the FATHER and the SON;
Come, HOLY GHOST, our souls possess
With Thy full flood of holiness.

'Let mouth, and heart, and flesh combine
To herald forth our Creed Divine;
And love so wrap our mortal frame,
Others may catch the living flame.'

Of Evening hymns, after those of Bishop Ken and Keble, few would refuse the highest place to the Rev. H. F. Lyte's hymn, 'Abide with me! fast falls the eventide,' written within two months of the author's death at Berry Head. The original has eight verses. Faber's evening hymn, 'Sweet SAVIOUR, bless us ere we go,' is beautiful; as are also Edmeston's lines, beginning, 'Holiest, breathe an evening blessing;' and Joseph Anstice's hymn, 'FATHER, by Thy Love and Power.' Thomas Kelly's, 'Through the day Thy love hath spared us,' finds a place in most hymn-books; but it is difficult to imagine how we can really sing in church the second line, 'Now we *lay us down to rest*.' Dr. Neale's translation from a Greek hymn of S. Anatolius,[3] 'The day is past and over,' suits a week-day evening best. His rendering of the daily Compline Hymn in the Roman Breviary,[4] 'Before the ending of the day,' is far surpassed by Bishop Mant's version, 'Ere the waning light decay.' The hymn, 'As now the sun's declining rays,' translated from the Paris Breviary Hymn for the Ninth Hour,[5] has been much improved from Rev. J. Chandler by the compilers of 'Hymns Ancient and Modern.' Somewhat similar in subject is Caswall's translation from an original, now unfortunately lost,[6] 'The sun is sinking fast.' From one Ambrosian evening hymn[7] Dr. Neale's 'O TRINITY of Blessed Light' is taken; and probably a German paraphrase of the original is the basis of the beautiful hymn, 'THREE in ONE, and ONE in THREE,' sometimes ascribed to Rev. John Marriott.

We do not possess many Sunday Evening Hymns of the highest order. Two translations by the Compilers of Hymns Ancient and Modern may be noticed: one from the Sunday Vespers Hymn in the Paris

[1] From a Le Mans Breviary hymn, 'Die parente temporum.'

[2] Nunc SANCTE nobis SPIRITUS. The version given above is copied from the Translator's MS., and is materially altered in the small volume of poems in which it was reprinted in 1853. It originally appeared in 'Tracts for the Times,' 1836.

[3] Τὴν ἡμέραν διῆλθόν. [4] Te, lucis ante terminum.

[5] Labente jam solis rotâ. [6] Sol præceps rapitur, proxima nox adest.

[7] O Lux Beata, TRINITAS.

Breviary,[1] 'Great God, Who, hid from mortal sight;' the other,[2] 'Blest Creator of the Light,' taken (with some few lines from Chandler's translation) from the corresponding hymn in the Roman Breviary. We cannot very deeply regret that W. Mavon's Sunday Evening Hymn, 'Soon shall the evening star, with silver ray,' has been omitted in most of the hymn-books now in use. Though it is truly poetical, it can hardly be called truly devotional. Miss Winkworth has very successfully translated Stegmann's Sunday Evening Hymn,[3] 'Abide among us with Thy Grace;' and her lines would doubtless have been more generally known if Keble and Lyte had not already paraphrased the text on which they are founded.[4]

The Paris Breviary Hymns for Nocturns of the week-days[5] have been well rendered into English by the Compilers of Hymns Ancient and Modern, (in Hymns 25–30,) but their work is in some small measure founded on previous translations. The consideration of hymns appropriate for Friday will come under that of hymns for Holy Week. On Saturday, Isaac Williams's rendering of the Paris Breviary Hymn for Saturday at Vespers,[6] 'Great Mover of all hearts, Whose Hand,' may be sung; or the hymn adapted from Rev. T. Whytehead's 'Seventh Day of Creation,' and which begins, 'Resting from His Work to-day.' The author of this hymn, after a brilliant career at Cambridge, died young in New Zealand, where he was one of the first missionaries.

We must reserve for future papers the review of other hymns, and need only remark in conclusion, that the exigencies of limited space have prevented us, and must necessarily prevent us, from giving more than a very brief notice of each hymn, and will not suffer us to enter into many interesting details.

Louis Coutier Biggs, M. A.

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO LXXXIV.

THE REQUITAL OF THE MAIDEN.

The Duke of Bedford was at Corbeil; and when Sir John Fastolfe arrived, a fugitive from the lost battle of Patay, his anger was so great that he at once sentenced the old soldier to lose his knighthood of the

[1] O Luce Qui mortalibus.

[2] Lucis Creator optime.

[3] Ach bleib mit Deiner Gnade.

[4] St. Luke, xxiv. 29.

[5] Dei canamus Gloriam, (*Monday*):—Jubes, et in præceps aquis, (*Tuesday*):—Miramur, O Deus, Tuæ, (*Wednesday*):—Isdem creati fluctibus, (*Thursday*):—Jam sanctius moves opus, (*Friday*):—Tandem peractis, O Deus, (*Saturday*).

[6] Supreme Motor Cordium.

Garter. Fastolfe, however, represented that the men had lost all power of contending with the Witch Maiden, and that he deemed it better to save their lives; and he was on this plea restored to his honours; but not so re-instated in public opinion as to prevent Shakespeare from painting his degradation in his own proper person, as well as transferring his name to that prince of goodfellows who had once been Oldcastle.

The English, who had learnt to believe that their beloved King Henry had led them to a holy work in the purification of France, were convinced that only Satanic might could withstand them, and turn their courage to timidity. Bedford wrote to Charles VII., reproaching him with availing himself of such despicable support; and in a letter to his nephew the little king, or rather of course to his council, he called the Maid 'a disciple or limb of the fiend.' He was in great difficulties for men and money. Glocester did indeed publish proclamations against Englishmen who were afraid to cross the sea because of the Maid, but he sent him no efficient supplies in coin; and the best help he obtained was from Cardinal Beaufort, who advanced another loan from his private resources. The Cardinal had intended to spend his enforced absence from England in a crusade against the Bohemian followers of Huss; but seeing his nephew's difficulties, he brought the five thousand men he had raised for the purpose to fight against the French sorceress.

Jeanne on her side was dragging the tardy king forward to endeavour to recover his capital. All the places on the way surrendered, and Bedford, who had drawn out his men for the protection of Paris, found that to offer battle would be only to incur another defeat, which would have been fatal to his cause. And thus Jeanne arrived at St. Denis in the end of August, but without finding the city ready to open the gates to the King. The citizens had suffered too horribly in the days of the Armagnac dominion, and had been too much relieved by English discipline, to be ready to admit the King, who, it was absurdly reported among them, meant to plough up their streets and sow them with salt; and they of course believed in Jeanne's witchcraft.

She had pushed forward with the Duke of Alençon, but her other friends had been sent off on different commands, and kept at a distance by the jealousy of Trimoille. The King lingered behind, and her ardour could not inspire him. Moreover, after the first flush of excitement, the purity of life that she had striven to establish was giving way to the ordinary license of camps, and her simple faith was convinced that thus heavenly aid would be forfeited. One day, at St. Denis, she met a soldier impudently amusing himself with one of the dissolute women whom she had expelled from the camp, and with Phineas-like zeal, she flew at the woman, and beat her over the shoulders with the flat of her sword. It was the rusty old sword of St. Catherine of Fierbois, and it broke in two with this treatment. Jeanne was greatly grieved, all the more that the armourers could not mend it again; and the soldiery considered it an evil omen. Moreover, her Voices or Counsel had ceased

to speak to her; and though the King came at last, she could not persuade him to approach nearer than St. Denis on the day of the assault. The only wonder is that anyone should have been found to fight for *such* a king.

However, the assault was made on the 2nd of September, but English arrow shot rained down thickly on her; and while she was measuring the depth of the fosse with a lance, her standard-bearer was killed by her side, and she herself was pierced in the thigh. Still she fought on bravely; but just when, if she had had her way, she would have directed a sudden rush on the weary garrison, the Sire de Gaucourt insisted on a retreat, and she was forced away, with tears of indignation. The King, hearing of the repulse, commanded that the attempt should be given up altogether; and hearing that Jeanne wanted to cross the Seine by a bridge and renew the attack on the other side, he caused the bridge to be broken down. Many of his best captains wished to persevere in the siege. Jeanne's Voices spoke again, and bade her do so; but Charles had not spirit enough, and though she implored him with tears, if he went away himself, to leave her and the army there, he would not consent, but insisted on retreat. Jeanne dedicated the suit of armour in which she had been wounded to the Blessed Virgin and St. Denis, and hung it on a pillar in the Great Abbey Church, where the kings were buried, and returned, sad at heart, with the King to Bourges. There he chose once more to return to his indolent, helpless existence, reckless that the country that had submitted to him, between the Loire and Seine, was being cruelly ravaged by the enemy, reckless of everything but his own ease.

Jeanne was living with an honourable lady, petted, honoured, feasted; but she pined all the time. Her spirit burnt within her to be up and doing; and her only real pleasure was to go to the parish churches when young girls went to their first Communion, and to partake with them. At last, she obtained leave to go with a detachment to take the fort of St. Pierre le Moustier on the Upper Loire, and this she took with her old prowess; but she failed against the Castle of La Charité, and her prestige was evidently forsaking her.

A false prophetess, a married woman, named Catherine of La Rochelle, came forth to rival Jeanne, with a vision of a lady in white and gold; but the contempt with which Jeanne treated her pretensions seems to have had an ill effect on people's minds. However, Charles insisted on ennobling the whole family of Arc, by the names of Des Lys, after the Lilies of France, which they were to bear on their shield, with a crowned sword in the midst. Confidence and perseverance would have been a more acceptable reward to the maiden, who spent whole nights in prayer for the rescue of her country and the restoration of her king.

Miserable reports of the state of the country reached the court; the English were fast regaining all they had lost, and the cities that had surrendered to Charles wrote despairing letters to the King and the Maid, entreating them to save them from the vengeance that threatened them.

Jeanne implored Charles with tears of agony to send her to their rescue, but Trimoille and Gaucourt influenced him the other way; his heart seems to have been absolutely dead to pity, and nothing would induce him to make an attempt to save his own lands and subjects. Perhaps, too, he was ashamed of letting a girl of eighteen win the battles he would not win for himself. At last, after four months of this inactive misery, Jeanne could bear it no longer. In the Lent of 1430, she took her standard, her own three knights, her brother, and her chaplain, and with her company of guards, she quietly rode away from the court, taking no leave, and set out for the scene of war.

She was very sorrowful, and as she passed through Mélun her Voices told her that she would be a prisoner before Midsummer. She was not a whit less brave and adventurous, but her gay spirits were gone, and her constant prayer was that her captivity might not be long. She joined the army at Lagny sur Marne, and soon after defeated and made prisoner a terrible Burgundian marauder, who was adjudged by the civil power to suffer death, and this further inflamed the Burgundians against her.

On the whole, it was a disastrous campaign; and the best supporters of Jeanne being all absent, such half-hearted counsels prevailed, that the army at length retired beyond the Loire, while Jeanne threw herself into the city of Compiègne, hoping at least to save that from the Burgundian Jean of Luxemburg, who was advancing to besiege it.

Guillaume de Flavy was the governor, a brave but a harsh and savage man, and probably with the general lurking dislike of Jeanne. A sally was made, in which she rode pre-eminent, with a cassock of scarlet cloth of gold over her armour, and her standard in her hand. The attack was repulsed; the besieged fled back towards the town, Jeanne, of course, among the very last, fighting her way step by step. The Burgundians were before her; Flavy—was it in panic, in ignorance, or in treachery?—raised the drawbridge, closed the gates, and left the virgin champion of France outside among the enemy.

A few soldiers remained with her, and she tried to ride off with them into the open country, but the enemy surrounded and overpowered them; and she was dragged off her horse, and forced to surrender to an archer. The very spot of her surrender has ever since been marked by tradition. It was the 23rd of May, just over a year since her victory at Orleans.

The Duke of Burgundy arrived at the camp that evening, and saw her for a few moments alone, but what passed was never known. The whole camp was in ecstasy. The soldiers declared this capture was better worth than that of five hundred men. Te Deums were sung in Paris, and every Englishman's spirits rose with the belief that foul magic spells had been conquered.

The commonalty of France wept and mourned; but the dignified clergy sent letters to console them, saying it was all La Pucelle's own

fault, for she would take no advice; and there was an inspired shepherd boy come to court, who would answer the purpose just as well. And the King—the King who owed his crown to her, spoke no word, made no sign, offered no ransom, shewed less care than if his horse had been lost!

The University of Paris was more bitter against her than either England or Burgundy. The doctors there, the very day after they heard of Jeanne's capture, sent to demand that she might be delivered up to the Inquisition to answer for crimes savouring of heresy. To this, however, Burgundy returned no answer; and his nephew, Luxemburg, declared that she was his prisoner and his property, whom he would not part with except for a good sum of money. No one, however, offered the price for two full months; and in the meantime, Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, who had fled from his city when she took it, sent a demand to act as her judge, and this terrified her so that she tried to escape, but in vain. She was then taken to the Castle of Beaurevoir, where she was kindly treated, allowed to walk on the battlements of the tower, and visited by the lady of the castle and Luxemburg's aunt, the old Countess of Ligny. They were kind to her, and tried to persuade her to resume her female dress; but she thought this ought not to be till her Voices gave the word, and refused. They did all in their power to prevent her from being given up to the English; but the only difficulty was about the price. Meantime, Compiègne was in extremity; and Jeanne, maddened by terror of the English, and by longing to go to the rescue of the city, absolutely leapt from the top of the tower of Beaurevoir, and was taken up for dead.

Happy had it been for her had she indeed been killed by the fall; but just at that time the Count de Vendome contrived to relieve Compiègne, and the English and Burgundians were seized with a panic, and raised the siege. They attributed their loss to the potent spells of La Pucelle, even in her captivity, and the terms offered were higher. Ten thousand livres were given to Luxemburg, and connivance at the seizure of Brabant satisfied Burgundy, so that at length in the November of 1430, Jeanne was given up to an English guard, and just before Christmas arrived at Rouen, where the little King Henry had been brought by his uncle.

The manner in which she was kept indicates terror of her power to work spells. The Earl of Warwick had the chief command of the Castle, which served her for a prison; and he—like every other Englishman—seems to have lost all his ordinary nature in dealing with her. Perhaps he dreaded her power being exercised on his young charge the King, for he caused her at first to be kept in an iron cage, and fastened in an upright posture by chains on the neck, wrists, and ankles; but he afterwards relented so far that she was only chained by the feet to a log of wood by day, and at night to her bed, and three guards always watched her. They, however, never ill-treated her; and the Duchess of Bedford sent ladies to visit her, and did her best to enforce respect for

her. But the clergy, with the Bishops of Beauvais and Winchester at their head, were so persuaded of her guilt, that they denied her all religious rites, and she would have been utterly desolate but that her Voices never ceased to whisper patience and consolation whenever the church bells of Rouen sounded in her prison chamber. Unhappily, those Voices never made her resume her female attire; and when the kind Duchess of Bedford, seeing, like the ladies of Beaurevoir, how her present dress added to the horror with which she was regarded, sent her a petticoat by a tailor, she answered his persuasions to wear it—which were very probably insolent—with a slap on the face.

Not till the New Year had begun did the English council decide that Jeanne should be delivered up to the Bishop of Beauvais for trial, when the University of Paris had clamoured loudly at their slackness. Surely it seems as if there had been no virulence against her in the council, and as if an interference on the part of some person of esteemed rank on Jeanne's side would have saved her; but all were supine, and the inference naturally was that they were conscious of her guilt.

The Bishop of Beauvais was then appointed her judge, with the assistance of six doctors of the University of Paris; but as he had forsaken his see on her advance with his true sovereign, the Chapter of Rouen lent him their court, and on the 21st of February, 1431, the trial commenced. Jeanne had asserted her right to have as many ecclesiastics who held to the French on her trial as there were who held to the English; but this demand was refused, as well as her earnest request to hear Mass. The ground on which this was refused was her persistence in immodestly dressing like a man; and truly there does seem to have been a sort of superstition or obstinacy unlike her usual good sense in this continued adherence. She said her Voices never directed her to lay her masculine garb aside; but probably the cause of her refusal was because her high spirit rebelled against submission to her enemies. She also considered that the male dress was a protection from indignities offered by her keepers; and throughout her trial refused again and again to change it, even though on no other condition was she to be allowed to communicate at Easter.

Emissaries had been sent to make secret inquiries wherever she had been; but in general the result was so favourable to her that it was suppressed, and she was allowed no counsel. She stood before her judges in a plain suit of black, and all were struck with her fine handsome countenance and brave demeanour.

The trial was not conducted by the examination of witnesses, but consisted of a close cross-questioning of the prisoner herself on the grounds already collected. Baited and harassed, she made her simple truthful answers, shewing great clearness and acuteness of mind, and much resolution, always adhering to her call and continued direction by the Voices, and declaring them to be sent by Heaven. Most of the particulars of her childhood, and of her earlier summons, which have

been already given, were then elicited; and an English nobleman who was listening to the trial could not help exclaiming, 'This is a good woman. If she were but English!'

Six public examinations took place, and she was further examined again and again in the prison, the vice-Inquisitor of France having been induced to join her enemies, for the Chief Inquisitor would have nothing to do with the matter, and in fact, the branch of the Holy Office at Poitiers had accepted her claims two years before. Weary was the trial, lasting in all its forms the whole of Lent. At last, a long list of articles was drawn up against her, the most prominent of which was that she had said she submitted to our Lord and His Church in Heaven, not to the Church militant on earth—*i. e.* to the cruel judges round her. Besides this, her mission was ascribed to the Fairy Tree, and she was said to have used spells and divinations, while her refusal even to obtain admission to Communion by laying aside her male garb clenched the argument against her.

A monk shouted to her to appeal to the Council of Basle, and, as soon as she understood what it was, she did so; but the Bishop of Beauvais quashed the appeal, and the Earl of Warwick threatened the monk for prompting her, and said the King had bought her at a great price, and was determined that she should be burnt. No doubt he thought the monk disloyal and the witch only too cunning to be caught.

Finally, the ostensible ground of her condemnation was the 'heresy' of appealing to God and declaring that to Him she committed herself, instead of to the Church upon earth, and that it was a blasphemy and idolatry against the Saints and St. Michael to ascribe her Voices to them. She was only nineteen, and might have been saved by her minority; but there was no one to plead for her. Yet, ere the conclusion of the trial, Bedford took his wife, kind Anne of Burgundy, and the gentle little king, away from Rouen to Pontoise, and left Beaufort and Warwick to conclude the tragedy.

Jeanne was condemned either to fire, or to submit and abjure her errors. She was but nineteen; she had pined a year in prison, and she was told that her abjuration would be followed by her release. She was brought out on a scaffold before beautiful St. Ouen's Church, to hear a sermon on her crimes—a sermon that she interrupted to defend her king when he was abused. 'Say of me what you like; but let the King be, he is a good Christian, and did *not* trust in me. He is the noblest Christian of all Christians, who best loves the Faith and the Church.'

And that king was lifting no finger to save her.

Abjure or burn. That was the choice. She appealed to the Church Universal.

'Abjure at once or burn,' they said. She appealed to Rome.

It was the same answer.

'Oh, Jeanne, why will you die!' was the cry of one friendly voice;

but with it rose savage growls of the soldiers fearing to be baulked of their prey.

In terror she cried, 'I will submit.'

The Bishop accepted the cry of the hunted woman; a brief confession was dictated to her, in which she was made to say that she returned to the Church, and owned that the Voices of her Saints were mere feigning. She was obliged to sign a declaration to the same effect, and then her mitigated sentence was read.

Freedom—no indeed! only perpetual imprisonment on 'the bread of sorrow and the water of anguish!' The one request the deceived persecuted woman deigned to make, was for imprisonment in the ecclesiastical prison, not among the rude English whom she dreaded with exceeding dread; but 'Carry her back whence she came' was all the answer she obtained.

There was much murmuring. The English soldiery believed that they should fail everywhere, as before Compiègne, as long as the Witch was not burnt. The Bishop of Beauvais whispered, 'We know where to have her!' and he remained at Rouen, while Warwick quitted it much displeased, and all the Abbots who had been present at the trial likewise left it.

Jeanne no longer wore the male dress she deemed divinely sent. She had the peasant girl's dress of Domremy, and submitted to wear it; and her keepers were changed from the men-at-arms, who if rough and harsh had some decency and discipline, to the '*houspillers*,' the scum of the army, of what nation we are not told. Two dark dreadful days past—how is not known! Then the Bishop and all his crew were triumphantly summoned to behold the Witch in her manly garments again!

Whose was the fiendish contrivance was never known in detail, whether it was that of Pierre Cauchon, or of his myrmidons. Her female garments had been taken away, and no choice left her. The houspiller guards had thrown her old clothes over her, and stood mocking at her despair.

This was on Trinity Sunday; and the next day the court met joyfully. Warwick had come back to Rouen. He gladly shut his eyes to the mode in which the 'relapse' had been obtained; and Jeanne had been driven to such utter extremity by what she had undergone in those two days, that she had fully made up her mind that death was better than such a life. Her spirit had returned. She declared that her Voices were divine, and that she had done nothing against the faith.

She was a 'relapsed heretic.' Nothing was left for her but to die, and by fire. She wept most bitterly with dread at the frightful fate. Death she feared not, but pain and shame; but still she had a bright hope of salvation.

'Bishop, I die by you,' she said.

'Ah, Jeanne, take it patiently; you die because you have not kept your promise, and because you have returned to your first iniquities.'

'Alas, alas!' she said, 'if you had put me into the prison of the Church, and given me true and proper keepers, this had not been!'

Her confessor was gentle and merciful with her, and the Holy Eucharist was granted her. Then, clad in the mourning robe of a victim of the French Inquisition, with a mitre on her head, bearing the words 'Heretique Relapse, Apostate, Idolatre,' she was dragged to the great market-place, all the way weeping heartily.

Then there was a sermon on her misdeeds, and then she prayed for half an hour, while many wept for her, even Beauvais and Beaufort themselves. She asked for a cross, and an English soldier made her one from a broken stick. The form of giving her over to the secular arm was not gone through, so Cauchon of Beauvais has the full credit of the deed.

When bound to the stake, she looked up at the fair towers of Rouen, and cried, 'O Rouen, Rouen! I fear thou wilt have to suffer for my death.' To the Bishop she repeated the words, 'Bishop, I die by you.'

Two monks kept close by her, and held aloft the crucifix, praying aloud; but her cries and shrieks were loud, and would have been fearful but that they were ever of the Redeemer's Name. At last, in the hottest of the flame, she cried, 'My Voices have not deceived me!' then again 'JESUS!' and then the spirit was free.

Cardinal Beaufort bade her ashes be thrown into the Seine; but there was a great awe on all the spectators, and most felt that they had seen the martyrdom of a saint.

As for her father, he died of grief; the King is said to have been *very sorry;* the city of Orleans pensioned her mother, and yearly celebrated the memory of the Maid. An impostor appeared in 1436, and actually deceived Jeanne's two brothers, and married a knight at Orleans. She was introduced to the King; but when he said in a gracious voice, 'Maid, in the Name of Him who knows the secret between you and me, you are welcome back,' she was frightened, fell on her knees, and confessed her imposture.

Guillaume de Flavy, the Governor of Compiègne, was murdered by his wife, who, in exculpation of herself, declared that he had left the Maid to be captured out of deliberate treachery—an allegation that may or may not be true.

When, ten years after, Rouen surrendered to Dunois, and the King entered the city, what he there heard of his truest champion seems to have moved his sluggish heart to do her all the justice in his power. Witnesses were examined, and her name was cleared; her mother and brothers were encouraged to appeal to the Pope, and commissioners were appointed who examined upon oath all the survivors who had been connected with her; and the brave and spotless creature was at length fully shewn to her countrymen in her splendid valour, virtue, and devotion.

Not only was her name publicly rehabilitated, but the records of the examinations in the archives of France guard her memory for ever.

Her faithful knights were promoted, her brother Pierre was knighted, Jean became Governor of Vaucouleurs, and the Duke of Orleans granted them an estate. Domremy, exempted from taxation for her sake, painted her house with frescoes of her achievements, and a remnant of it is said still to be preserved. The Fairy Tree was still living in Montaigne's time.

Rouen set up a statue of her, on the place of her death; but the loveliest memorial of her was the statue carved by another Maid of Orleans, Marie, the fair short-lived daughter of Louis Philippe, who, however, made Jeanne rather the gentle chivalrous being of fancy than the strong-limbed heroine that the truth depicts her.

What were her Voices? We believe them one of the phenomena that come to shew how little we know of the unseen world. We have said little when we say that by Divine permission the action of her own imagination may have veritably impressed itself as an external call, according with the form in which she had learnt her faith—nor do we say that little with any certainty. For it may have been God's Will that His Saints and Angels should veritably summon her to her great and holy task of delivering her country.

And alas! for England's share in the matter, it is only possible to say, how utterly impossible it is to put oneself in the position of wise men to whom witchcraft seemed a real and direful possibility. Even so, there was cruel one-sided blindness in making the dispossessed Pierre Cauchon the judge. Bedford ought to have sent the Maid to the Council at Basle if he had sought for true impartiality; but the blot of real savagery and injustice lies with the recreant French judge, as does that of ingratitude with the French king.

(To be continued.)

PRE-HISTORIC SKELETONS.

BY THE REV. J. C. ATKINSON.

Along a level line through a level country, with no cuttings, embankments, or viaducts, to whiz through, over, or across; but with the landscape on the north rising with a gradual but resolute ascending, until it reached dark-looking heights in the dim distance; on the south swelling up into treeless, rounded, horizontal volumes, that any stranger would say must have a name of their own. And so they had. They were the Yorkshire Wolds.

The desired station was reached, and then along a level road, of a sickly painful-looking white hue—for it was made of chalk, and was damp and sticky with the morning's rain—to the village which named the station. Thence in a dog-cart, still southwards, and soon up a

steeply-ascending road, the makers of which had availed themselves of a great diluvial gully, cotemporaneous with the raising and the cracking of the old ocean bed, and the fierce drainage of the rushing flood from the newly constituted land: up, still up, toilingly, because of the hill and the greasy chalk mud, and on either side bare broken banks, with here the laminated beds of chalk nearly horizontal, there cross-broken and standing on end, in a third place sloping north, ten yards further sloping south, and then level and vertical and leaning sections all together, in wild, strange, explanation-scouting confusion. Up, up—what for? Just to go down again, as sharply and suddenly as up, and across a valley with no water in it. Up, up, another hill like the last, and down again across another valley like the last. No, not quite: for there was water in it, only not running all along it. None on our right hand: a mill stream, with the mill half a quarter of a mile below, on our left. A strong, bright, pellucid spring rushed forth into being and the day from the face of the opposite hill, and was a great stream as soon as born, and, like the Hercules it was, begun its life's work while still in the cradle.

Six miles of such ups and downs as these, and but one little genuine running stream, such as one sees elsewhere, crossed—and at the six miles' end, the great fields, each of them a 'canny farm' in the Cleveland Dales, more than half white with the many chalk-stones which bestrewed them; here and there across them broad white rectilineal stripes, quite white looking, and shewing where an ancient embankment—vallum and fossa—had been ploughed down and leveled and filled: one or two still left, protected from the modern agriculturist by a narrow belt of firs planted upon them. And yet another feature there was, besides, which had special interest for the writer's eye: that feature being formed by four or five circular, symmetrical, though low, swellings up from the ordinary level of the field itself; unmistakeable barrows or tumuli, and almost, nay quite, as certainly ancient British. At one time, perhaps, they had been some four feet high; but now, the plough and the harrow and the drill had reduced their height to fifteen or eighteen inches above the general level.

What need to dwell on the careful, measured, systematic trenching, strip by strip, every 'graft,' as it was turned up, being scrutinized, sundered, almost sifted—so to speak—by the vigilant eyes of workmen and superintending antiquarian! The merest flakes of flint, splinters of bone, granules of charcoal, sherds of ancient pottery, were descried and seized with a strange quick perception and precision; and we all knew, within ten minutes of the commenced work, that there was—at least, had been—a burial in the barrow under examination.

Yes, it was there. Within a few inches of the point marked as the centre at the commencement of the work, bone, which was directly pronounced to be human, was found. Inch by inch—nay, almost hairs-breadth by hairs-breadth—the indication given was followed; and presently, under the patient careful manipulation of the searcher, the

thigh-bone of the body was followed to the knee, and the bone of the leg, drawn close up to that first discovered, lay disclosed. From the other end of the thigh-bone along the curved spine to the head; and then the skull was laid bare, and one hand was seen to be up by the face, and the other, after a little more scraping and clearing, reaching down towards the knee. The dead man had been laid on his right side, and with his head towards the south-east.

Another of the group of barrows is subjected to examination; and, again at the centre, and not fifteen inches below the present surface, gives up another skeleton. In this case the head was laid towards the north, and the beads about the neck—numbers of them still in the exact position in which the thong or fibre they had been strung upon kept them as long as it retained its own form and coherency—and the bronze bracelet on the wrist, the bones of the arm still passing through it, and tinged green by its oxidization; and the delicate bronze fibula in front of the neck; no less than the size and substance of the bones themselves;—proclaimed this to have been the body of a woman; probably, of course, one of some importance and comparative wealth. Fifty-one glass beads—the ground a beautiful blue, (which looked dull black, however, by candle-light,) inlaid with zigzag mouldings of white enamel—one of earthenware, and seventeen of amber, had formed her necklace; and in it, and her robe, secured by the brooch as in life, and her bracelet, had she been buried. Five feet six inches in height, or thereabout, her body lay in a space, the extreme length of which was measured by thirty-five inches; and the breadth was the length from the knee-cap to the bones of the hip. On her left side she lay, and with one hand up, and the other down towards the knee. In yet another tumulus, another female body, with a most beautiful bronze bracelet, on the left wrist also as in the last case, and as much contracted in its posture as that was. Her arm had sustained a fracture in life, and had reunited, the limb having been set quite straight and well.

Next, a man's body; the bones, many of them, being as fresh and in as good preservation as if only hidden by the earth during ten or twelve years, instead of twice ten or twelve centuries; the bones of the skull perfect in many parts, and thick; but not so thick, by one-third, as those of the female last mentioned, some parts of which had been two-fifths of an inch in thickness!

And now to another group of barrows in an adjoining field; two ploughed over and almost leveled; one of large dimensions, conical, seven or eight feet high, owing the preservation of its original form to the plantation of young trees which stood thickly upon it. Ten minutes of digging shewed differences between these hills and the last. Half an hour, with no broken pottery, no charcoal, no flint, began to make the more workers doubtful, almost despondent, about 'a burial.' Not so the more experienced 'digger' who directed the proceedings. Charcoal, a small piece, soon after turned up, then a bit of animal bone, then a small

fragment of urn. But it was a great hole now, and only these small results. The next object which attracted the attention of one of the men—looking almost like a bit of thin cocoa-nut shell—what was it? He could make nothing of it. The antiquarian above could. It was a portion, about two inches across, of a child's skull. But it was alone: no other fragments of bone lay near. Half an hour more, and a little more charcoal turned up, another fragment also of the tiny skull, and a single piece of a cinerary urn, besides animal bones in more plenty, remnants from the funeral feast. Ten minutes again, and a small white matter appeared, unintelligible to the workmen, who had helped only among simply buried bodies, but full of meaning to the director of the work, though as yet he could read but half of it, because the facts seemed to clash. It was human bone which had been calcined, and which had, no doubt, been originally deposited with the cinerary urn, of which a single fragment had, some time before, been found. But who had disturbed it? and when? And the unburnt child's skull—what did it mean? But there is scant time for speculation. More bones are found, and one of them not animal, but human; the femur or thigh-bone, and broken across about two-thirds down, and with a fracture that was not fresh! Signs, too, there were of an excavation in the chalk itself which underlay the soil of the field. They were followed, and a pit of nearly seven feet in diameter was revealed, and in the soil which was carefully and watchfully removed from it, abundant charcoal, more calcined bone, and a small human jaw, the under-jaw of a child, just matching the skull—two small parts of which had been found before; and in the jaw the first teeth were still to be seen, with the second set rising to thrust them out and take their places. Two feet down, nearly three, and they turn up a large bit of unburnt human skull; in one way matching the broken femur, inasmuch as it belonged to an adult. And then, at last, curled up at the bottom of the pit, there lay disclosed the skeleton of a man; and the riddle, plain enough to the experienced archæological diggers who stood above, was fully read. First there had been a deposit of a burnt body and a tumulus raised over it. Then, in this tumulus, with or without much disturbance, a deposit of an unburnt body, probably the adult, that of the child following—perhaps accompanying. And then, after some change of family or tribe, another has to be buried, who knew not, or who despised, the old occupants of the land, and whose friends therefore violently, and uncaringly, disturbed the ashes of the earlier dead in order to make a suitable resting-place for his earthly remains. He too was laid on his side; but, unlike one whose grave was sunk deep in the chalk as this was, and which had been examined a day or two before the writer reached the scene of operation, without weapon, implement, or ornament. The body referred to had been deposited with bronze dagger in the right hand; axe of bronze, cased in its sheath of wood, and slung at his haunch; bronze piercer, sharp at both ends and four-square in the middle; and six buttons of large size, five of jet and one of earthenware,

each in the place in front which it had occupied on the garment in which, as his shroud, the departed chieftain had been laid to his rest.

Perhaps these interments stretched over a period of a thousand years; from the period of cremation to that closely preceding the era of history. For the fibula had not been all of bronze: the tongue had been of iron, and of an unusual construction—for the end had been inserted in a small billet of wood, which, fitted into the scroll-work formed by the convolutions of the drawn out bronze at the hinge or spring end, served instead of the ordinary hinge or spring itself. Nay, it was even possible that this short block of wood, as thick and as long as the last joint of the lady wearer's little finger, told another tale yet. Most of these brooches have the tongue formed from a continuation of the bronze wire brought back in a straight pointed form towards the upper end. This fibula too might have been made thus, and afterwards broken: and the plug of wood, with the iron needle fixed in it, the result of repairs by an ancient British artist, applied to the work of (most likely) some foreign artificer.

Like the tongueless skulls, these bodies tell us something our minds and imagination can fix upon. They were buried in their dress as they lived. The man with an upper garment buttoning down in front and reaching to the thigh, the woman with her robe secured by the clasp at her throat. In the days of burning, bone pins had been the means of fastening; some roughly wrought, and six inches long, others smaller and finer. The writer has found three with the fragmentary bones of one body. Buttons and brooches shew an advance, but they shew a very slow one for the time. Glass beads too, and beads of amber or earthenware, and the button of earthenware—made in imitation of the jet button, and pierced, after manufacture, precisely as the jet buttons were, with an excavation which went in and came out too on the under side, leaving as it were a little bridge of the material as the means of future fixing to the garment it should be applied to—these speak of an advance, either in arts and manufactures or in commerce, probably in both; but again a very slow and limited advance. The second bracelet, in fashion like to a series of large-sized coffee-beans laid on their flat sides, and fixed side by side by a continuous weld, was in advance of the first, in fabric and beauty; but it was the first which was in company with the iron-tongued brooch. It is hard to think of even our remote ancestors as travelling so slowly forward on the path of material improvement. And what of the moral and intellectual? Perhaps it is as well these relics have no distinct voice wherewith to reply to the question. Only the bones scattered about through the substance of the barrows were animal—belonging to swine, oxen, deer—and not human. They had other food at the funeral feasts than the flesh of their slaves and prisoners.

SCOTCH LADIES OF THE LAST AND PRESENT CENTURY.

WITH SPECIMENS OF POETRY.

MAY we be permitted to leave for awhile our old English Poets, our Vaughans, our Crashaws, and our Quarles, and take an excursion into Scotland? The time we would select is limited to about eighty or a hundred years, and ranges from the middle of the last to about the third part of the present century; and the persons we wish to commemorate are ladies—not *all* actual poetesses, but yet possessing much of poetic fire. We have been led to form a very high opinion of the minds of Scotchwomen of the period we have in view. There is much, doubtless, to qualify one's approbation and even admiration of some of them. Their independence of manner and speech, their terrible political vehemence, are very startling; but we cannot help doubting whether in any civilized country in the world, France perhaps excepted, there were so many women of real mark as in Scotland during the latter half of the last century and the beginning of the present. Only a portion of them were literary, and of these we shall speak more fully in this paper. We chiefly know them through their contemporaries; and, as Lord Cockburn tells us in his most entertaining memorials, 'A singular race they were, these old Scotch ladies.' He calls them, and is confirmed by Sir Walter Scott, 'a delightful set—strong-headed, warm-hearted, high-spirited, merry even in solitude; very resolute, indifferent about the modes and habits of the modern world, and adhering to their own ways, so as to stand out like the primitive rocks above ordinary society. Their prominent qualities of sense, humour, affection, and spirit, were embodied in curious outsides, for they all dressed and spoke and did exactly as they chose; their language, like their habits, entirely Scotch, but without any other vulgarity than what perfect naturalness is sometimes mistaken for.'*

Lord Cockburn gives three or four portraits, mostly aristocratic: as one of a clergyman's widow, mother of the first Sir David Dundas, full of wit;—'there was more sense and spirit round that chair than in the pulpit or theatre;'—Lady Armiston, the mother of the first Lord Melville; Sophy Johnson, a curious masculine body, a great crony of Lady Anne Barnard, who sketched her portrait in 'The Lives of the Lindsays;' also Lady Don, and Mrs. Roehead of Inverleith—quite different people—'shining first as hooped beauties in the minuets, and then as mistresses of ceremonies at the stately assemblies of Edinburgh.' How capitally does Lord Cockburn sketch both these old ladies! Lady Don, with her 'polite cheerfulness and easy elegance—the venerable faded beauty, the white well-coiled hair, the soft hand sparkling with old brilliant rings,

* Memorials, p. 58 and following.

the kind heart, the affectionate manners, the honest gentle voice, and the mild eye ;' while Mrs. Rochead's dignity was made more formidable by cold and rather severe solemnity. Except Mrs. Siddons in some of her displays of magnificent royalty, nobody could sit down like this lady of Inverleith. 'She would sail like a ship from Tarshish, gorgeous in velvet or rustling in silk; done up in all the accompaniments of fan, ear-rings, and finger-rings, falling sleeves, scent-bottle, embroidered bag, hoop and train—all superb, yet all in purest taste, and managing all this seemingly heavy rigging with as much ease as a full-blown swan does its plumage; she would take possession of the centre of a large sofa, covering it with her bravery, the graceful folds seeming to lay themselves over it like summer waves.'

Our business, however, is just now with the lady *writers* of that generation. When they *did* write they seem to have done so with marvellous carelessness about fame. They poured forth their beautiful lyrics seemingly because they could not help it. They allowed almost anyone to reap the credit of them. Their confidantes, it is true, were not many; these were chiefly of the female sex; and it is one of the most remarkable things in the history, that in no case is it known that the confidence was betrayed. Lady Anne Barnard (*nee* Lindsay) *herself* communicated the fact of her authorship of 'Auld Robin Gray' to Sir Walter Scott in her seventy-third year, within two years of her death, and had till then never sanctioned any such revelation. Moreover, it is well known that she gave Sir Walter a MS. volume of her own lyrics, also including some by other members of the house of Lindsay; that she consented to their publication—that they were actually printed—when the lady's heart failed: she recalled her consent, and the copies printed appear to have been destroyed. Then there was Mrs. Agnes Lyon, of Glammis, a cotemporary of Lady Nairn, (of whom we shall speak more presently,) who uttered her thoughts in verse with rare ease and spirit—who left four volumes of MS. poetry, written from the period of her early marriage in 1786, to her death in September, 1840. The mother of ten children, the wife of a minister in the Scotch Kirk, for love of whom she had rejected many suitors attracted by her beauty, she seems to have delighted in cultivating the domestic Muse, and to have made it a special object to interest and amuse her children. She lost many of these children by death; and her MSS. were bequeathed by will to the widow of one of her sons; but appended to the bequest is a prohibition to *publish* unless in the event of a deficiency in the family funds. She runs off a sort of apology for her verses in this fashion: they were, she says,

'Written off-hand, as one may say,
Perhaps upon a rainy day,
Perhaps while at the cradle rocking,
Instead of knitting at a stocking,
She'd catch at paper, pen, and ink,
And easily the verses clink.

Perhaps a head-ache at a time
Would make her on her bed recline,
And rather than be wholly idle
She'd give her fancy rein and bridle;
She neither wanted lamp nor oil,
Nor found composing any toil.
As for correction's iron wand,
She never took it in her hand;
And can, with conscience clear, declare
She ne'er neglected house affair,
Nor put her little babes aside
To take on Pegasus a ride.
Rather let pens and paper flame
Than any mother have the shame
(Except at any *orra time*)
To spend her hours in making rhyme.'

This good lady wrote a famous song of her day, 'Neil Gow's Farewell to Whiskey.'

Of all the lady writers of verse in Scotland, however, it does not appear to us that there has ever been one equal to Carolina, Baroness Nairn. It is true that no single production of hers surpasses 'Auld Robin Gray,' but in the absence of any opportunity for reading and remarking on other lyrics of Lady Anne Lindsay, we must give the palm to the one whose many songs have been the solace, the amusement, the inspiration, of numbers in Scotland and England, while owing nothing whatever to the avowed name of the authoress. We must briefly sketch her story, indebted as we are for it to the notice prefixed to a selection of thirty-six of her pieces (some copied from MSS. by the admiring pen of the Editor of the Modern Scottish Minstrel, Charles Rogers, LL.D., F.S.A., published by Messrs. Black, Edinburgh). The authoress of that exquisite song, 'The Land of the Leal,' then, and of the humourous 'Laird of Cockpen,' was born at the old family house of Gask, in the county of Perth, and was the third daughter of a doughty Jacobite gentleman, Laurence Oliphant of that ilk. She came into the world on the 16th of July, 1766, was married to her cousin on the mother's side, William Murray Nairn, in the year 1806, and died at the family house where she was born and bred, in 1845. She was far from stationary, however, especially after her widowhood; she lived much on the Continent, chiefly at Paris, till within the last two years, when she returned to her birth-place to die. As she did not marry young, her career in single life was longer than, from her personal beauty and elegance and the general idea of her talent, might have been anticipated. She had, we are told, 'many suitors,' but her cousin triumphed; and though for eighteen years the family title remained in abeyance in consequence of the Jacobitism of the last Baron, the attainder was taken off in 1824, it is said by the express wish of George IV., who had heard that Carolina was the author of the song of 'The Attainted Scotch Nobles.' Thus she became, legally, the Baroness Nairn.

One would like to know more of her early life. The history of a

spirited young lady in Scotland at that time had many interesting elements to begin with, and she could not live in the 'Auld House at Gask,' where Charles Edward (from whom she derived her name) had been hospitably entertained after his campaign in '45 and 6, without hearing perpetually of the Stuart and all his gallant adherents. Her grandfather had been his aide-de-camp; and when the Prince visited Gask, her grandmother had cut off a lock of his yellow hair, which was kept sacredly at Gask, and is commemorated in Lady Nairn's song of 'The Auld House,' one of her best lyrics.

Then Carolina herself grew up under a father who was as strong a partizan as the grandfather, and never to his dying day would permit the names of the reigning King and Queen to be named before him; so that if by any chance the 'German lairdie and his leddy' were named in reading the papers to the old man, the reader met with prompt rebuke, and was told only to say 'K and Q.' Such sturdiness, it is said, on the whole, met with respect and toleration from George III., to whom it was spoken of. It certainly was not an uncongenial characteristic.

Happily for us and the world, but especially for her own country, Carolina, called in her district 'The Flower of Strathearn,' found plenty to do besides writing songs for the Stuarts. She seems early in life to have passionately loved her native melodies, and to have been distressed by the low tone of the words adapted to them—by their ribaldry and occasional indecency; and she had genius enough to catch their fire and spirit while reforming the language and elevating the thoughts. Thus her very first attempt at getting an improved idea or two into circulation, came out of the occasion of a neighbouring Agricultural Meeting. She furnished the chairman anonymously with the following song, which was soon made vocal and highly prized.

THE PLEUGHMAN.

There's high and low, there's rich and poor,
  There's trades and crafts enew, man;
But, east and west, his trade's the best
  That kens to guide the pleugh, man.
    Then come, weel speed my pleughman lad,
      And hey my merry pleughman;
    Of a' the trades that I do ken,
      Commend me to the pleughman.

His dreams are sweet upon his bed,
  His cares are light and few, man;
His mither's blessing's on his head,
  That tents her weel, the pleughman.
    Then come, weel speed, &c.

The lark, sae sweet, that starts to meet
  The morning fresh and new, man;
Blythe though she be, as blythe is he,
  That sings as sweet, the pleughman.
    Then come, weel speed, &c.

All fresh and gay, at dawn of day,
Their labours they renew, man;
Heav'n bless the seed, and bless the soil,
And Heaven bless the pleughman.
Then come, weel speed, &c.

A wider fame probably was obtained by 'The Laird of Cockpen' and 'The Land o' the Leal,' which were sung all over England and Scotland before the close of the last century, never attributed to the right author, but *most* persistently, perhaps, falling upon Miss Ferrier, the author of 'Marriage,' &c., who is still believed—we know not with what reason—to have added the two *last* stanzas to 'The Laird of Cockpen.'

Carolina Oliphant married the one of many eager suitors whom she preferred, in 1806, and as we have said became Baroness Nairn in 1824. She lost her husband in July, 1830, and was then left with one son, born in 1808, and consequently just in his twenty-second year when his father died. Wrapped up in him, and receiving at his hands in return proofs of truly affectionate attachment, great indeed was her grief when, seven years afterwards, she lost *him* also. She had taken him abroad, in order to change the climate after a severe attack of influenza; but he caught fresh cold, and died at Brussels. The trial was borne by Lady Nairn meekly, and with every attempt at submission to the Divine Will; but she never again recovered her tone of spirits. Writing to a friend she says, (in 1840,) 'I sometimes say to myself, "This is no *me!*"—so greatly have my feelings and trains of thought changed since "auld lang syne;"—and though I am made to know assuredly that all is well, I scarcely dare to allow my mind to settle on the past.'

That serious and elevated thought formed the staple of most of her writings from this time is but natural. Mr. Rogers gives several of these later pieces, from which we select two.

SONG.

AIR, *Ailen Aroon.*

(WRITTEN IN LADY NAIRN'S 76TH YEAR.)

Would you be young again?
So would not I;
One tear to memory giv'n,
Onward I'd hie.
Life's dark flood forded o'er,
All but at rest on shore,
Say, would you plunge once more
With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now
Retrace your way?
Wander through stormy wilds
Faint and astray?
Night's gloomy watches fled,
Morning all beaming red,
Hope's smiles around us shed,
Heav'nward, away.

Where then are those dear ones,
  Our joy and light?
Dear and more dear, though now
  Hidden from sight;
Where they rejoice to be,
There is the land for me,
Fly, time, fly speedily!
  Come, life and light!

REST IS NOT HERE.

A SECOND SONG TO THE SAME AIR, THOUGHT TO BE OF NEARLY SAME DATE.

What's this vain world to me?
  Rest is not here;
False are the smiles I see,
  The mirth I hear.
Where is youth's joyful glee?
Where all once dear to me?
Gone as the shadows flee—
  Rest is not here.

Why did the morning shine
  Blythely and fair?
Why did those tints, so fine,
  Vanish in air?
Does not the vision say
Faint, lingering heart, away!
Why in this desert stay?
  Dark land of care!

Where souls angelic soar
  Thither repair;
Let this vain world no more
  Lull and ensnare.
That heav'n I love so well
Still in my heart shall dwell,
All things around me tell
  Rest is found there.

We should not do justice to a woman who has so beautifully expressed the feelings of her latter days, if we did not say that her heart was in every good and Christian work of her time—that she contributed to public and private charities, yet always, if possible, anonymously. Soon after her death, (which occurred at the old family house at Gask on the 27th October, 1845, at the age of seventy-nine,) Dr. Chalmers, in an address delivered at Edinburgh, referring to the efforts made for the supply of religious instruction in the district of the West Port in that city, at length broke the seal of reserve. 'Let me speak now,' he said, 'as to the countenance we have received. I am now at liberty to mention a very noble benefaction I received about a year ago. Inquiry was made at me by a lady, mentioning that she had a sum at her disposal, and that she wished to employ it to charitable purposes: and she wanted me to enumerate a list of charitable objects, in proportion to the estimate I had

of their value. Accordingly, I furnished her with a scale of about five or six charitable objects. The highest in the scale were those institutions which had for their design the Christianizing the people at home: and I also mentioned to her, in that connection, what we were doing at West Port; and there came to me, from her, in the course of a day or two, no less a sum than £300. She is now dead. She is in her grave, and her works do follow her. When she gave me this noble benefaction, she laid me under strict injunctions to secresy, and accordingly I did not mention her name to any person; but after she was dead I begged of her nearest heir that I might be allowed to name her, because I thought her example, so worthy to be followed, might influence others in imitating her: and I am happy to say I am now at liberty to state that it was Lady Nairn of Perthshire. It nearly enabled us to purchase sites for schools and a church; and we have got a site in the very heart of the locality,' &c.*

So far Dr. Chalmers.

We have felt that we could not pause in the narrative of her sorrows and the manner she bore and improved them; but we must now revert to her earlier compositions, and of these we think none can bear comparison with 'The Land o' the Leal.' Well as it is known, it would be cruel not to give it here, the rather that Mr. Rogers evidently takes pains to get correct versions, and this is a song which has been much varied in the singing and transcribing. Our own copy, obtained many years ago from a friend well versed in Scotch songs, is in its two first stanzas nearly an exact duplicate of this given by Mr. Rogers—the chief difference being that ours is addressed to a *Jean*, this to a *John*; but although we also add the two last stanzas as printed here, we own to a strong impression that the compilation made either by Lady Nairn or her friends of a single stanza out of the two last is an improvement, particularly as the idea of the third stanza, though intended to express a high Scriptural truth, is very imperfectly made out. However, we give Mr. Rogers's version exactly.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'm wearin' awa', John,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John,
I'm wearin' awa'
  To the Land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, John,
There's neither cauld nor care, John,
The day's aye fair
  I' the Land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John,
She was baith gude and fair, John,
And oh! we grudg'd her sair
  To the Land o' the leal.

* Dr. Chalmers's Address, December 29th, 1845.

But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
And joy's comin' fast, John,
The joy that's aye to last
I' the Land o' the leal.

Sae dear's the joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
To the Land o' the leal.
Oh! dry your glist'ning ee, John,
My saul langs to be free, John,
And angels beckon me
To the Land o' the leal.

Oh, haud ye leal and true, John,
Your day it's wearin' thro, John,
An' I'll welcome you
To the Land o' the leal.
Now fare ye weel, my ain John,
This warld's cares are vain, John,
We'll meet and aye be fain
I' the Land o' the leal.*

Mr. Rogers informs us that he is assured, from the testimony of some of Lady Nairn's relatives, that this exquisite song was composed by her for two married friends of her own, Mr. and Mrs. C——, who had sustained bereavement in the death of a child. It was well known, and sung in every district of the kingdom, before the close of the last century. One of her lady friends and confidantes was a daughter of Baron Hume, who afterwards persuaded her to contribute to 'The Scottish Minstrel.' Miss Hume, writing to a friend, says, 'My father's admiration of The Land of the Leal was such, that he said no woman but Miss Ferrier could have written it.' Many years afterwards, in 1842, Lady Nairn was much aggrieved by having been, as she says, '*denounced*' by a Scotch lady at Paris, whom she did not know, as the true authoress. 'I cannot trace it, (the source of her information,) but very much dislike, as ever, any kind of publicity.' Some of her best songs certainly were known and sung long before she married. A good specimen of her Jacobite ditties is, 'He's o'er the hills that I lo'e weel,' which we give.

* In the copy we have been used to regard as correct, the third and fourth stanzas are abridged, thus—

Then dry yer glist'ning ee, John,
My soul langs to be free, John,
And angels beckon me
To the Land o' the leal.

Sae fare ye weel, my ain John,
This warld's cares are vain, John,
We'll meet and aye be fain
I' the Land o' the leal.

JACOBITE SONG.

He's o'er the hills that I lo'e weel,
  He's o'er the hills we daurna name;
He's o'er the hills ayont Dumblane
  Wha soon will get his welcome hame.
My father's gane to fight for him;
  My brothers winna bide at hame;
My mither greets and prays for them,
  And 'deed, she thinks their no' to blame.

The Whigs may scoff, the Whigs may jeer,
But ah! that love maun be sincere,
Which still keeps true whate'er betide,
An' for his sake leaves a' beside.
  He's o'er the hills, &c.

His right these hills, his right these plains,
O'er Highland hearts secure he reigns;
What lads e'er did our lads will do—
Were I a lad, I'd follow him too.
  He's o'er the hills, &c.

Sae noble look, sae princely air,
Sae gallant, bold, and young and fair;
Oh, did you see him you'd do as we've done,
Hear him but ance, to his standard you'll run.
  He's o'er the hills, &c.

Then draw the claymore, for Charlie fight,
For countree, religion, and a' that's right;
Were ten thousand lives now given to me,
I'd die as aft for one o' the three.
  He's o'er the hills, &c.

Another, and a prime favourite, is 'The Auld House.'

THE AULD HOUSE OF GASK.

Oh! the auld house, the auld house!
  What tho' the rooms were wee;
Oh! kind hearts were dwelling there,
  And bairnies fu' o' glee.
The wild rose and the jesamin
  Still hang upon the wa';
How many cherish'd memories
  Do they, sweet flowers, reca'.

Oh! the auld Laird, the auld Laird!
  Sae canty, kind, and crouse,
How mony did he welcome to
  His ain wee dear auld house;
And the Leddy too, sae genty,
  There sheltered Scotland's heir,
And clipt a lock wi' her ain hand
  Frae his lang yellow hair.

The mavis still doth sweetly sing,
  The blue-bells sweetly blaw,
The bonny Earn's clear winding still,
  But the auld house is awa'.
The auld house! the auld house!
  Deserted tho' ye be,
There ne'er can be a new house
  Will seem sae fair to me.

Still flourishes the auld pear tree
  The bairnies liked to see;
And oh! how aften did they speer,
  When ripe they a' wad be?
The voices sweet, the wee bit feet
  Aye rinnin' here and there;
The merry shout—oh, whiles we greet,
  To think we'll hear nae mair.

For they are a' wide scattered now:
  Some to the Indies gane;
And ane, alas! to her lang hame,
  Not here we'll meet again.
The kirk-yaird, the kirk-yaird,
  Wi' flowers o' every hue,
Shelter'd by the holly's shade
  An' the dark sombre yew.

The setting sun, the setting sun!
  How glorious it gaed down;
The cloudy splendour raised our hearts,
  To cloudless skies aboon!
The auld dial, the auld dial!
  It tauld how time did pass;
The wintry winds hae dring it down,
  Now hid 'mang weeds and grass.

Lady Nairn's marriage gave some pause to her poetical career—at least, if she wrote, her friends seem not to have known it; but in 1821, some musical ladies, who were in the secret of her former deeds, earnestly prayed her to be a contributor to Mr. Robert Purdie's Scottish Minstrel, a work then in course of publication; and she agreed, under the positive condition that her name, rank, and every circumstance of her history, should be kept in the profoundest secresy. So well were her mandates obeyed, that although during three years she sent lyrics to the work, and during that time had both correspondence and interviews with the publisher and editor, she did not in the least betray herself. In writing, her signature was B. B.; and on one occasion the editor was hoaxed by some of his friends, and made to believe that the anonymous B. B. was a Mrs. Bogan of Bogan, to whom he thereupon addressed a letter.

As Lady Nairn grew older, her poems assumed a more pensive cast. In every one of them there is an allusion to earthly losses, and the hope of heavenly re-union. She left a blessing behind her always; and can we better part with her than by giving the following two songs?

GUDE NICHT, AND JOY BE WI' YE A'.

The best o' joys maun hae an end,
  The best o' friends maun part, I trow;
The langest day will wear away,
  And I maun bid fareweel to you.
The tear will tell when hearts are fu',
  For words, gin they hae sense ava',
They're broken, faltering, and few—
  Gude nicht, and joy be wi' ye a'.

Oh, we hae wander'd far and wide,
  O'er Scotia's lands o' frith and fell,
And mony a simple flower we've pu'd,
  And twin'd it with the heather-bell.
We've rang'd the dingle and the dell,
  The cot-house and the baron's ha';
Now we maun tak' a last farewell—
  Gude nicht, and joy be wi' ye a'.

My harp, fareweel! thy strains are past,
  And mirth or care no longer sway;
The voice of song maun cease at last,
  And minstrelsy itsel' decay.
But oh! what sorrow canna win,
  Nor parting tears are shed ava',
May we meet neighbours, kith and kin,
  And joy for aye be wi' us a'.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT ARE GANE!

Here's to them, to them that are gane!
  Here's to them, to them that are gane!
Here's to them that are here, the faithful and dear,
  That will never be here again—no, never!
  But where are they now that are gane?
  Oh! where are the faithful and true?
They're gane to the light that fears not the night,
  And their day of rejoicing shall end—no, never.

Here's to them, to them that were here!
  Here's to them, to them that were here!
Here's a tear and a sigh to the bliss that's gane by,
  But 'twas not like what's coming, to last—for ever:
  Oh! bright was their morning sun,
  Bright was their morning sun;
Yet, lang ere the gloamin' in clouds it gaed down,
  But the storm and the cloud are now past—for ever!

Fare ye weel, fare ye weel! parting silence is best;
  Oh! how sad is the last parting tear!
But that silence shall break, where no tear on the cheek
  Can bedim the bright vision again—no never!

Then speed to the wings of old time,
That waft us where pilgrims would be;
To the regions of rest, to the realms of the blest,
Where the full tide of glory shall flow—for ever! *

After Lady Nairn, we find it hard to speak of other Scotch female writers; yet surely the one poem we possess of Helen D'Arcy Cranstoun, the second Mrs. Dugald Stewart, is very beautiful. We allude, of course, to that beginning, 'The tears I shed must ever fall.'

Also, if the exquisite ballad called 'The Waefu' Heart' *be* Susanna Blamire's, it is almost as much of a glory to her brows as 'Auld Robin Gray' is to Lady Anne Barnard's. Then, too, there is, 'And ye shall Walk in Silk Attire,' and the charming and pathetic poem, *undoubtedly* hers, in which she pictures the return to his home of a rich man from India. This is really beautiful; but after all, Miss Blamire is only half Scotch. She lived in Cumberland almost all her life—was born in 1747, and died in 1794 at Carlisle.

Mrs. John Hunter also deserves mention. Her maiden name was Home—born in 1742 at Greenlaw, Berwickshire. Her songs do not display any *high* degree of genius, but they are very expressive and touching. 'The season comes when first we met,' 'The lot of thousands,' &c., are charming. †

And Joanna Baillie! where shall we place her? Certainly, though 'last,' not 'least' in well-earned fame; and to our own minds her lyrical poems appear her best efforts. Her lovely 'Morning and Evening,'—her 'Good-night,'—her 'Fisherman's Song,'—her 'Woo'd and married and a','—all are genuine poetry—lively, picturesque, full of energy and grace. To such company, well may we bid a reluctant farewell. We have, we trust, made good our assertion of its charm and its deeper claims to our regard; and with more both of space and leisure we could add considerably to the proofs we have already given of its sterling value. We find ourselves lingering over the traces of an innate and pervading spirit of truth, of tenderness, of genuine simplicity, of deep-seated religious reverence, and of ardent nationality. Such qualities have an indescribable charm. We seem to be in the poet's world, in the very best sense of the word. It is good for us to know that such people have lived and died, true to their high ideal, caring nothing for fame, hiding, not *their talent*, but only *themselves*, from public gaze; and if

* Should the reader inquire respecting the existence of any complete published collection of Lady Nairn's songs, &c., we are unable to direct him to any. A folio volume, entitled 'Lays from Strathearn,' arranged with symphonies and accompaniments for the piano-forte, was published soon after her death; and a new edition, by Patersons, Music-sellers, Edinburgh, was announced, and, we believe, is published. This contained seventy songs; but the largest proportion still, we are told, remains in MS. Several of these, however, enrich Mr. Rogers's collection.

† Miss Home married John Hunter, the anatomist. He died in 1793, and she survived many years, dying in 1821. She is described as the life of her social parties, beautiful in person, and amiable in disposition.

we and others lift up the veil, it is cheering to know that they would not now reproach us, but that the purest benevolence would be gratified by the impulse and the consolation we derive from what they have left us.

In concluding this excursion among the Scotch poets, the writer cannot forbear appending the lines following. They are written by an American clergyman of Scotch parentage, and their tender and affectionate spirit renders them no unfit supplement to the beautiful lyrics of Lady Nairn and her cotemporaries.

T.

THE AULD SCOTCH SANGS.

Oh! sing to me the auld Scotch sangs,
I' the braid Scottish tongue!
The sangs my faither lov'd to hear,
The sangs my mither sung.
When she sat beside my cradle,
Or croon'd me on her knee,
An' I wadna sleep—she sang sae sweet,
The auld Scotch sangs to me.

Yes! sing the auld, the gude Scotch sangs,
Auld Scotia's gentle pride;
O' the wimpling burn and the sunny brae,
And the cozie ingle side.
Sangs o' the broom and heather,
Sangs o' the trysting tree,
The laverock's lilt and the gowans blink—
The auld Scotch sangs for me!

Sing ony o' the auld Scotch sangs,
The blithesome or the sad;
They mak' me smile when I am wae,
An' greet when I am glad.
My heart gaes to auld Scotland,
The saut tears dim my e'e,
And the Scotch bluid leaps in a' my veins,
As you sing the sangs to me.

Sing *on*, sing *mair* o' thae auld sangs,
For ilka ane can tell
O' joy and sorrow in the past
Where memory lo'es to dwell.
Though hair grow gray, and limbs grow auld,
Until the day I dee
I'll bless the Scottish tongue that sings
The auld Scotch sangs to me.

Rev. Dr. George Bethune, Brooklyn, New York.

THE MYSTERY OF THE CAVERN.

CHAPTER VII.

For a long time Torwood heard no more of railway alarms. The boys' summer holidays had come and gone, and the village children were abroad in the harvest-fields, producing a lull in the combats of secular instruction, which was a comfort to Lady Maynard. Her trouble, however, took a more serious turn in the recurrence of some of Jane's anxious symptoms. At one of those prolonged games of croquet, when all consideration for the delicate is entirely overlooked by the strong, Jane had been kept on her feet in a heavy August dew till past eight o'clock, in spite of Damaris's attempted remonstrances; and the penalty was paid in considerable suffering, with a great surface of miseries of irritable nerves, fretful temper, and exceeding despondency.

That Eleanor should be greatly vexed was inevitable. She implied that she considered the imprudence owing to Miss Brockensha's ardour in the game, and no exoneration attempted by Jane or her mother would convince her to the contrary; and when the first force of the attack had spent itself, and she considered Jane's ailments to be partly imaginary, and curable by exertion, she spoke sharply to her about her fancies, and rebuked her, not entirely without justice, for presuming on the indulgent tenderness with which she was treated by her mother and Miss Brockensha.

It was no wonder that Lady Maynard, returning home just as this visit was over, found her two girls both in tears at Eleanor's harshness and cruelty, Damaris trying to soothe Jane, but crying herself with indignation, and Jane recurring to her once-favourite but long-forgotten augury, that when she followed dear Papa then Eleanor would believe in her. The plaintive voice reached her mother through the open window, and without the words she knew by the key in which it was pitched that Jane was doing herself harm.

She went into the room in haste, and all reserve over, was told by Damaris with flushed cheeks, how very unkind and severe Miss Maynard had been, Jane adding, between half hysterical sobs, 'But, Mamma, you know how ill I am— Mamma, you wouldn't wish— You don't want me to do all Eleanor says— You know it is not pretence— You'll tell her—'

'My dear,' said Lady Maynard, 'I only want you to get well. I know nobody can judge for you like us, who have been with you so long; but everybody thinks they can manage other people's invalids—'

'I am sure,' broke in Damaris, 'Miss Maynard can know nothing of ill health herself.'

'No, I think she does not,' said Lady Maynard; 'and nervous illness does not meet with much toleration, because it has not the honour of

being dangerous. But, my dear Damaris, your face is crimson, you will be ill too if you stay indoors any longer. I wonder if you would do something for me, my dear. I met little Susan, from the Rock Gate lodge, in trouble because they had sent her mother gruel instead of arrow-root from the great house, and Mrs. Hale cannot take gruel. I said I would send her some arrow-root, and I have just found out that the gardening boy is gone for Jane's medicine—'

'Oh, thank you: I shall be very glad to go!' exclaimed Damaris, the better pleased as it was to counteract a want of consideration shown by Miss Maynard; and only Jane remonstrated that it was 'dreadfully hot.'

'Not if you go through the wood. Do you know the way? for it is not very much frequented.'

There were three ways: one which Damaris knew—the road, which skirted the park wall outside, and at the present time of day would be extremely dusty, close, and sunny; but within there were two other paths—one winding between the river at the base of the tall cliffs, the other leading along their summit; both shady and cool, and belonging to a special wood, which had its own enclosure, its own gates, and its own key. The master-key of the park, kept hanging on a nail in the vestibule, was always needed in walking anywhere but in the lodge-guarded approaches; and Damaris had more than once wondered what its small companion on the same ring might unlock.

Jane, whose uncertain spirits had revived under the slight discussion, observed when her mother left the room, 'Ay, take care of it, Damaris, I believe there are only four keys in the world to that wood; Eleanor has one, and the head-keeper and woodman each have another, and that one was Papa's—I wonder we are allowed it still. Don't you go and be indiscreet, or we shall forfeit it; but I wish you would bring me a bit of everlasting pea, because it does not grow anywhere else; or will it be like the blood out of Blue Beard's closet?'

So Damaris set forth on her walk; and so delightful it was, that she felt much injured at never having been admitted there before, and thought that the only right reward for such selfish exclusion would be that the railway should run right through the centre of the dog's manger. And yet that would be a pity, she felt, as the sweet influence of intense solitude fell upon her, walking along in the darkness of a precipitous semi-circle of rock, overhung by beech trees, their tall silvery stems rising up like white pillars, and rich luxuriant ferns nicked into every cranny; while rabbits scudded quite near, squirrels sat on the branches, and birds flew close, as if it were a desert island. Once she even saw a fox run across the path, so that the sense of intense solitude became almost oppressive; and she was glad to emerge round an elbow of rock into a much lighter, more open scene, where she could see the sparkle of the stream brawling among the stones, and the sun glanced on the grey and red rocks. It was a second amphitheatre opening on the

river, having evidently been once a limestone quarry, though so long deserted, that the heaps of debris at the base were overgrown with bushes and brambles, bearing such huge juicy berries that she secured a few in her basket for Jane; while the precipice itself was clung to by festoons of ivy, traveller's joy, and wild roses; and high above was seen the bright pink pease-blossom coveted by Jane. A sort of rugged path, with a rail and here and there a step, led from the top of the crag to a sort of ledge or platform about half way down, in the midst of which opened wide and black the mouth of a cavern—one of those caverns, no doubt, of which Harry Newton had been speaking.

It was inaccessible from below, but Damaris resolved to return by the upper path, make prey of the pease-blossom, and peep into the cave. She had learnt to be so good a mountaineer in Switzerland, that the giddy descent presented no alarming aspect to her, and it would be a grand thing to make a discovery of a cave of sparkling spar or pendent crystal in her own person. The trees on the other side the river rose so high, that the cave, no doubt, was invisible from the road, which in this place was overreached by elms, and the cart-track, by which stone had once been removed, ended here. The further end of the quarry came with so sheer a descent down upon the river, that had it not been in a state of summer dryness it would have been impassable. She had to step into its stony bed, and saw large stepping-stones—no doubt meant to serve distressed passengers. The greater part of her further walk was along a narrow path, between the limestone wall and the stream, and there were evident traces that it was often overflowed in flood times. At last there was a rough sort of ascent, close by a sort of stair of rock—like a miniature Lodore—down which the water trickled so lazily in the summer drought, that one who had seen the Staubenfall could not get up a grievance in its not having been exposed to public view. A little beyond this ascent, the other gate appeared; but the lock was so stiff and rusty that Damaris had begun to fear finding herself a prisoner, when in the open glade beyond she saw Mr. Pigou's assistant, young Lebrun, lounging under a tree, with a fishing-rod and basket by his side. He perceived her at the same moment, and springing towards her, exclaimed, 'Can I assist you, Miss Brockensha?'

He evidently thought her impounded there, for his first look was at the hinges; and when they proved to be incapable of dislocation, he had begun to offer to call the keeper; but Damaris interrupted him by showing him the key, and as he tried to turn it for her, explaining that it had been lent to her by Lady Maynard.

'Ah! I was sure some spell must have opened the enchanted forest,' he said, evidently studying his speech more than the lock, with which he fumbled greatly. 'It is a remarkable prejudice that thus secludes it.'

'I suppose,' said Damaris, 'that it must have been somewhere here that the little boy was killed, and that would account for the shutting it up.'

'Yet it seems a mysterious morbid reason,' said young Lebrun, 'to sequestrate an entire wood—with valuable stone in it, too—for an accident that was so decidedly advantageous to the present proprietress,—though of course she would not regard it in that light.'

'Was it here, then, do you know?' asked Damaris.

'Well, it is a strange thing, Miss Brockensha,' he said, as the lock yielded not to skill but to strength, 'the exact spot has never been distinctly revealed. The other witnesses of the accident were removed; and it was said that the late Sir Walter made such a point of Lady Isabella being ignorant of the spot, that he actually parted with all the persons who had known the particulars. I believe Miss Maynard herself, with Mr. Pigou perhaps, are the only persons in full possession of the particulars; and the latter is impenetrable as the grave. May I be allowed to take your basket, Miss Brockensha? I am bound to Mrs. Hale's myself, just to oblige Mr. Pigou; the boy being out of the way, and it being an errand of charity, I said I would leave the medicine as I strolled by with my rod.'

Damaris had no objection to being so accompanied. She was on civil speaking terms with Baldwin Lebrun, whom she thought a handsome, though underbred, conceited, and weak-looking lad, and pitied him for his solitude and want of companionship. Besides, the loneliness had been oppressive, and it was not unpleasant to have someone to whom to wonder and conjecture.

'No one knows but Miss Maynard and Mr. Pigou!' she repeated.

'No one,' said Mr. Lebrun impressively. 'Ah, Miss Brockensha, you are treading a land of mystery. Strange to say, my own birth and connections are absolutely concealed from me.'

Damaris made a sound of surprise.

'My earliest recollections,' proceeded the youth, delighted to have anyone to listen to him, 'are of an elderly female who called herself my aunt, and who lived in a small town in the midland counties. She was in failing health; and when I was about six years old I was sent to school. She died a few months later; and my whole time was passed at school, where my expenses were defrayed by Miss Maynard, through the interposition of Mr. Pigou; and on leaving school two years ago, I came to reside with him; but all that he has ever vouchsafed to tell me was that my parents were both no more, and that I was indebted to Miss Maynard's forgiving generosity for my maintenance and education! It is very painful to be thus ignorant of the authors of my being!'

Damaris knew all this pretty well before, but it was more interesting when related by the young man himself with a touch of Byronic melancholy. However, she only said, 'It is well you found such good friends!' not feeling in the least inclined to volunteer her own history in return, though he added, 'Ah! Miss Brockensha, friends, distant protectors, can never supply the void—the aching void—left by the want

of family ties. Those sacred names—parent, brother, sister—can never be used by me! *You* can feel for me.'

She did feel for him, but not to the extent of offering to become either friend or sister—only of wishing she could find for him one who could take on herself the office of consoler; and she had too much discretion either to linger outside the lodge, or to accept his escort back through the wood, declaring that she should only be interrupting him; on which he let out that he knew Mr. Pigou would consider escorting her as a sufficient reason for turning back at once, instead of going on with an unimportant message a mile further, which could as well be transacted by the post.

Damaris was the more bent on dismissing him. She meant to return along the path above the rocks instead of below, and to obtain the everlasting pea as well as to investigate the cavern, and she did not feel disposed to take anyone with her who might publish this latter exploit; it was so likely to be a failure, and moreover, there was a sense of trenching on the forbidden in it. So when he had insisted on unlocking the gate for her return, she set forth on the upper path, which wound between hazel bushes and ivy-covered rocks, forming a very delicious summer walk; and here and there, when a peep opened, giving an exquisite view of the country beyond, rising up into moorland heights, clothed with their early autumn carpet of purple heather and dwarf golden gorse. The path kept at some distance from the top of the crags till the place where the quarry and old cave had been. Here there was a space clear of trees, and only covered with short grass, into which the stone-cutters must once have been slowly eating when their progress was arrested. The margin here, really dangerous, was fenced with a rail, but not such as to hinder Damaris from diving below it when she came to the place where the steps led down to the ledge and cavern, as she had marked from below. Before her visit to Switzerland she could by no means have made such an attempt; but she had become steady-headed and sure-footed, and the hand-rail, though it looked rotten, and she did not trust to it, was quite a luxury to the nerves. In due time she reached the platform on which the cavern opened, and which looked as if it had been shaped out on purpose to facilitate an entrance to that gaping irregular mouth, over which ivy sprays fluttered. She could see a little of the pale buff colour of lime stalactites about the entrance, and the way in did not appear at all difficult or dangerous; but it was pitch dark, and thus it was quite impossible to venture in when the next step might be into some horrible pool of dark still water. Still the curiosity of the thing enticed her. Should she wait for Harry Newton to enter by Act of Parliament? or should she forestall him, provide herself with a box of vestas and another of night-lights, take the key from its nail as usual when about to walk in the park, and make her own discoveries?

She climbed up with ease, gathering the flowers by the way; and had

just crept from under the railings again, when someone on the path gave a great start, and Damaris herself was greatly overcome with surprise on seeing Miss Maynard herself—she who never started, or gave way to weaknesses.

She summoned up her old resolution of never being daunted by Miss Maynard, and stepped forward showing the flowers. 'I beg pardon, Miss Maynard, but your cousin asked me to bring these; and Lady Maynard advised me to take this way to avoid the sun.'

'Ah!' said Miss Maynard, recovering her usual rigidity with that exclamation. 'You were going—'

'I have been to Mrs. Hale's with some arrow-root.'

'Oh! I was taking some myself; but since she has been complaining of what is sent from the house—' This was almost to herself; and she faced about as if to return with Damaris.

'It was not a complaint of hers,' said Damaris; 'only little Susan met Lady Maynard, and she asked.'

Eleanor made no answer, as if her companion had no business to have heard. Damaris felt it a sort of duty to go on speaking; and besides, she was curious.

'I went down a sort of pathway to a cave,' she said.

'Yes,' said Miss Maynard, breaking in somewhat abruptly, 'that is a very dangerous place.'

'I have been used—' began Damaris.

'In fact,' proceeded Eleanor, without seeming to hear her, 'that cave has been thoroughly examined. There is nothing in it now; and it would make Lady Isabella so nervous to have it brought into notice, that I request you will say nothing of it to Jane or anyone else.'

'Lady Isabella!' and 'I request!' Those two stiff formulas gave Damaris a sense of being treated as the school-mistress and not the lady; and besides, she felt herself being walked off the premises—more especially as there were only a few more spasmodic attempts at formal conversation; until, having quitted the fatal wood, and reached the spot whence the ways to the Priory and the village diverged, she took leave again, saying, and with some strangled emotion in her clear hard voice, 'Remember, I particularly beg that nothing should be said which could bring the places you have seen to-day into notice, or make them matter of conversation.'

Damaris bowed, and turned along her own path, surprised and full of thought. It was plain that, as Baldwin Lebrun had said, there was mystery everywhere. If yonder cliff was the scene of the fall of the little heir of the estate, how that affected the cave was not equally clear! and now it had been put into her head, the entire shutting up of the wood was remarkable. As to its being on Lady Isabella's account, that was absurd, considering that she never went out except in a carriage, or for a turn along the garden terrace. Miss Maynard's determination against admitting surveyors, her resolution to have their operations

watched by game-keepers, her abandonment of the working of the stone-quarry, her astonished start when Damaris appeared before her, her unusual betrayal of agitation, her absolutely forbidding the mention of the cave, her walking the intruder away from it—all, when Damaris thought them over, seemed to indicate some strange secret. Jane had called this Blue Beard's key. Was a secret really within those precincts? Had not she often read of proud ladies veiling, with a smiling mask, some corroding thought—had she not heard of accidents, concealed for a lifetime, eating the very heart away with remorse—and did not the haughty, stern, unbending heiress look as if she had such a load on her spirit? Baldwin Lebrun too, with his unknown origin, his Maynard family name, and strange situation, he was another element of mystery. Was it not probable that he was the victim of a plot? Might not his wrongs be the cause of that corroding remorse, that rendered Miss Maynard so haughty and so gloomy? Suppose that elder brother of hers, whom Jane had casually mentioned, should have been privately married, and that this was his son, whose rights had been suppressed in order that Miss Maynard might revel in the estate! Perhaps the letters and marriage certificate were hidden in the cavern. Such things had been heard of, strange as they were. If young Maynard had loved a village girl—some Rose of Torwood, or Lily of the Lea—they might only have been able to communicate with one another by these means. His attachment might have been discovered; and he had probably been sent tyrannically from England to die on a foreign soil, while his bride pined and perished at home, and his son's rights were ungenerously denied, by the family which nevertheless felt bound to provide for him. Once acknowledged and re-instated, he would appear in a very different character.

To be sure, this establishment of Baldwin Lebrun's rights must end in the overthrow of those of the present little baronet; but for Sir Walter Damaris could not care. She thought him a proud disagreeable boy, who would be much the better for being humbled by the loss of his title, which, indeed, she knew his own mother thought rather a misfortune to him than otherwise. The discovery would make no other difference to her friends; and there were in it the elements of a grand compensation; for Baldwin Lebrun, acknowledged, educated, and relieved from his uncertain position, would be quite attractive enough to marry Jane, who would thus be the reigning sovereign of Torwood Priory!

But first of all, the beneficent fairy who was to bring about this mighty revolution, and work out the humiliation of the haughty and unfeeling heiress, and the exaltation of the hero and heroine of her romance, must begin by probing the mystery of the cavern in search of proofs; and to this mighty task Damaris steeled herself—*i. e.* dreamt of it by night and day, and lived in a state of constant excitement. The knowledge of possessing a secret that concerned him even made her blush when he was mentioned, and her manner when she had to speak

to him acquired a certain shy tenderness, that was rather perplexing to her friends.

He was a small fair youth, with delicate pink and white colouring, set off by shining dark hair and small clear dark eyes; and he looked exceedingly young for his age; and he probably would not alter much till he was four or five and twenty, unless Mr. Pigou should cease from that cruel blighting of his youthful moustache. Every time Damaris saw him driving Mr. Pigou, waiting for him at a door in his gig, or heard the lamentable wails of his flute in the extreme end of the garden, where alone it was tolerated by his tyrant, she felt impelled to proclaim the prince in disguise, and to hurl the usurper from her seat. Justice must be done, cost what it might, even though Damaris should expend all her fortune on it, and have to return to her old vocation. Maybe, when she had so signalized her devotion to the bare cause of truth and justice, she would be worthy of one who would prize generosity more than Australian gold.

(To be continued.)

THE FAIRY OF THE SANDS.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.—PAUL FÉVAL.)

CHAPTER I.

THE CAVALCADE.

As by night you descend the last hill on the road from St. Malo to Dol, between St. Benoit des Oudes and Cancale, if there is but a light veil of mist on the flat soil of the marsh, you cannot distinguish on which side of the embankment are the sands, or on which side is the firm ground. Right and left is the same silent and dreary expanse; there is no sound of life and animation to indicate an inhabited country, and you might think the road lay between two great seas. So to speak, past things have spectres as well as departed persons; and thus night conjures up phantoms of transformed worlds as well as the spirits of the dead.

Where the road now lies, the sea once rolled its rapid waves; and the marsh of Dol, now extending its rich corn-fields and orchards of low apple-trees as far as the eye can reach, was once a bay; the mounts of Dol and Illemer were islands like Mount St. Michael and Tombelaine; and to find the coast-line, you must go very near to Chateauneuf, where the pool of St. Couleman exists to testify to the expelled ocean; and wonderful to relate—for this coast is full of wonders—before it was a bay, it was a wild forest, extending far beyond the present coast-line, even planting its giant oaks beyond the Chaussy Islands. Tradition and

antiquaries are agreed, and manuscripts give credit to the opinion, that the forest of Scissy covered ten leagues of sea, uniting the cliff of Cancale in Brittany, to the point of Carolles in Normandy, by the arc of a circle enclosing the little archipelago.

Some day, perhaps, the history may be written of these fierce conflicts between sea and land, in which the sea, by turns victorious and vanquished, invaded the land like a conqueror, then stole away like a fugitive, and excavated a more profound retirement in its mysterious depths.

In clear daylight, the traveller perceives that the embankment forms a curve, reaching the dry land at the village of Vivier; and to one who does not know the sea, it appears either useless or powerless; the low water is so far off, and the high tide so high. Who could suppose that the distant blue line which closes the horizon would swell, rise up, slide over leagues of sand and marl, and come, come, and at last stop obediently before a few stones piled up, and turn back at the foot of the embankment like a water-nymph in a citizen's pond; and we cannot help thinking, if the sea makes this long journey from low water to the bank, what could four or five feet of sand and rock do to stop it? But the sea comes striking the bank day by day, and the bank has remained firm for ages, protecting a whole district conquered from the ocean.

Towards the centre of the curve may be seen in the distance both Mount St. Michael and Tombelaine, with about eight leagues of sand between each, and this point of the embankment. Though this place is only raised a few yards above the sea level, the horizon extends as far as from a high mountain. To the north is Cancale, with its fishing stations running in zig-zag lines over the sands; to the east is the chain of hills extending from Chateauneuf to the end of the Breton promontory; to the south-east, the magnificent castle of Bonnaban, built with the wealth of the fleets of St. Malo, and fallen since into noble hands. To the south, the marsh, Dol, the Druid city, and Mount Dol; to the west, the coast of Normandy beyond Cherrueix, so well known by the frequenters of Chenot; and Pontorson, the fief of Bertrand du Guesclin.

The embankment, a work of the Middle Ages, seems to be placed there symbolically between the modern castle and the ancient fortress of Mount St. Michael, once ruler of the sands; its glory is past; and now succeeds the modern house, possessing no archives, but enjoying the comforts of our present civilization. From amongst the deep forests, the king of the fields looks out upon the king of the sands, and both have the sea at their feet; but the modern castle, with our usual prudence, is placed on the safe side of the embankment.

Everyone knows how fertile Mount St. Michael has always been in tragical adventures, as its name tells better than any long dissertation, 'Mount St. Michael of the Perils of the Sea;' in these days the country people reckon thirty or forty as the number of victims annually buried in the sands, but the common belief formerly placed the number at

three times that amount. Certain it is, that the paths which diverge round the mount vary with every tide, and do not retain the foot-marks any more than the ocean keeps on its changing surface the mark of a vessel's wake. A traveller must therefore always trust to the doubtful intelligence of a guide, and commit his soul to Heaven!

The way from Cherrueix to Mount St. Michael is over bare sands, some mixed with river water, others harder and ribbed by the waves, cut by innumerable water-courses, which streak the whole extent of the beach; from thence you go to Quatre Salines and Pontorson; all these are in Brittany.

The principal routes of Normandy are those of Pontaubault, Avranches, and Genest, and the cockle-pickers and fishermen say that the way by Pontorson is the only safe one. Still, there is more than one sad story to prove that even this track in the time of spring-tides does not always restore travellers in safety who have trusted themselves to it in consequence of its reputation for security.

On the 8th of June, 1450, all the bells of the town of Avranches rang their fullest peals, while the gates of the castle were thrown open to give egress to a numerous and noble cavalcade.

It was eleven o'clock in the morning; all the citizens and ladies of Avranches leaned from their windows to see Duke Francis of Brittany going on pilgrimage. A cannon shot was fired from the Mount, out of one of those enormous pieces made of iron, welded and bound together with hoops, which fired balls of granite; it proclaimed low water, for the information of the Duke and his suite.

These cannons might well be placed at the service of the rich duke, for it was the Bretons that had taken them from the English. It was not long since Francis had sent the Lords of Montauban and Chateaubriand, with René de Cretquen, Lord of Combourg, to the assistance of Mount St. Michael when it was besieged by the English. Charles VII. of France had then already regained a considerable part of his kingdom, and driven Henry far from the centre. But the coasts of the channel remained in the hands of the foreigners; and from Granville to Pontorson, Mount St. Michael was the only point where the banner of the Fleur-de-lys was still displayed.

Montauban, Chateaubriand, and many other Bretons, had passed the Couesnon, while five ships of St. Malo, commanded by Hugh de Maurever, doubled the point of Cancale and entered the bay, when two thousand English were left dead on the shore between the Mount and Tombelaine; and at the time when Duke Francis issued from the Castle of Avranches, the English only retained in France, Calais, the county of Guines, and the little rock of Tombelaine, where they had built an impregnable fortress.

But it was not to celebrate a past victory that the Duke of Brittany went to the monastery of St. Michael, which he had loaded with benefits.

He made the pilgrimage to obtain from Heaven rest and salvation for the soul of Monsieur Gilles, his brother, who a short time before had died at the Castle of Hardouinays.

A solemn service was preparing in the church dedicated in the name of the Archangel. William Robert, deputy of the Cardinal d'Estouteville, thirty-second Abbot of St. Michael, had promised to do his best for this demonstration of fraternal piety; the service was to begin at twelve.

Francis, attended by his favourite, Arthur de Montauban, Malestroit, John Budes, the Lord of Rieux, and Yvon Porhöet, Bastard of Brittany, rode his beautiful horse slowly through the town to the gate which opened on the river Sée. Two Norman knights, the Sieurs de Thorigny and du Hommes, attended for the honour of their province.

Behind the Duke, and nearly in the centre of the escort, rode six noble maidens in deep mourning—three were of Normandy, three of Brittany; we will only mention amongst them Reine de Maurever, the only daughter of the noble leader who had conquered the English.

The face of Reine, as well as those of her companions, was veiled; but when the sea wind raised the black drapery, the exquisite oval of her pale cheeks was revealed, and the sweet melancholy of her smile. Reine was sixteen, and as beautiful as the angels. Once her eyes met those of a young gentleman, proudly reining in his fine Rouen horse with ermine housings. He was carrying the mourning banner—the veiled arms of Brittany, with the cypher of Monsieur Gilles.

Reine blushed and cast down her eyes. He put his hand on his heart. He was a noble of Basse Bretagne; his name, Aubry de Kergariou; and he bore a lance in the company of the Bastard of Porhöet.

When Reine put down her veil, Aubry spurred his horse, and recovered his appointed place at the head of the cortege near the bearer of the Duke's standard.

When they reached the city gates, it was remarked by the superstitious that Aubry could not rein in his horse in time for his companion to go first, so that the funeral banner passed before the ermine coat.

On the rampart and in the streets the crowd were shouting, 'Bretagne Malo! Bretagne Malo!' while four gentlemen, bearing at the saddle-bow great bags of money, threw handfuls of silver amongst them, answering them, 'Largesse of the rich Duke!'

The good people of Normandy are said to have always had a most faithful affection for hard cash; and on this occasion they welcomed the Duke's magnificence, and fought and scrambled in the gutter like brave hearts as they were.

All were content, save an ugly pagan, with his head muffled up in rags, whose only share of the alms had been hard blows, and not a single carolus.

He rose up in anger just as the Duke passed, and called out, 'Duke, one more handful of crowns, that Heaven may forget you!'

Francis turned away his head, and urged on his horse; at any other time a much slighter token of disrespect would have brought his gauntlet heavily on the head of the offender.

The Seneschal of Brittany, stopping just within the gates, called the six body-guards.

These were a sort of honourable knights of the ceremony; their duty was to follow the banner closely and act as mourners. They were Hugh de Maurever, the father of Reine, who had been the esquire and friend of the deceased prince; Porhöet for Brittany, Thorigny for Normandy, La Hire for King Charles, Chateaubriand, Le Bèque, and Manny. The five last presented themselves.

'Where is the Lord of Maurever?' asked Goulain the Seneschal.

There was a sensation amongst the escort, for it seemed strange to all that the faithful and bold Monsieur Hugh should fail to be present with the banner of his dead master at this solemn hour.

Through all the ranks a murmur ran; each repeated in a low voice the Seneschal's question, 'Where is the Lord of Maurever?' His absence seemed like an accusation, but against whom? No one dared to say—perhaps no one dared to think. But from the centre of the crowd a voice was heard, harsh and scoffing, crying, 'May Heaven forget you, Duke, may Heaven forget you!'

'Reine tightened her veil over her face and trembled.

Francis shuddered, and raised his pale face. He signed to Montauban to take Maurever's vacant place, and the procession passed on amid renewed acclamations.

CHAPTER II.

THE TWO STANDARD-BEARERS.

On issuing from the gate of Avranches, a magical sight was seen, such as only these marvellous coasts can display. A fleecy, white, opaque cloud, interspersed with round shadows like clouds, spread out from the bottom of the hill across the bay as far as Cancale, where the houses were dimly seen in the distance.

From this fog the mount seemed to rise, glittering from base to summit under the rippling gold of the June sun. This unique building seemed to be rocked gently in its bed of clouds; and when the mist was moved, and its surface depressed by a breeze, the enormous edifice seemed suddenly to grow, as if to touch the blue vault of Heaven with its forehead. The town creeping up the rock rising above the surrounding wall, the platform commanding the town, the castle wall crowning the platform, the castle boldly shooting up over the wall, the church perched above the castle, and above the church the aspiring campanile, losing itself in the skies. But there are moments when the most beautiful of fairy pageants are beheld with indifference, because the spirit is elsewhere.

The company of Duke Francis slowly descended the hill, silent and mournful; those strange words pronounced by the ragged beggar were in the memory of everyone, and all observed the absence of Hugh de Maurever, the esquire of the deceased prince, which was the more inexplicable because his domains were very near Pontorson, and not far from Avranches. But in this world there is always a key to the most inexplicable things. In the case of common criminals, the key lies on the office table, the judges assemble, a man is hung; but in the case of the great, no one dares to touch the key, and the explanation lies hidden in the conscience.

If Duke Francis's attendants said nothing, it was not for want of something to say, but no one dared to speak on the subject that occupied all their thoughts; but the crowd that followed had not the same reason for silence as the men-at-arms, they followed the rich duke for what they could get; but there were some so bold as to whisper the word sacrilege, applied to this ostentatious pilgrimage.

As soon as they reached the sands, a dozen guides were sent forward to sound the quicksands and point out the water-courses. The fog began to clear, and a gust of wind swept the sands; the cavalcade began to trot, as rapid motion diminishes the danger. Aubry de Kergariou and the bearer of the ermine coat, whose name was Méloir, were always at the head of the procession.

'If my brother were in my way,' said Méloir, continuing the conversation in a low voice, 'my brother would be my enemy; and my enemies—I kill them. The Duke did well.'

'Peace, Cousin; peace,' said Aubry, shocked.

'Why should I be silent? Some men are ambitious, like Monseigneur Francis; they like a coronet, either of duke or king, soldered to the steel of their helmets; others are like you and me, Cousin, they love: answer me, Aubry—if your brother wished to rob you of your love—'

'Be silent!' said Aubry.

'What would you do?'

Aubry did not answer. Méloir looked at him.

'Well?'

Aubry said, 'I have no brother.'

Méloir laughed; they were on the sands, where there is no echo. The laugh was short and suppressed, as if afraid of his own mirth, and in a lower voice he said, 'You have no brother. If you had a brother?'

Aubry pushed on his horse, but Méloir was as well mounted; he put his hand in its buff leather glove on Aubry's shoulder, and whispered,

'Francis of Brittany would have been glad to be like you, Cousin Aubry, and to have had no brother.'

The heavily-equipped horses faltered on the shifting sands, and the guides shouted, 'Gallop, Gentlemen.'

The cavalcade rushed on, and overcame the difficulty. Méloir continued by the side of Aubry de Kergariou.

'Cousin,' said he, 'though I am double your age, I am treated as a youth, because I love wine and dice; but my hair will soon be grey. I am prudent; listen, all for love, save betraying my master; that is my code.'

'Is your mistress very beautiful?' asked Aubry absently. The eyes of the standard-bearer glistened beneath the vizor of his helmet.

'Most beautiful,' he answered emphatically. He was tall and strong, and wore his heavy armour with ease. His face would have been handsome, but for its sinister expression; moreover, he did himself injustice by saying he should soon be grey, for the abundant curls that were seen below his helmet were blacker than jet. He was about thirty-five years old. Aubry was near twenty.

Aubry was tall, and his coat of mail did not diminish the graceful litheness of his figure. His chestnut hair, soft and silky as a woman's, fell in loose curls on his shoulders; his moustache was but springing, and the rude atmosphere of camps had not yet tanned his cheek. Aubry was handsome, and he had a knightly heart.

Méloir had a Norman father and a Breton mother; cross-breeds are said to make a good produce, and Méloir was as good as most men-at-arms. His lance was as light as a feather in his hands; but as to chivalry! Méloir cared no more for it than for an empty pewter goblet. He was brave because he was strong, and faithful because his master was powerful.

When Méloir had said the words, 'She is most beautiful,' he had looked towards the six young ladies who followed the Duke; Aubry did the same. They each sighed, and looked at each other; Méloir expressed their common thought by saying, 'There are six; five to one against our clashing.'

'But,' said Aubry, in a low voice, 'you said the most beautiful.'

'I did; and I say again, Cousin Aubry, that I should be sorry to find you in my path.'

The bells at the Mount now began to ring, and the monks came out to meet the Duke. The spectators who had remained on the ramparts of Avranches now beheld the ducal procession, and the crowd that followed, like a dark spot on the glittering sands; they were only a quarter of a league from the foot of the rock. Aubry and Méloir rode in silence for some minutes; then Méloir said, 'Cousin, as you may suppose, I have been in love more than once in my life, but I never loved like this; this is serious. In my dreams, I have settled my whole existence with her.'

'When I dream of her I see her in paradise.'

'A fine estate, Cousin, good horses, a tolerable pack of hounds—the rest I leave to chance.'

The young man with his eyes raised to heaven murmured, 'One look from her, a smile on her lips!'

Méloir shrugged his shoulders. 'That is not loving like a soldier; take away your lance and take a guitar.'

'Take off your helmet and put on a fur cap, Cousin Mélior,' said Aubry; 'you love like a notary, or a hosier.'

'Your love would put leading-strings round your neck.'

'Your lady, Cousin Méloir, would say, "Speak to my waiting-woman."'

'Men-at-arms, advance your banners!' cried the Seneschal of Bretagne.

They were at the foot of the Mount; Méloir and Aubry quickly raised the staves of their banners, which in the heat of their discussion they had allowed to droop. The banner of the Convent, which bore the figure of the Archangel embroidered on a gold ground, and at the back with the escutcheon with the famous device of Mount St. Michael, *Immensi tremor Oceani*, was three times lowered; William Robert, deputy of the Cardinal Abbot, advanced to the sands to receive the Prince, and the monks arranged themselves in a line on the rock; there was much confusion in the escort; everyone was dismounting; the crowd which followed pushed forward to escape from the sands, which were getting wet where they had been trampled. The mourning ladies could scarcely find each a gallant cavalier to preserve those dainty feet from the wet.

Aubry felt a light touch on his shoulder; he turned. Reine de Maurever was near.

'Heaven bless you, Aubry!' said a sad sweet voice; 'I know you love me.'

The funeral banner was near falling, so much did Aubry wish to clasp his hands while he listened to the angel. 'She knows that I love her,' he thought, while his heart beat high under his shirt of mail.

Reine continued: 'Before an hour has passed, my father will risk his life to fulfil his duty.'

'His life!' repeated Aubry. 'Your father!' and his eyes sought the absent one in the crowd.

'Do not seek him—you will not find him; but listen—he who defends my father shall be my knight.'

'And you will love him?'

Reine hesitated; her beautiful mouth opened, and closed again. She was all one blush, and a smile that would not be repressed played about her mouth.

'Men-at-arms, forward!' said the Seneschal.

'If it should be you, Aubry,' murmured Reine, 'I think I should love him.'

'Raise the banners.'

Reine jumped down upon the sands and joined her companions.

Aubry reeled like a man possessed.

'Come, my young Cousin,' said Méloir, 'there is nothing to be ill about; is she not the most beautiful?'

Méloir had a wicked smile under his moustache.

'What do you mean?' stammered Aubry.

'Nothing, nothing, Cousin. I am an old man, and these damsels smile upon youth. Could it be? Come, young one, you have a sword; when we are on firm ground it will be time to talk of all this.'

Aubry looked him in the face; an idea came across his mind. 'Do you know what she said to me?'

'No,' replied the standard-bearer, pretending indifference.

'Do you wish to know?'

'Yes.'

'She said, "He who defends my father shall be my knight."'

'Ah! her father wants defence, then?'

'It seems so.'

'Against whom?'

'I do not know.'

Méloir raised his head. 'Monsieur Hugh de Maurever,' he said in a low voice, as if speaking to himself, 'was the esquire and friend of Gilles de Bretagne.'

'True,' said Aubry; 'well?'

'Well, your beard will grow some day, Cousin, and your sense will come with it. Tell me, if thirty of us then defend old Maurever, his daughter will take thirty knights?'

Aubry was struck dumb; he had no Norman blood in his veins, and Méloir was worth three times as much as he in conflicts of the tongue.

'There are two ways to be happy,' continued the standard-bearer, in a dogmatical tone; 'to be loved, and to be feared: an honest fellow has not always the choice, but when he misses one way, he betakes himself to the other. Attention, Cousin; lower your staff and dream alone; I want to reflect.'

Méloir took the lead, and they passed under the portcullis. The monks of the choir chanted the Dies Iræ as they mounted the steep stairs which gave entrance into the castle.

CHAPTER III.

FRATRICIDE.

When Francis and his suite had reached the gate of the Convent of St. Michael, they were about fifty yards from the level of the beach. Francis placed himself at the head of the company, and was the first to set foot on the stairs. The stone steps of this staircase, which leads to the guard-room, plunge into a dim twilight, and open between two straight and lofty flanking turrets, each pierced by two loop-holes, with a covered embrasure between them.

The past tense must be employed in speaking of men, but the present may be used of stones; for these wonderful works of granite still exist, and

the maddened fools of 1793, the Vandals of all ages, and the four centuries that have passed over them, have been able to do little more than mutilate the statues of some of the saints, and disfigure the outline of their faces. Plaster, for example—plaster, stronger than revolutions and centuries—plaster, the favourite weapon of the Goths who direct and the barbarians who contract for masons' work—plaster, the club of ignorant restorers, paving-stone of bearish architects—plaster, odious, mean, weak plaster, has refreshed many antiquities. There is no need to go so far from Paris to see what plaster can do; this anathema against plaster has been thundered forth for a long time; and now we will leave the subject, and speak decidedly of the past.

Opposite the staircase, a large fire-place, surmounted by the escutcheon bearing the Abbot's arms, occupied the centre of the guard-room. The shield of Cardinal William of Estouteville still exists in the nave and in the knight's hall. It was quarterly, the first and fourth barré argent and sable, over all a lion rampant gorged *or* and langued *gules;* second and third *gules*, two fesses *or* on an escutcheon of pretence, the arms of France with a bar *gules* for difference, surmounted by a Cardinal's hat *gules* with a mantle of the same, above all an Archbishop's cross. In this guard-room the Bishop of Dol, who was to officiate, awaited his Sovereign, with the Prior of St. Michael's and the Canons of Coutances. The Prior took the left of William Robert, who represented the Cardinal Abbot, and gave the keys to the servant whose duty it was to open the doors.

To reach the Church of the Abbey of St. Michael, there was no level ground, but a continual ascent. The great refectory was first crossed; a vast specimen of the Roman style, where the soberness of the details produces a sort of heavy grandeur which makes an imposing effect. The dormitories above are in the same style, as well as the hall of the knights. That style was well named; bold and strong like the iron-clad giants, heavy but firmly fixed on its massive pillars, and breathing from the foundation to the roof the rude majesty of the Christian soldier. This was the time when the Roman architecture was becoming Gothic, the heavy pillars were gaining more form, the circular arch tending to the commencement of the pointed.

The procession was still slowly mounting, the monks chanting their funeral hymns, the men-at-arms silent and thoughtful, the ladies veiled; the Duke, pale, trembling under these dreary arches, muttered some chance prayer, but his heart went not with his lips, therefore his prayer was not heard.

Above the hall of the knights was the cloister, called the Court of Lead, because the quadrangle formed by the four galleries was covered with lead to protect the ceiling of the hall below. As you mount, you find the Romanesque architecture give place to the Gothic; for the architectural history of St. Michael's Mount has its pages in right order, and the pages unfold with due regard to chronology. The noon-day sun illuminated

and displayed to the pilgrims all its richness of ornament; an exact square, with three rows of columns—some single, some clustered, crowned by pointed groinings, and connected by bold yet delicate tracery. That which is most remarkable is the variety of ornament where the same guiding spirit appears throughout, infinitely modified in the execution, working its leaves and flowers in a thousand different ways, so that though symmetry is respected, room is left for the most cherished of our artistic feelings, that which produces fancy.

This staircase, sixty feet high from the base of the turrets to the crown of lead, passing the guard-room, the great refectory, the dormitory, the hall of the knights, the cloisters, had received from the amazed visitors the name of the Marvel. At the north angle of the cloister there was an alms-box of carved wood, before which the Prior stopped; making a sound with his staff, he said, 'Monsieur Gilles de Bretagne (Heaven rest his soul!) put into this alms-box forty crowns on the 4th day of February in the year '37.' Francis took a handful of gold pieces from his purse, threw them into the box, crossed himself, and passed on.

The procession turned the angle of the cloister to reach the Church. This Saracenic architecture does not require a bright sun to exhibit all the mystery and piety involved in it. Its rather fantastic graces, effects unexpected, and in some sort romantic, need shade rather than light; and this is so true, that we carefully darken the windows of our Cathedrals that a warm and subdued light may glide into those forests of granite which have their roots beneath the pavement of the nave, and interlace their leafy and flowery branches at the vaulted roof. The Church of St. Michael was not completely finished at the time of our history; the crown of the choir was wanting, but the nave and low side-aisles were already closed in. The altar was erected under the frame-work of the choir, which communicated with the exterior through the works and scaffoldings.

There Duke Francis stopped; he did not mount the stairs to the belfry, to the galleries, to the great and little Towers of Fools, and last, to the audacious weather-cock, where the Archangel Michael, turning on a golden ball, overcomes the dragon, four hundred feet above the sea-level.

Funeral hangings concealed the unfinished part of the choir; the monks were ranged in a semi-circle round the altar; the great bell of the monastery rang out a knell; the six lady mourners knelt on velvet cushions behind the canopy arranged for Duke Francis. Jeanne de Bruc and Yvonne Marie de Coëtlogon were placed on the two first cushions; they represented Madame Isabella of Scotland, reigning Duchess, and Frances of Dinan, widow of the deceased Prince. Amongst the gentlemen, Malestroit represented Monsieur Pierre de Bretagne, the Duke's brother, and the valiant Jean Budes, founder of the House of Guébriant, was put in the place of Arthur of Brittany, Constable of Richemont, absent on the service of the King of France.

On the friezes, hung with black, the device of Brittany ran in endless festoons, now showing one, now another, of its heroic words, '*Malo mori quam fœdari.*'

The crowd filled the lower aisles; in the nave stood the men-at-arms, separated from their sovereign, and from the monks by the rails of the choir.

The darkness that is suitable to Gothic buildings was abundant that day in the Church of St. Michael. The black hangings covering the semi-transparent windows scarcely allowed a few rays to pass, and the light of the tapers surpassed those pale beams. A solemn silence reigned, and with it a sort of mysterious inexplicable terror. The service began. Francis was exactly opposite the empty coffin, which took the place of the bier for the ceremony. He fixed his eyes upon the ground, and never once glanced towards the black cloth where the cypher of his brother was traced in letters of silver. The monks chanted the prayers in a slow measured tone, the crowd and the knights responded. Not once did the pallid lips of Francis open to utter a response; and it was also said that several times he shuddered upon the noble seat the monks had prepared for him; and during the ceremony of Absolution, his hand let fall the holy-water sprinkler.

It was during this same ceremony that the strange and memorable scene took place, which doubtless caused the preceding details to be forgotten. The Church of St. Michael will for ever retain the remembrance of this scene, when the Finger of Heaven touched that forehead which the finger of human justice could not reach.

At the moment when Duke Francis rose to sprinkle holy-water over the catafalque, and when the Seneschal of Brittany cried with a voice that rang along the vaulted roof, 'Men-at-arms, kneel!'—at the moment when the six mourners, lowering the points of their swords, entered the choir to range themselves round the cenotaph—a monk suddenly appeared behind the empty coffin. No one could guess from whence the monk issued, for all the stalls remained occupied, and there had been no movement about the choir.

He raised himself to his full height, extending the stiff serge of his robe, and showing only one hand, which held a crucifix of wood.

'Hold, Duke!' he cried with a resounding voice.

Duke Francis stopped. Reine de Maurever trembled beneath her veil. Aubry started; he had recognized the voice. In the choir and in the nave men looked upon each other; astonishment was pictured in all the countenances. The Bishop of Dol did not move, and the Prior and monks were obliged to follow his example.

The unknown monk came round the bier to encounter the Duke.

'What wilt thou?' he stammered.

'I come to thee on behalf of thy dead brother,' the monk replied.

A shudder ran through the veins of everyone. Méloir alone seemed more curious than alarmed. He advanced to the rails to see better. Aubry was there before him.

'Who art thou?' again uttered Duke Francis, with a faltering voice.

The monk, instead of answering, threw back the large hood of his frock, and discovered the head of an old man, calm, but full of energy, crowned with long white hair. One name passed from mouth to mouth, 'Hugh de Maurever, the Esquire of Monsieur Gilles!' Méloir threw back his head in its iron case, as one does when suddenly discovering the long-sought key to an enigma. Aubry, scarcely able to breathe, turned towards the part where the ladies knelt.

Reine was so still that the folds of her veil might have been carved in marble.

The pretended monk, however, kept his lofty look and determined eye. He looked full in the face of Francis of Brittany, whose eyelids were bent down. His voice became more grave, and his accents more solemn.

'Before the Holy Trinity, and in the presence of all here, priests, monks, knights, esquires, liegemen, servants, citizens, and peasants, I, Hugh de Maurever, Lord of Roz, of l'Aumône, and of St. John des Grèves, in the name of your brother Gilles, shamefully murdered—I cite you, Francis of Brittany my seigneur, to appear at the end of forty days before the Tribunal of Heaven!'

He ceased—his right hand holding the crucifix was raised—his left hand issued from the opening of his frock, and cast at the feet of Francis a buff leather glove, which was well known to have belonged to the unhappy prince whose funeral obsequies were being celebrated. In order to feel the full effect produced by this scene, it is necessary to quit the sceptic crowd in which we live, shake off the sluggish atmosphere which surrounds us, and transport ourselves to the time and place. The fifteenth century was a believing one, religion entered into every circumstance of life, and there was scarcely a heart to be found which did not feel oppressed at the mention of a miracle.

This scene took place at Mount St. Michael, the dismal rock surrounded by death, and in the church with mourning drapery, before the coffin of the very man who summoned his brother and his murderer before the Throne of Supreme Justice. Around the bier, which was encompassed with four rows of tapers, stood a line of fifty monks, motionless, and showing their rigid faces under the strange shadow formed by their hoods.

The altar alone shone out against the dark background of the black hangings—and amid the darkness of the nave—amongst the confused crowd of columns, under the pointed arches, with their elaborately interlaced tracery, lighted vaguely by some ruddy rays which made their way through the windows, the steel armour cast here and there its stern reflections. There were two or three moments of oppressive silence, during which a crushing terror weighed on the assembly. Were they to see a spectre raise the funeral veil?

Then there was a great commotion. Armour rang in the nave; the six knights climbed over the rail, and the monks, quitting their stalls in

disorder, rushed into the middle of the choir. This commotion was caused by the Duke of Brittany, who, after having tottered as if he had received a blow on the head, had fallen backward on the pavement. He was raised up, and when he again opened his eyes Hugh de Maurever had disappeared; and all that had just passed would have seemed like a dream if the buff leather glove had not remained as an indisputable witness of the dreadful summons.

Which way had the pretended monk escaped? Every person asked the question, no one answered. Duke Francis, livid as a spectre, glanced along his shuddering suite; 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'this man has lied; I swear it before St. Michael.' A voice came from the vaulted roof, and answered, 'Thou liest, I swear it before Heaven.' A dark object was perceived moving in the gallery which led to the staircase of the belfry.

Blood rushed into the eyes of Francis, but he recovered himself—'A thousand gold crowns to him who will bring him to me!' he cried. Reine's heart stopped beating, no one moved. The Duke kicked the gauntlet furiously. As he looked for assistance, his eye fell upon Aubry de Kergariou, who stood behind the rail. 'Come here,' he cried. Aubry fixed his banner in the wood of the steps, and leaped over the rail. The Duke continued, 'My cousin De Porhöet has often told me that you were the best lance of his company. Would you be a knight?'

'My father was a knight, and with my patron's help, I shall become one,' replied Aubry.

'This evening you shall be knighted, if you bring this man to me, living or dead.'

Aubry looked towards the nave; he saw Méloir's malicious smile, he saw Reine's two white hands clasped beneath her veil. Aubry drew his sword, kissed it—then broke it, and cast it down before the Duke. Then he crossed his arms upon his breast. The Duke stepped back; this blow struck him almost as violently as even the accusation of fratricide had done.

These prophetical words escaped from his white lips: 'I shall die deserted.'

But before he had time to pronounce another word, the sound of another banner being fixed in the wood of the steps rang through the silent space.

Méloir in his turn leaped the rails, and put one knee on the ground before the Duke. 'Monseigneur,' said he, 'that is a child, I am a man; I will pursue the traitor Maurever, and I will find him, even if he were with Satan.'

'Then you shall be a knight,' cried the Duke.

That evening, when the sands were crossed on the return to Avranches, the mission of the future knight Méloir was the care of the state prisoner Aubry.

'Cousin,' said Méloir, 'we have chosen our parts. She loves you, and fears me. I would not change with you.'

(To be continued.)

MY FIRST APPOINTMENT.

When I was quite a young man, an honour was bestowed upon me that I considered a very great honour indeed: I was made one of the stewards of the grand Musical Festival, which took place at certain intervals of years in our town. I was considerably under the age from which stewards were generally chosen, and had never allowed myself to dream of such good fortune; but my uncle must have managed it, for he was an important person in the Festival Committee, and they were willing enough to please him. I believe he thought I had been working fairly hard lately, and wanted relaxation: my love of music amounted to a passion; and with all his notions of the tremendous amount of snubbing required by the young men of the present day, and his habit of shooting sarcasms at my head as if I had no more feeling than a wooden block, he had, in truth, the kindest heart in the world. But it was exactly like him to get me the appointment, and then to pooh-pooh it, and profess to consider it the height of absurdity.

Anything so delightful had been quite beyond my hopes. Instead of one, or at the most two, of the performances in which I might have indulged, I should be admitted to all, and that in a responsible position. I gave myself great airs over it at home. My mother, to be sure, was as proud of the coming stewardship as I could be; but younger brothers are deficient in veneration, and their ideas and my own of my dignity clashed. They played endless jokes upon me—bringing messages that I was wanted post-haste at the committee rooms, and rumours that the whole staff was to be dissolved and re-organized—jokes which irritated me in a way I am ashamed now to remember.

Well, it came at last—the first day of the great four; and the return of one of these early autumnal days always reminds me of that first festival morning, fresh, clear, and sunny. The grimy old town put on a new aspect of cheerfulness; shop-fronts were furbished up, flags hung out; while, from an early hour of the morning, a patient crowd began to border the pavements, and to cluster about the near approaches to the hall, for the fleeting pleasure of seeing carriages roll by with their load of brightly dressed ladies, or of catching a hasty glimpse of some celebrity, whose appearance would be greeted with an eager hum of interest. I was there with the earliest—my bit of blue ribbon in my button-hole, (and if ever I obtain a more worthy decoration, I shall scarcely wear it with the same thrill of delight,) by virtue of which talisman I was admitted through a side entrance to the hall, where the last touches were being given to the arrangements, and the authorities stood about in little knots consulting over difficulties. My uncle was among them: nobody noticed me; and I wished for nothing better than to look at the empty orchestra, sweeping upwards in bold curves, tier

above tier, on either side of the great organ, and imagine the swell of harmony that would soon break forth, with the mighty work of man's creation for its theme.

Then we were hastily apportioned our places, the doors were thrown open, and in poured the tide of people. I never saw anything like the rate at which the unreserved seats were filled; and as for marshalling such masses, I thought I might as well attempt to marshal the waves of the sea. One felt quite powerless; and I only hoped they would shake themselves into order, which fortunately they did. The Creation not ranking among the very greatest of Oratorios, there was no immense crush after the first push was over; but it was soon evident that there would be just enough strain on my attention throughout the performance to prevent any real enjoyment of the music. There is no listening with half an ear; so, though I comforted myself with the notion that by the next day I should fall more easily into my duties, I was a little disappointed, and exceedingly weary, when the day's work—morning and night—was over. It was some relief to give Harry a box on the ear for sitting up in bed and making a face at me behind my back; but, after all, I did not feel much the better for it, nor was he much the worse.

The second was the Elijah day. The unreserved seats were far more densely crowded than for the Creation; and every persuasion had to be used to induce the people to pack together more closely than they were inclined to do. As a new hand, I had the hardest work given to me in the body of the hall—the hardest and the hottest; I saw some of my friends taking matters much more easily in the president's gallery over our heads. Nevertheless, it was pretty enough to see every corner and standing-place crowded, and the sun streaming gaily in upon the bright colouring—gilding, dresses, and all—till the big hall looked like a bed of flowers. The violin army filed on; the great organ boomed out, to drown the discordant shrieks of tuning which immediately commenced; the solo singers took their places; the conductor received a rapturous greeting; and just as the bass singer stood up to deliver his solemn opening recitative, I was touched on the shoulder, and desired by a fat old woman to find her place. It was in vain to make an inward edict against fat old women having any places at all—hers was the very centre of a closely packed row, and as she was very deaf as well as fat, it took five minutes to get her into it, and everyone looked as fiercely at me as if the noise and disturbance were my fault. When she had subsided, something new turned up; not that I was worse off than the other stewards, but having indulged in the fancy that I should be able to hear the music, I was grievously disappointed. Some of the more important stewards indeed might do so; but being young and active, I was sent about to shut doors, procure passes, drag out fainting women, or otherwise make myself generally useful.

The consequence was, that I hardly heard a note of the music, and

had worked myself into the idea that I was being unjustifiably badgered by the world and his wife, when an imperative whisper sounded behind me.

'I say—you, Sir.'

It came from a big man, very red in the face, who had a wife and daughter hanging on to him. He looked exceedingly burly and important, and as if it was an unheard-of offence that he should have to put the question,

'Where am I to sit?'

'I don't know, I'm sure, Sir,' I said, feeling irritated at his contemptuous manner. 'You are very late; and all the places are filled.'

He grew so crimson, one might have thought he was going to choke.

'Young man! what—what do you mean, Sir? I am Mr. Peters—do you know that? and this is Mrs. Peters. I must have places found at once!'

His overbearing manner was really very trying, and inclined me to leave him to find a place for himself; but his poor wife and daughter looked so thoroughly uncomfortable and ashamed, that with some difficulty I induced a gentleman to make room, and thus disposed of them.

But Mr. Peters remained—the personification of a grievance. I offered him an impromptu seat between the benches; but he rejected it with an annihilating wave. I recommended him to go round to the other side; he only reiterated severely,

'I expect you to provide me with a proper seat.'

Some of those who were nearest began to titter—so, unfortunately, did I; and it brought the whole volley of wrath upon me.

'What do you mean by standing there, Sir, and not attending to your duties? What good are you, I should like to know? But I'll report you! I'll report you! see if I do not! No wonder that everything is managed in this disgraceful manner, when boys of your age are placed in responsible positions! Disgraceful! positively disgraceful!'

By this time a good deal of attention was directed towards us from different quarters of the hall, indignant whispers of 'Hush!' and a request from those behind that the gentleman would sit down, and not interfere with their sight and hearing. Even some of the orchestra looked round to see the cause of disturbance; and I was at my wits' end to know how to restore order, when, to my dismay, I saw my uncle's tall spare form and white head coming hastily towards us, accompanied by little Dr. Forbes, another of the stewards. To my dismay—for I felt directly he would attribute everything to my bad management. And what a volley of accusations friend Peters launched against me! Conceit, youth, puppyism, incivility, incapability—half the catalogue would have condemned me; and my uncle turned upon me with his sharp short manner, which left no room for excuses.

'I was a fool for my pains, Frank, in thinking you could be trusted!'

'But—' I eagerly interrupted.

'I wish to hear no more. If you cannot behave with the courtesy of a gentleman, go home.'

I was out of the hall in a minute, boiling over with indignation.

It is not so easy to be philosophical over an unjust accusation as people make it out to be; besides which, my dignity had received a mortal wound. I did not stay to consider that hardly a creature beyond ourselves could have heard my uncle's low stern words; I felt publicly humiliated, and stung to the quick by his reproof; until, as I raced on, not even knowing which way I was going, anger began to change into a sore wretchedness. I have a shadowy remembrance of streets and alleys and gloomy old city churches, and people staring at me as if I was a runaway convict, and of only wanting to get away from them all.

Does my trouble seem trifling? Yet—looking back from this farther point in life's journey—I think that if we weigh our griefs in the balance, some insignificant hurt, no deeper than a scratch, will for the moment cause as sharp a pain as the wound which penetrates and endures. As it is with our joys, is it not with our sorrows? Not those to which we look forward with delight—not those which we anticipate with dread—are those which always affect us most; but some sweet flower of happiness, blossoming by the way-side, too delicate to be seen until we reach it—some hidden thorn, which pricks us when least we expect the smart—these are the joys and troubles of life which set their mark upon us as surely as the more acknowledged events which the world calls important.

Thus much for an excuse, if you call my grief exaggerated. Harry had described me as being 'awfully stuck up,' and so my fall was the greater. But presently, out of the bitterness of my heart, which inclined me to hate everybody, there grew an indescribable yearning for my mother's tender sympathy and comforting presence. Harry and Lewis were safe at school; and from her I knew I should meet with no reproaches, no questionings, even—rare quality in woman!—no intimations that she had told me how it would be. Smarting under a sense of injustice, I could have borne none of these—least of all the last. I had entangled myself in such a labyrinth of streets, that I hardly knew my way back; but following signs which I had almost unconsciously remarked in passing them, I made it out after a few wrong turnings, and found myself again before the great hall. I would have hurried by it—indeed, I had almost done so—when my steps were arrested. The heat within the hall had obliged more windows to be thrown open; and as I passed, there issued a flood of rich harmony, exquisitely softened by the intervening walls, and more clear and beautiful than it seemed possible for earthly music to be.

It drew me like a spell. I went slowly back into the heart of the crowd, which had gathered under the windows, and stood listening and drinking in every note of that glorious chorus, knowing it so well as to have no difficulty in supplying the words.

While thus engrossed, my eye fell upon another listener—a boy perhaps a year or two younger than myself, and much more slightly built; evidently of the poorest class, for, although not ragged, his clothes were exceedingly coarse and shabby, and so dusty, that I concluded he must have come from a distance. Somehow, the lad's face interested me—it was peculiarly pale and haggard, yet most intelligent, with a depth of eager enjoyment and delight in his rapt look, while the music floated out over our heads. That look took me out of my troubles; and when the last note died away, I went up to him, and touched his shoulder.

'Was not that beautiful?' I said.

He glanced at me with a quick sympathy. 'Beautiful! I never thought there could be anything like it in all the world!'

'How came you to be so fond of music?' was my next question; for with boyish vanity, I wondered that an uneducated lad could so deeply enjoy it.

The boy laughed. 'I can't tell you, I'm sure, Sir. I only know I like it better than anything. Will there be more like that?'

'Yes—heaps! You had better stay where you are. But I say—you don't look very fresh?'

'I've walked a good bit this morning, that's all. Oh, I shall do very well.'

'Was it to hear the music?'

'Yes—well, no, Sir,' he added, colouring. 'I had another reason besides.'

I had no wish to pry into his secrets; but I did want to do something else—to give him a shilling which I was pinching between my fingers, doubtful how to do it without wounding his self-respect. After all, I came out with it clumsily enough. 'You do look ill, though—wouldn't that help you? To get a dinner, I mean,' I added hurriedly; 'unless you'd rather not.'

'Thank you, Sir; but I don't want it. Much obliged to you all the same,' with a grateful look from his bright eyes. 'Perhaps, as you're so kind, you'd tell me which door the players come out of—the men who play in the orchestra, I mean,' he explained, seeing my puzzled look.

'Yes, certainly: it's just behind there,' said I, with some pride at my official knowledge of the ins and outs of the hall. 'I suppose there is someone you want to see?'

'Yes, Sir;' then, I fancy, thinking his short answer sounded ungracious, he continued with a manifest effort, 'I think a friend may be there. Listen! you can hear the singing again. Oh, I wish it was nearer!'

A sudden idea struck me. 'I say, would you like to go inside?'

What a vivid flush came over his pale face! 'Inside!'

'Yes; and then you can see if your friend is there.'

'But how can I, Sir? I am only a poor boy.'

'Well, I don't know whether I can't manage it,' I said importantly. I'm a steward—' I stopped suddenly. Strange to say, in my talk with my new acquaintance, I had forgotten my downfall. But his whole face was radiant with such eager expectation, that it seemed impossible cruelly to banish the hopes I had excited. 'Come along,' I said, in a very subdued key; 'we can see, at all events.'

He needed no second invitation, but kept close at my heels, as I pushed through the crowd into the portico before the doors; and we were slowly elbowing our way among the closely packed throng, who greeted us with remarks more pungent than polite, when, at the very door of the side entrance, we encountered, face to face, Dr. Forbes. Nothing could have been more disagreeable to me; for although hitherto I had always liked the little man, and his caustic remarks, in which it was so difficult to distinguish jest from earnest—now, was he not my uncle's friend? and had he not overheard the words which were stinging me yet? But I could not escape; for the instant we met, he slipped his arm within mine.

'Frank Becham, you are a deserter! I thought human nature at your age was healthy enough to prefer music to luncheon.'

'You forget, Sir,' I said hotly, 'I was dismissed.'

He wheeled round, and looked me sharply in the face. 'What, have you been brooding ever since over those hasty words? Pooh, pooh, man, you should have some sense! Becham is more badgered and bothered than any man in the hall. When you're an uncle yourself, see if you believe as you ought in your nephew's capabilities. As to old Peters, he is a regular cantankerous prig; he worries the life out of all of us at the Board.'

Though I was so delighted with Dr. Forbes, that I admitted him at once to the centre of my heart, I said rather grandly, that my uncle ought not to have said what he did.

'Perhaps not, perhaps not. But, Frank,' said Dr. Forbes, in a queer altered tone, 'it is not your part to judge. You took his words too hotly: you, at least, should have forborne. They will wound him, if they were unjust, more than ever they did you. Oh, young men! young men! how quick to take offence! how slow to forgive!'

His voice became so broken—so sorrowful—so unlike himself, that a shadowy remembrance darted through my mind of an only son of his, regarding whom my uncle once let drop a few words. I could not help wringing his hand warmly.

'I see—I see. Thank you, Dr. Forbes, you are right.'

'And you will go in, and look after Peters's creature comforts,' said he, with a faint smile.

'No, I won't,' I said viciously. 'And I hope all this time he has been sitting upon nothing! But will you help me? Here's a young fellow whom I want slipped into the hall; first to hear the music—'

'Pooh—nonsense!' muttered Dr. Forbes irreverently.

'And next to find out some friend in the orchestra.'

'Is that your protégée? He looks fit for the hospital at this moment. I can't get him in, unless you like to put my coat and blue ribbon on him. Would he pass muster for me, I wonder? People would think I had been worn out, body and clothes, by this horrid festival!'

'Can't you, really, get him through?'

'Indeed I can't. I'll tell you who could, though. Your uncle.'

I made a face of dismay.

'Well, if you're so stiff-backed, I'll ask him myself.—Here, my boy—what's your name?'

'John Foster, Sir.'

'Then, John Foster, stay here with this gentleman, and we'll see what can be done.'

I was so doubtful of success, that I had enough to do to curb the impatience of my charge, while the kind-hearted little man was absent on his errand. Every pulse in his body was quivering with excitement. He told me that he had walked twelve miles from his home that morning, chiefly, I thought, with the hope of seeing that mysterious friend, about whom he was strangely reserved; so much so, that he seemed relieved when the conversation was broken off by the return of Dr. Forbes.

'Victory, victory!' cried the little man triumphantly; 'I have the pass all right! But now, look here! This is a case of deliberate swindle, conceived by you, executed by me, and winked at by an authority. Therefore, the order is that it shall be done quietly: he is to be kept in the dark—under the staircase, or where you will, provided he neither displaces anyone, nor appears too prominently before the eyes of the well-dressed public.'

We went to work like a couple of conspirators: and if ever man met with a reward for his trouble, that did Dr. Forbes in the enjoyment of perplexing an inquisitive policeman. Mine came in seeing the look of almost wild delight, which lit up the boy's face when the first notes of music fell upon his ear. Just as we established him in a hidden corner, the Sanctus commenced; and the sweet full tone of the great artist, who was singing the soprano part, rose like a clear bell over the other voices. The vast audience was hushed to a profound silence; the voice soared on and on; and as a fuller chorus swelled the harmony, it still rang out above them all—first in that exultant cry, wherein angels and men, even here on earth, are not forbidden to unite their praises.

The boy's eyes were full of tears. I do not believe he once removed them from the singer in search of his friend in the orchestra until the chorus ceased; but as the next was proceeding, I was alarmed by a hasty exclamation. He started forward, and—how it happened I cannot tell, whether he was giddy, or whether his foot caught in a low step, or whether both were the cause—somehow or other he fell, and as he fell, struck his head sharply against a projecting corner of the staircase. It

cut his head and stunned him, and I could not lift him without disturbance; but, fortunately, Dr. Forbes was at hand, and by my side in a moment.

'O Frank, Frank!' whispered the little man ruefully, 'you certainly were born to make a noise in the world!'

However, we got him out more quietly than I expected, through the assistance of the watchful policeman, who had never taken his eye off us since he adopted the idea that my poor boy was a pickpocket. I wanted to carry him home, but Dr. Forbes insisted upon the hospital.

'He looks a great deal worse than he is; and if you take him home, you'll frighten your mother into fits, and waste as much fuss over him as if he had broken his neck.—Hospital, driver!—The least they can do is to look after a festival patient. So—softly! Don't look so terrified, Frank; he'll be himself again before we get there.'

The Doctor's prophecy was not fulfilled to the letter, for we lifted him out as unconscious as we put him in; but with a few simple remedies he revived. His first words were puzzling.

'Father! It was father, wasn't it?' he said, looking inquiringly round.

'Did you see your father?' asked Dr. Forbes.

'Yes—didn't I! Up there, with the music.' He spoke with slow bewilderment; then suddenly brightening as he caught sight of me. 'Oh, is that you, Sir? What is it all about?'

We told him of his accident, and he became suddenly restless and uneasy, declaring that it was nothing—he hardly felt it—he must go.

'Don't talk nonsense, John Foster,' said Dr. Forbes, getting very red in the face.

'Yes, Sir, I must indeed. I must go to him.'

'Who is it? Can't we bring him here, my boy?' said a new voice from behind. We all started. It was my uncle.

'Now, Becham,' said Dr. Forbes in a tone of no little irritation, 'what on earth brought you here? We did everything quietly enough; and you need—'

'Have known nothing about it,' interrupted my uncle mischievously. 'But I could not help seeing something; and a policeman told me such an alarming medley about a pickpocket and a broken head and the hospital—'

'The stupid fellow!' muttered Dr. Forbes.

'That I came off at once. But I cannot stay.—Tell me, my boy,' he continued, changing his tone to one of quiet kindness, 'who is it you want so much to see?'

The boy struggled to speak; but his self-control suddenly gave way. He covered his face with his thin hands, and burst into sobs which shook his whole frame. My uncle laid his hand kindly on his shoulder.

'Come,' he said, 'we can do better than this. Tell us your grief, my boy. Nay, never be ashamed of your tears; there's comfort in them,

which older men than you would be glad to find. Tell us your story.'

It was very short. Father had gone away from mother two years before, (deserted her, in fact,) and they had never been able to find out what had become of him, except that some friend reported having seen a man he believed to be Dick Foster, playing the big fiddle at some large music meeting. The wife and son had worked hard, and between them managed to live; but her heart's yearning was to reclaim her husband. Whenever any public concert took place within reach, she or her boy contrived to hang about the doors in hope of seeing him—hitherto without success. Now the lad was confident he had recognized his father, and was feverishly anxious to return to his watch.

'No,' said my uncle decidedly; 'rest where you are. He shall come.'

I heard Dr. Forbes murmuring something about a greater charity to keep the rascal out of the way; and in a fright lest my uncle should adopt the suggestion, I managed by a dexterous accident to tread upon the Doctor's foot. It was a deed of treachery, I acknowledge; but it answered so completely, that upon his and my recovery, I found my uncle jotting down the boy's eager description.

'Short—dark—nothing different from the rest of the world? One leg? come, that's a blessing! We'll find him.—Forbes, you'll go in my cab.—And, Frank, my boy, a word with you.' He drew me into the corridor. 'I heard more about that affair afterwards. I was hasty. I beg your pardon. Do you forgive me?'

He held out his hand with a kind grave smile. What could I do but take it, and falter out some broken words? What can I do all my life, but treasure up the memory of that act in my heart, side by side with the text of the Preacher: 'Better is he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city.'

It was evident that the hospital authorities desired to be rid of me; and being desperately hungry, I left our patient sitting in the ward—quieter, but looking rather ghastly with his bound-up head—and went in search of food: did not hurry back, believing the business would take some time, and so, after all, missed the meeting. It might have been as well—the father was such a stolid impassive fellow. Dr. Forbes was violently indignant, because he could not succeed in frightening him about his son: he made no objection to be taken to the hospital; but displayed neither shame nor emotion, and said, 'Well, John,' as coolly as if they had parted the day before. The boy himself seemed unable to speak in the presence of strangers, so that Dr. Forbes ordered everybody out, and left the two alone, hoping they might arrive at a better understanding. I found the little Doctor pacing up and down the corridor, (my uncle had not returned with him,) fuming, and declaring that between us the greatest possible mistake had been made.

'As if they were not better off without such a scoundrel as that! No more heart than a stone, and no more wits than—you, begging

your pardon, Frank. Now if I had been allowed to manage the matter, I would have kept the boy quietly here until it was all over, and the fellow out of the town. Just like those women! never will know when they are well off! Why can't she let her husband go to the dogs by himself, if he wishes it, without insisting on accompanying him there?'

I ventured to suggest that perhaps she liked him.

'Of course she does! That's the very woman's folly I complain of! Can't they like in a reasonable manner, instead of knocking their heads against a wall after every rascal who runs away from them? Now Mrs. Foster's duties—'

'Are in here, are they not?' said I innocently, stopping before the door of the ward.

The Doctor opened it softly, and looked in for a minute; closed the door again, and shook his umbrella in my face. 'You need not think you have convinced me, Frank; you are a goose for your pains; but—that boy's face is irresistible!'

Once having put his shoulder to the wheel, my uncle was not the man to draw it back. He threatened and reasoned by turns with Dick Foster, until he extracted a promise from him that he would make home his head-quarters, and provide for his wife. I believe he has kept his promise very fairly. His one leg, which afforded so ready a means of detection, gave my uncle a capital hold over him. But I like better to think that his love for music worked for good after-all; and better still, that the faithful patience of his wife and son touched his vagrant heart, and brought reward to each.

As for the boy, his prospects afforded plenty of discussion. Evidently he was a musician born; and, as evidently, it would not do for him to depend upon that profession for a subsistence as yet. He was too old for chorister work; but fortunately a music-seller in the town wanted a young assistant, and consented to take him upon trial. It was a capital arrangement; the very sight of the music was intense delight; while all his spare hours he gave to the violin, and made quicker progress than anyone had ventured to predict.

At the last festival his grand ambition was realized: he and his father were both among the performers; and I looked at him, and wondered if the pale dusty boy, who had stood listening with me in the crowd without, could be he who now, with lissome fingers and kindling face, made the same music live in the ears of other listeners.

And I—as well as he—have reason to be grateful to my first appointment, which had nearly ended so disastrously. No thanks to myself that it turned out otherwise; but to the friend who spoke the word in season, and to him who taught me by example, stronger than words, that there is no shame in the acknowledgement of error.

F. M. P.

ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE.

'MOTHER, where does the river go?'

'Alee was squatted down by the brink of the river Nile, a little below Manfalout. He was a small brown Arab boy, with bright eyes, his skin was dark by nature, and darker by being grimed with dust and mud. There he sat by the river, dabbling his feet in the water, his coarse blue shirt tucked up above his knees, showing his little brown legs. His mother paused a moment before lifting her water-jar on her head.

'Mother, where does the river go?' repeated the child, with his eyes fixed on the last visible bend of the gleaming river.

'Far away, boy, beyond the furthest clump of date palms, Allah knows where! But take care, my child, not to dabble in the stream, or Timpsa the crocodile will bite you.'

Instead of following his mother home that evening, 'Alee stayed by the river side, watching the water hurrying past, and the feluccas with their brown sails floating northward, watched till the sun set, and the after-glow illuminated the sky with gold and crimson, and the cool evening breeze sprang up. Still he sat wondering, 'Where did the river go? Did it ever get anywhere? Was there any country besides this land that he knew?' and then he got puzzled and confused, for 'Alee was utterly ignorant and untaught. When he got home that night to the mud hut where he lived, his mother asked him, 'Why are you so serious, my son?' But 'Alee did not answer, only shook his head mournfully. In the middle of the night, his mother, waking, heard him mutter in his sleep: 'Where, O Allah, does the river go?' From that day 'Alee left off playing merry games with the other boys—he spent all his time by the side of the Nile. The pigeons that hovered about minded him no more than if he had been one of themselves, hopped about, cooing and crooning over the stray bits of food they found, and perching on the boy's shoulder.

'Pigeons, where does the river go?' But they could not tell him.

The hoopoes, with their golden crests, flew zigzagging round him, but they too could not answer him. Only the wild geese, who flew in long lines above his head, could have told him; but they did not see the lonely little boy, for they were so high up in the air.

'Alee's mother sighed when she found her boy growing thin and pale, and begged the Hakim of the village to give her some medicine for him. But even in Africa, medicines cost something, and the widow was too poor to get what the doctor prescribed. Had she been able to do so, all the physics in the world could not have cured 'Alee. It was the desire to know where the river went that possessed him, and wore out his little strength. He forgot to eat his bread, and did not even care for the sugar-canes his mother brought him.

At last he could bear it no longer, and he determined to follow the stream to find out for himself where it went. One day a large raft of red pots and jars from Kineh, came floating down the river, and 'Alee threw off his shirt and swam bravely out to meet it. The steersmen did not notice the boy, who caught at the raft, and drawing himself up, hid away among the jars. The raft floated onwards. Manfalout, with its mosques and minarets, was hidden by a turn of the river; they passed groves of date palms, broad fields of wheat, cotton plants growing breast high. Once the raft passed close to a low sand-bank that ran far out into the river, and 'Alee watched two great vultures fighting over the carcass of a camel, and further on a huge white crane, standing motionless by the river brink. A large boat with white wings sailed by them, looking like a big swan; the Egyptian geese uttered shrill cries as they flew over the wheat fields to reach the inland lakes.

Evening came on, and 'Alee began to wonder what his mother was doing. Had she missed him yet? and then for the first time, he felt that his mother would suffer from his absence. When should he see her again? Should he *ever* see her again? and then he began to grow frightened, and crouch closer down among the pots, and to cry till at last he fell asleep. And still the raft kept on its way in the clear moonlight. The steersmen sang low monotonous music in a minor key: 'Allah esa! Allah esa!'—'God help us! God help us!' and no one thought of the sleeping boy,—only far back, near Manfalout, the mother wept and tore her hair as she rushed from hut to hut seeking her boy; but no one had seen him: then she went down to the water-side, and wandered up and down in the moonlight, seeking for traces in the mud; at last she espied the little blue shirt, and, all hope lost, she went back home, wailing, doubting not that her son had been devoured by a hungry crocodile.

The rising sun dazzled 'Alee's eyes, and woke him early in the morning, and scorched his limbs. He had not tasted food for many hours, and he felt sick and faint. At that moment one of the men espied him, and asked angrily how he came to be on the raft, threatening to throw him overboard, to swim to shore as best he might; but when 'Alee told how he had got on the raft that he might float down the river, to find out where it went, the man laughed aloud.

'To the sea, of course.'

'Where is the sea?' asked 'Alee; but the man did not answer, only finding the lad was hungry, gave him a bit of bread.

The day wore on, and still they drifted northwards, till at a sudden bend of the river, the raft ran a-ground on a sand bank, close under a large boat that was on its way south, but which had stuck too.

The steersmen and sailors rushed into the water, and tugged and pushed, swearing in unison.

On a sofa, in the cabin of the ship, lay a young man, wasted by illness, an artist, who had been brought from England by his brother, to try if a mild Egyptian winter might prolong his days. He lay near the window,

looking with an amused face at the united struggles of the two crews. One end of the raft was close below him, and, looking down, he caught 'Alee's eyes fixed wistfully on his face. Perhaps because he himself was so near death, he felt such compassion for 'Alee's wasted limbs and fever-bright eyes.

Raising himself on his elbow, he reached from the shelf above him a little box full of silver coins, and taking one that had a hole in it, passed a bit of string through the hole, and stretching his hand out of the window, lowered it to the child. 'Alee opened his eyes in wonder, then kissed the coin: 'Katakerak, Howadgi,'—'Thanks, oh traveller;' and catching at the Englishman's hand, pressed it to his forehead. Just then, one push more vigorous than before, set the raft afloat, and it passed from under the cabin windows, and neither the artist nor 'Alee saw each other in this world, but neither forgot the other. The Englishman noted the effect of the bright-eyed brown-limbed boy, sitting among the jars, and tried to make a sketch, though his hand was feeble and shaky. When his brother, a few months later, took back to England all his sketches, as a last remembrance of him whom he had left buried in the Eastern sand, the mother, who wept as she turned over the last efforts of her son, liked best the sketch of the melancholy Arab boy upon the jar raft.

And 'Alee, he treasured up the coin the Englishman had given him, carrying it in his little brown fist, lest anyone should snatch it from him; and often saw in his dreams the kind white traveller. The days passed, and still the raft floated northward. 'Alee wondered more and more about the river; at times he wept for his mother, still the one consuming wish overpowered all other thoughts. The men laughed at him, but still did not cast him off, and gave him bread to eat, and sometimes a handful of dates. Town after town, village after village, they passed, till 'Alee caught the name of Cairo, often repeated, and learnt that there the raft stopped. Was that too the end of the river? When he asked, he was told, to his great disappointment, 'No, the sea was further north still.'

At last one day the Pyramids were in sight, but 'Alee did not think much about them, he only wanted to get further north. And now the trees on either side of the river grew larger and greener, the fields looked more fertile, and clouds of pigeons and flocks of ibises flew about. The water was covered with small craft; and in the evening, one of the men pointed out a city in the distance, topped with two tall minarets, that stood clear against the sky; and the next day at noon, the raft was moored off Boulac, the port of Cairo. The men told 'Alee he could not stay any longer on the raft, so he climbed up the bank, wrapping round him a ragged old scarf that one of them had given him, still grasping tightly his precious coin. He had grown very feeble now, and his knees trembled and shook as he wandered out of the port, along a broad road, bordered on each side by acacias and fig trees, crowded with men and women hurrying to and fro—now he met a string of meek-eyed camels,

now some laughing women, with black yashmaks over their faces, and baskets of oranges on their heads—on and on, till the houses grew thicker again, and he found himself in a great white square. Still he wandered on, shrinking fearfully aside if a carriage at full trot passed him, wondering if it were a live thing—through the Frank quarter, scarcely noticing the curious European goods displayed in the windows, stumbling aimlessly onwards down the narrow streets, till he found himself in a court-yard, in front of a tall white building—a mosque, he supposed; and hardly conscious of what he did, he entered. All inside was silent and still, only the twittering of the sparrows outside was heard. He had never seen a mosque like this before. He remembered going into the big one at Manfalout, but it differed somehow from this. Here, at the east end, to which he had been taught to turn when he prayed, instead of the bare niche and prayer carpet, stood a raised altar, with a lamp burning before it. Worn out with fatigue, 'Alee sank on the steps that led up to the sanctuary, and fell into a sort of fainting sleep. He woke late in the evening, to find a tall man in a brown cloak leaning over him, who raised him in his arms, and carried him out of the church into a little room not far off.

'Alee was half frightened; yet, when he looked into the monk's face, he could not help smiling in answer to the kind look he met there: perhaps here was someone who could tell him what he wanted to know:—'Where does the river go?'

But Father Deo Gratias could only answer, 'To the sea,' wondering what the child meant. And now other monks came in, and one felt 'Alee's pulse, and then gave him a draught of wine, which revived him; but when he was laid down on a soft mat, he was glad to close his eyes and sleep again.

And Deo Gratias sat near the window and watched the boy; he knew 'Alee was dying, for the doctor of the monastery had just said the little frame was worn out. As he watched the sleeping child, his memory carried him back to the days when he too was a boy, and played in the sunny vineyards, in among the Appennines with his little sister. Surely 'Alee's eyes had reminded him of hers, and he thought of the little grave in the churchyard down in the valley. She must have been about 'Alee's age when she died, died so softly, murmuring about Heaven and the angels; and here was this little child, who had never been baptized, had never heard of Heaven, and had only a vague misty notion of Allah—and Deo Gratias prayed that the boy might live a-while. In the morning 'Alee seemed better, but he could not rise from his mat. He lay listening to the monk, who, in broken Arabic, told him of the really true and Divine Prophet Who called little children to Him, told him of the glories of Heaven, and 'Alee drank it all in, and told in his turn, with many tears, how he had left his mother to find out where the river went—told how he had met the traveller who had looked so kindly on him, spoke of the long strings of wild geese, who flew faster than he, but they, foolish

things, always went south, instead of going to see where the river went. Should he ever know what he wanted to find out?

And Deo Gratias comforted him: 'You will soon know, 'Alee,'—and 'Alee was content.

And the child lay, still grasping the silver coin in his feeble fingers.

In the evening, just as the sun was going down in the west, glorious in gold and purple, Deo Gratias poured water on the child's head; and 'Alee's eyes closed, and he passed into a land where all things are made clear to us.

A. M B.

FERNDOM.

(BY FILIX-FŒMINA.)

CHAPTER VII.

'PLACE AUX DAMES.'

It is one of the pleasantest surroundings of book-making, that you can boldly assert anything as a fact without fear of its being—at least for a time—controverted. Another agreeable feature is this;—when two great intellects take a different view of any subject—*so* different, that one must be wrong—it is very pleasant to search out the matter for oneself, to make a free choice, and take our stand by the side of one or other of these intellectual giants; we feel as if all the grand arguments on either side had either been brought forward, or combated, by oneself. Yes, book-making has this pleasure also.

But there are some points (particularly in the world of science) where it would be hazardous to act decidedly on either of these definite modes, and where it seems the wisest course to leave the matter to a certain extent in doubt, rather than to pledge oneself to any given opinion.

The *ignis fatuus* never plays more maliciously than when dancing over scientific fields; and it is very provoking—after having attentively regarded the gleaming light, and given it as your decided opinion that 'yonder is a man with a lantern'—to find out that, after all, your 'man' was only a Will-with-a-wisp. Therefore, much as I dislike doubt and uncertainty to hang about a thing I love, yet, in the instance of my favourite 'Lady Fern,' I must be content to leave a disputed point in abeyance, and not range myself with Moore, and many other goodly pteridologists, who accept the species *filix-fœmina* as belonging to a separate genus (*Athyrium*), nor yet with the late Sir W. Hooker and others, who regard it simply as one of many species belonging to *Athyrium* as a sub-genus of *Asplenium*. My grounds for this undecided decision are these.

For the study of British ferns only, it simplifies the matter very much

to accept *Athyrium* as a genus, and *filix-fœmina* as (at present) the only species of the genus. But if from British ferns we turn to the study of the ferns of the Universe, then the arrangement followed by Sir W. Hooker presents many advantages, and we willingly allow our favourite to take a subordinate place under the banner of *Asplenium*, from which indeed there appears to be some difficulty in technically separating it.

I have never experienced any practical difficulty in deciding at once whether a fern belonged to the so-called genus *Athyrium* or *Asplenium*; but I have only studied British ferns, and the single species (*filix-fœmina*) attributed to *Athyrium*, is easily distinguished from any British species of *Asplenium*; the sori of *filix-fœmina* is shorter and more uneven, they are crescent-shaped, and the indusium which covers them is more ragged—while the texture of the fronds is less smooth—than obtains in *Asplenia*; and these simple indications have hitherto been sufficient guides to me.

Difficult as the satisfactory arrangement of *filix-fœmina* may be, when that point is settled, all argument vanishes, and the Lady Fern shines out in grace and beauty, pre-eminently Queen of Ferndom.

With the exception of New Zealand and temperate Australia, the Lady Fern maintains her regal sway over the whole known world; while, gracing her court, there is a bevy of maids of honour, numbering from two to three hundred, as graceful, and sometimes even more beautiful, than their royal mistress.

There is no fern half so picturesque as *filix-fœmina*; were I disposed to be ill-natured, I could almost excuse her of 'putting herself into attitudes'—an accusation one so often hears brought against a pretty and graceful woman—such a charm does her innate gracefulness give to every movement. Sometimes her fresh green fronds seem alive with mirth, dancing and playing with the breeze and sunshine. Sometimes she bends over a rough block of stone as though she were a silent mourner, weeping by a grave. Woman-like, she makes a mirror of the quiet lake, and regarding herself in the waters, trembles at the image of her own loveliness. Wherever her place on earth may be, she brightens it by her presence, and throws grace and beauty over it, as by the touch of a fairy's wand.

Down by the pollards—where the brook steals along through flowery meadows, and the azure hue of the forget-me-not seems like a reflection of the heavens, and the feathery meadow-sweet like a breath of its fragrance—there the Lady Fern creeps to play with trout and minnow. The old mill-wheel, that stands idle and apparently forgotten by all the world, creaking out mournful complaints from its rusty pivot, is not left long in solitude; the Lady Fern soon finds it out, and nodding her waving tresses at its feet, makes desolation beautiful.

Up and down, through the earth, she takes her pleasant way, giving you back smiles and beauty in return for your attention and care,

appearing under a thousand varied forms, yet in each and all, true to her delicate, gentle nature.

Filix-fœmina is a tender fern; the stipes is very succulent, and when gathered, the fronds fade quickly away. Sometimes the channeled stipes is a bright and juicy-looking green, sometimes a brilliant red, and again a dark brown: this variability of colouring does not appear to be peculiar to a single variety only; I have found both the red and green stalk prevailing in several distinct forms. I am not sure that it does not, in a great measure, depend upon age; but I have not, at present, proved this.

So numerous, and so varied in their characteristics, are the varieties of *filix-fœmina*, and so changeable do they appear to me in their yearly growth, that to arrange them into groups, as we have attempted to do with the varieties of *L. filix-mas* and *P. angulare*, would be very difficult; and yet, it will be found that some such assortment is in reality taking place, although it must be some time before we are able to derive much assistance from it. We have groups of crested *filix-fœmina*, groups of depauperate, of foliose, and many others; but, as far as my experience goes, there is a changeableness in the various characteristics of these groups which is not to be found in any other species. For instance:—A few years since, by the side of a ditch on Haldon, I found a fern which at first sight appeared to be a variety of *L. dilatata*. I brought it home, but before planting it I examined the fructification, and found it to be an *Athyrium*. I watched it carefully; by-and-by it put up fronds less *dilatata*-like; but to this day it puts on at times characteristics seemingly at variance with the species to which it belongs. In consequence of this peculiarity, Mr. Moore has given to the variety the name of *mutatum*.

In a specimen of the beautiful variety *davallioides*, which I found on Dartmoor, I have observed this same *dilatata*-like appearance, which at first almost led me to look with a sort of side-way glance at Darwinian views of species; but the fancied resemblance is only superficial, and *filix-fœmina* will remain *filix-fœmina* to the end of its earthly career; but whether *davallioides* will remain *davallioides* I cannot pretend to say. At present, its chief peculiarity consists in the showing nearly as much fructification on the face of the frond as at the back, and only a single sorus in each sinus of the teeth of the pinnules. The variety *decompositum* (which also I have found on Dartmoor) has many features in common with *davallioides*, with this difference, that *decompositum* has many sori to each pinnule. They are both noble-growing forms, with full leafy pinnules, and robust well-formed fronds.

Then again, in this species, the fronds of one plant will sometimes be found so varied in their growth, that seen separately one might bestow a descriptive name to each. I have now before me three fronds of *A. ff.* var. *defectum*, kindly given to me by Mr. Fraser, and of which he says, 'These fronds are all from the same root, they come up very

varied, and some are quite normal.' Of these three fronds, one is ramose—that is, branched—the division beginning at the third pinna from the base; the second is crested in most of the pinnæ with the exception of those at the apex of the frond; the third is multifid: Mr. Fraser tells us that others are normal. These variations would be observed at the same time all through its growth; and as the peculiarity is (so far) permanent, they cannot be called 'sports.'

By the side of *defectum* I would place *A. ff.* var. *polymorphum*. This latter form has the varied fronds of *defectum* with this great difference, the plant produces *no normal* fronds. Each separate frond, though utterly unlike its neighbour, has precisely the same peculiarity of growth; the same unequally sized, and occasionally double pinnæ; the same inequality in every pinnule.

Writing of this form, Mr. Moore says, 'Your specimen of *filix-fœmina* is new and good; I propose to call it *polymorphum*.'

I found it, with many others, while hunting on the Dartmoor Hills; it grew between the fissures of rock in a dripping cave, where I little expected to find an *Athyrium*. The fronds are about a foot or sixteen inches in length, and some of the pinnæ consist of only, as it were, one pinnule set on the primary rachis.

In the instances I have mentioned of *A. ff.* vars. *mutatum*, *defectum*, and *polymorphum*, we have proofs of three distinct kinds of the changeableness of growth I have spoken of: *mutatum* varying with the time of year; *defectum* varying in the growth of frond, and sometimes in the growth of pinnæ and pinnule also; and *polymorphum* consistently varied always and in all parts. I do not look for these varieties to remain intact for many years; but of the three, *polymorphum* seems to have the best *chance*, because of its unvarying variability.

Soil and situation have great power over, so-called, varieties of *filix-fœmina*. I have just proved this in a very curious instance.

Two years ago, I found a form of *filix-fœmina*, which at once commended itself to my attention by the extreme purity and unity of its outline and form. The frond and pinna tapered to the finest point, each pinnule being cleft into numerous teeth, which were evenly set, and delicately fine. I showed the plant to Mr. Wollaston, who at once pronounced it to be the variety *concinnum*. The fern became a great favourite; I transplanted it to a shady situation, giving it a great depth of the richest peat earth; and lo! my symmetrical *concinnum* has become so fat and overgrown, that its fine points are well-nigh obliterated; and though its arrangement of pinna and pinnule is still very 'neat,' it is the neatness of a very stout beauty, which I hope to starve into more shapely proportions.

Cultivation cannot *change* the characteristics of any particular form, but it can so develop every part, that a casual observer may fail to recognize the distinctive peculiarity of the variety.

This is more particularly the case when the distinctive feature is not

written in very marked characters, but consists in some minute and delicate formation which the lover of monstrous developments may not appreciate.

We will take for example the exquisite little variety *uncum*.

The peculiarity of this form consists—as its name implies—in the hook-shaped toothing of the tiny pinnules; the teeth are sharp and deeply cleft, the leafy portion giving a little upward curve so as to disclose the fructification which lies at the base of the tooth, which is thus made plainly visible on the face of the frond.

In rich cultivation the pinnules seemed to lengthen, the toothing became more regular, and in appearance less hooked. I sent a frond to Mr. Moore for inspection, thinking I might have been mistaken in the variety; and his answer is as follows. 'No. 4 is very like, and I think sufficiently like, one named *uncum* to go with it. The name refers to the little hooks frequently found by the teeth, and which perhaps are a little more marked in the original frond.'

Placing the original fronds by the side of those gathered from the plant after being for two years in cultivation, the difference in the growth is very perceptible, though both preserve the hooks which give the distinct character to the variety.

But I must leave this desultory skirmishing with stray specimens, and try to assort a few of the more remarkable forms into groups after the manner in which I have attempted it in *P. angulare* and *L. filix-mas*.

I can scarcely speak of a 'crested' group, for nearly every group can boast of its cristate, multifid, or furcate sub-variety, and in some instances, a particular type may have all these additional charms.

I possess indeed a very elegant little *filix-fœmina*, given to me with the name of *A. ff.* var. *cristatum* attached to it; but on referring to Mr. Lowe's account of *A. ff. cristatum*, I find that he describes the apex of the frond alone as crested, while in my specimen both the fronds and pinnæ are tufted; moreover, Mr. Lowe adds the melancholy information that the only known plants of this variety are dead!

Still there is a large group of the species *filix-fœmina*, of which the peculiarity in the cresting forms the distinctive feature; and of these I will now speak.

The loveliest of the group is *A. ff.* var. *Victoriæ*, or the Queen of Lady Ferns, discovered in 1861 in Stirlingshire by Mr. James Cosh. In this variety, the apex of both frond and pinnæ are ramose, each separate branch being finely crested; but this is not the chief beauty of *Victoriæ*; it lies in the fact of each pinna—not leaving the rachis, as some have said, in pairs, for the pinnæ are decidedly stalked, but—having the upper basal pinnule so elongated, pinnatifid, and crested, that it gives the appearance of a double pinna branching off from the little stalk at an angle, so that the upper branch passes over the lower branch of the next succeeding pinna, giving the whole frond the look of woven lace-work.

In the lower basal pinnæ this branching is less observable, while a tendency to branch may be seen in each of the tiny pinnules, which perhaps may be better described as being strongly auricled.

The entire formation of *Victoriæ* is uniform, and extremely elegant.

A. ff. var. *Fieldiæ* (discovered by Mr. Field) bears a slight resemblance to *Victoriæ* in the peculiarity of the growth of the pinnæ, which in many cases are branched; but *Fieldiæ* is a very uncertain fern in cultivation, oftentimes throwing out fronds, the upper or lower half of which present scarcely any branched pinnæ, while in other fronds the branching is very uncertain; so that the entire fern, with its dense mass of narrow spear-like fronds, has an untidy look.

A. ff. Fieldiæ has several sub-varieties belonging to it; but with the exception of *F. Pritchardii* (the *A. ff.* var. *Pritchardii* of Stansfield), I think they savour more of the garden than of the field and forest. The pinnæ of 'Pritchard's form' are more branched than they are in *Fieldiæ*, and the fronds, although scarcely more than an inch in width, are of a great length, with a gracefully bending habit. I cultivate both ferns, but consider *Pritchardii* by far the most beautiful. This fern was discovered in North Wales by Mr. Pritchard.

In this same class I would include *A. ff.* var. *Frizelliæ*, a curious little form, with tufts of fan-shaped pinnæ. The history of *Frizelliæ* is unknown to me; but it comes in, at least, a questionable shape, and I never expect to find a variety like it, or like the sub-varieties, *F. nanum* and *F. cristatum*, given to it.

There are several other forms of a like character with the few that I have named, but in most cases their credentials are not sufficiently satisfactory to justify their occupying a place in a fernery set apart for true species and their wild varieties.

Of the large crested varieties, *corymbiferum* (found in Guernsey), and *multifidum* (of the rhæticum type, and found in several localities), I need hardly write, for they are common in most ferneries. *Multifidum* being by far the most beautiful of the larger crested group; it has several sub-varieties more or less to be depended upon.

The small variety *crispum* (commonly called the 'Paraley Lady Fern') is a general favourite; it increases rapidly, and is unchanging in appearance. It has been discovered in England, Ireland, and Scotland, so that each fern-collector may have a chance of finding a plant for himself; and this after all is *the* great pleasure.

Must I speak of other individuals of this great group? of *depauperatum*, with its tasseled frond and pinnæ looking so scantily clothed and starved? of *apucæforme*, spreading out the crest at the apex of its frond like a fish's tail, while each separate pinna is, as it were, a little fish? of *grandiceps*, with its densely-crowded crest? all, as I believe, true varieties. I cultivate all these, and many others, but they are not favourites of mine. A sort of necessity is imposed on fern-collectors, not to despise the discoveries of their neighbours; so I go on adding

monstrosity after monstrosity to the fernery. But in my daily visits to the garden, it is not the crested forms or the monstrosities that attract my most loving regards, but those forms that combine grace and beauty with perfect unity and uniformity of shape—that look as if no disturbing influence had been at work to mar the perfect order of Creation. Crests and tufts and irregularities belong to the lower varieties, to produce which, counteracting influences must have combined, while symmetry and uniformity are the natural inheritance of species.

The real queen of the varieties of our British *Athyrium* is *plumosum* (found originally in 1857, in Yorkshire, by Mr. Horsfall; and secondly, by the late Mr. Swynfen Jervis in Devonshire). I am the proud possessor of a portion of the Axminster form of this variety, and most beautiful it is, with its tall, soft plumes of feather-like fronds; each pinnule of every pinna cut in the most exquisite manner, so that when the fronds are held up to the light, the blue sky shines through, as through a web of finest net-work, which might have been woven by fairy spiders.

A. ff. var. *plumosum* is gradually forming a group of its own, of which the individuals composing it will be chiefly noticeable for the feather-like character of their fronds. At present, however, *plumosum* would more properly be said to belong to the decompound group, in which also we must place the beautiful *davallioides* of Mr. Wollaston. For the most part, this group will be found to bear sori, naked, or partially naked, situated in the sinuses of the pinnules.

Then there is a large class remarkable for their eccentric and ragged formation. Of this group, *laceratum* (found in Devonshire) may be taken as the typical form.

They are a miserable set, torn and ragged in outline; halt, lame, and deformed in every possible way, and yet preserving a certain amount of awkward beauty, sufficient to make one very pleased to find a good specimen.

One of the most characteristic forms of this group is *Bellairsiæ* (found in Devonshire by Miss Nona Bellairs). It grew on the borders of a stone-quarry, and the only other plants of *filix-fœmina* growing in the immediate locality consisted of two good specimens of the variety *odontomanes*, displaying the large and irregular toothing of their pinnules in a very conspicuous manner.

The fronds of *A. ff.* var. *laceratum-Bellairsiæ* are narrow, scarcely more than two inches broad in the widest part, the pinnæ and pinnules become confluent for about two inches at the apex of the frond, they then diverge into such eccentricities of growth as would puzzle me to describe; sometimes a whole pinna being nothing more than, as it were, a tiny trefoil leaf jutting out from the primary rachis. The sori are covered with a very ragged and very white indusium, which soon disperses, leaving the fructification naked.

Within the group of *laceratum* I would include *laciniatum*, to which

Mr. Fraser gives eight sub-varieties; but some of these are of doubtful parentage, and must, I fear, be ranked along with *pulcherrimum*, *Iveryanum*, *Laveyanum*, *Stansfieldii*, and many other pretty forms, which—by my love for the beautiful—I am compelled to admire, but always—regarding them as 'gardener's varieties'—*under a protest*.

My paper must come to an end; and I feel as if I had shown the impossibility of classifying the numerous and incongruous varieties of *filix-fœmina*, rather than helped towards their better arrangement.

I think my great difficulty lies in my love for this graceful fern. I cannot even bring myself to gather fronds from some of my plants to enable me to describe them. They look so bright in their fresh green beauty, that I stand before them in admiration when I should be picking them to pieces, and examining them critically through a Codrington lens, finding out all their imperfections and beauties without paying any regard to their feelings.

Some day perhaps I shall learn to treat the Lady Fern in a less courteous fashion than is my wont. Now, when I pay her a visit, I find my mind stealing away under her guidance to a quiet dell, where, listening to the music of the birds, and the noise of the running brook, I have dreamed many a dream which has proved as fleeting as it was bright. The Lady Fern is to me the fern of Memory; it grew about my childhood's home; it lay mingled with the blossoms of the cowslips by 'our' sides, as 'we' played together in the pleasant meadows, which rang with happy voices that can never sound for me on earth again; and as I gaze upon its fragile, quickly-fading fronds, something tender and true seems to hover, like a fragrance, around them—something that, even as I write, comes back to me, and makes me glad to lay down my pen, and let my fancy wander to those far-off days, the 'days that are no more.'

(To be continued.)

AUNT CECILY'S MUSIC LESSONS.

PART I.—MABEL'S MUSIC-BOOK.

LESSON VIII.

Miss Wells. To-day I am going to tell you about what we call the Major and the Minor Modes.

Mabel interrupted her aunt with sparkling eyes, and began, 'O Auntie, I forgot—I've such news to tell you! Lucy Bright told me just now that THE MAJOR is coming home, and that he will be at the Rectory before Christmas!'

Miss W. What major do you mean? There are so many.

Mabel. Lucy Bright's uncle. He isn't the major now, he's the colonel. But I shall always call him 'The Major,' to myself.

Miss W. Why, Mabel, you've never seen him! He went to India long before you were born. I remember now, that Mrs. Bright had a brother in India who did good service in the Sikh War. I suppose Lucy has talked a good deal about her uncle?

Mabel. Oh, yes. She calls him one of the Indian heroes! But that's not the only reason why I want to see him so. Please, Aunt Cecily, let me tell you all about it.

Miss Wells nods.

Mabel. A long long time ago, when I was quite a little child, Mamma took me with her one day to the Rectory. Mrs. Bright had a letter by her when we went in, and she began reading it to Mamma, and all at once she burst out crying! I was so frightened! I had always thought grown-up people never cried. When we went away, I asked Mamma why Mrs. Bright cried like me? If she was naughty? Mamma told me Mrs. Bright had a brother she loved dearly a long long way off, all across the sea, too far for her to go to him, and that he was very ill, and that poor Mrs. Bright was afraid he would die. Not long after, I went to play with Lucy, and I saw a picture in the dining-room, of a gentleman all in red, standing by a beautiful horse, and a queer-looking black man holding the horse. And I asked Lucy what it meant, and she said it was her uncle, the Major, and a native. I asked her what 'a native' was, and she said a black servant in India. And I looked at the picture whenever I went to the Rectory, and that's how I got to know the Major. He has such a kind look. I'm sure he will be fond of children, and tell Lucy tales about India. Perhaps he will tell some when I am there at Christmas. O Aunt Cecily, don't you remember, when you were here before, how I used to ask you about India, and how you showed me pictures with mountains and curious trees, and black people with turbans, and tigers and snakes, and temples and great idols? And you told me they found diamonds and precious stones in India; and you showed me Mamma's Indian shawl, and the work-boxes and gold things that Uncle Frank sent home. Aunt Cecily, why is not Uncle Frank a major too?

Miss W. He has not been long enough in the army. He will be a major in time, I hope. But, Mabel, if we gossip in this way, what will become of our music lesson?

Mabel. Oh dear, oh dear, I've been wasting time! I shall never play a tune by Christmas. Please let us begin!

Miss W. I told you I was going to explain to you what we call MAJOR and MINOR.

Mabel nodded her head, screwed up her lips, and put her finger upon them to signify that she would not interrupt again.

Miss W. MAJOR is a Latin word signifying larger, greater; and MINOR is Latin for lesser, smaller. Which is larger, your hand or mine?

Mabel. Yours.

Miss W. Then which should we call Major if we were speaking Latin?

Mabel. Yours; and mine would be Minor. That's why Charles Grey calls Harry 'Greene Minor.' But, Aunt Cecily, Harry is a great deal bigger than Charles Grey!

Miss W. Harry has an elder brother in the school, and so he is Minor with regard to him, though he may be Major as regards young Grey. You are clear that Major is larger than Minor?

Mabel. Yes, quite clear.

Miss W. Now, Mabel, attend, and think only of what I am saying. Have you ever heard of such a thing as an Interval?

Mabel. Yes, I have heard that word, but I'm sure I don't know what it means.

Miss W. A space, a distance from one point to another.

Mabel. Oh! I heard the word this very day! Lucy said she was going to her uncle's, and Miss Ruler said she 'hoped she would not stay more than a week, because it was injudicious to allow a long INTERVAL to elapse between her music lessons.' I said it all over to myself while I was writing my copy, and they were at the piano, and I wondered why Miss Ruler would always use such fine words to us children. If it was to *you*, now, it would be all very well.

Miss W. (laughing.) Many thanks! What do you think Miss Ruler meant by a long interval elapsing between the lessons?

Mabel. A long time.

Miss W. Yes, a long space of time. Would you call a minute a long interval of time?

Mabel. No; a very short one.

Miss W. Would you call a month a long interval of time?

Mabel. That depends. I should think it a very long time to wait for another music lesson, but I shouldn't think it a long space of time for midsummer holidays. We shall have six weeks next summer, Papa says, and go to France. I shall have such fun. Thank goodness, Miss Ruler will go home to her relations.

Miss W. O Mabel, you must think of one thing at a time, if we are to get on! You understand, I think, what an interval of time is? When you plant out your geraniums, don't you leave spaces between them?

Mabel. Yes; it would look funny if they were all in a heap, like mustard and cress.

Miss W. They are planted *at intervals* from each other. Those pictures are placed at *intervals* from each other on the wall. The ornaments on that table are set out at *intervals* from one another. Now put your finger on C on the key-board. I will put mine on E. Don't you see our fingers are not close together? There is an *interval* between them—a distance from one to the other.

Mabel. Oh, to be sure, I see that plain enough. And if I put one finger on G and another on C, is that an interval too?

Miss W. Yes, and a little larger than the other interval. Now look, I put my finger on G. Do you put yours on A.

Mabel. Oh, that's the very next note. There's no distance between, so it can't be an interval.

Miss W. Yes, it is. A musical interval is the distance of one sound from another, or the difference between two sounds. Now, you know there is a step from the sound of G to the sound of A. You learnt that by singing the scale.

Mabel. Oh, yes; but it's a short distance to go to the next note—only next door!

Miss W. That is called a Second, because it is made out of two sounds.

Mabel. Then it is the same with all the notes.

Miss W. Yes. Put your finger on any key you like.

Mabel puts down D. Miss Wells puts down E, saying, 'E is the second from D. Now, you put down a second to my note.—(Mabel puts down F.)—That's it. F is the second to E. Now, Mabel, I will put down C, and you put down the third instead of the second key. Count them. C D E. E is the third key, you see. Let us sing them: *Do Re Mi. Mi* is the third sound from *Do*. Now, what will be the third sound from G? Let us sing it. *Sol La Si.*

Mabel sings *Sol La Si.* 'Oh, *Si* is the third.'

Miss W. Now *Re Mi Fa.* Listen! Can't you hear that this last third is not exactly like the others?

Mabel. Yes; but it sounds nice.

Miss W. Yes, it comes satisfactorily on the ear after *Do Re Mi* and *Sol La Si.* But that is not what I meant. I will sing *Do Mi*, and then *Re Fa*, and you must listen to the difference.

Mabel. They seem to me both alike.

Miss Wells plays D F♯, and then D F. 'You can hear the difference between those two?'

Mabel. Oh yes, Auntie. They aren't a bit alike.

Miss W. Yes, they are 'a bit' alike, because they are both thirds; but I grant you they are very different sounding thirds. One is Major, and the other Minor.

Mabel (laughing.) Oh, my friend the Major is coming, is he? Which is the Major?

Miss W. Find out for yourself.—(She strikes D F, and then D F♯.) What does major mean?

Mabel (laughing.) *Mrs. Bright's brother.*

Miss W. O Mabel, you'll quite wear out that joke! Let us be serious now. What is the meaning of the word major?

Mabel. It's Latin for big, or great.

Miss W. No; it's Latin for bigger, greater, larger. A thing may be larger than another thing, and yet not remarkable for its size. You are large compared with baby, but small compared with me. Look at these

two thirds. A third is not a large interval, but one third is larger than the other. See—is not F♯ higher than F?

Mabel. Yes; one key higher up.

Miss W. Do you remember what a semitone is?

Mabel. A half-tone. Oh yes, I recollect your singing me the quarter-tones. I can't do it. I've often tried.

Miss W. It requires practice to do it at will. But think only of semitones now. Is this a semitone?—(She plays F F♯.)

Mabel. Yes.

Miss W. And this?—(Plays G A.)

Mabel. Oh no; there's a black key between. From G to G♯ is the semitone.

Miss W. Very well remembered, Mabel. Is this a half-tone?—(Strikes B C.)

Mabel. Yes; for there's no black key between.

Miss W. The *colour* of the keys makes no difference. Now listen while I sing, and tell me the half-tones.—(Sings *Do Re, Do* ♭*Re, Sol La, Sol* ♭*La.* Which is the farthest off from the first sound? Now I will sing them again. *Do Re, Do Re*♭. *Mabel.* Oh, I know the first *Do Re* is the farthest off. The first *Re* is higher than the second one.

Miss W. Quite right; and you must have been very attentive to all our lessons to be able to perceive it and describe it. I sung the Major semitone first, and then lowered it, or flattened it, as we call it, to a Minor semitone. Now I will play it again. C D, C D♭.

Mabel. Oh, I see; D♭ is nearer to C than D. That's plain enough. And the Major is larger than the other. To be sure, like Harry, who is Greene Minor, you know, not so big as Robert. Then, I suppose, at Eton Robert is Greene Major?

Miss W. Oh, never mind that now, Mabel. Our time is almost come to an end. You are clear that C to D♭ is the Minor semitone, or Minor second; and C to D is the Major semitone, or Major second—are you not?

Mabel. Oh, quite, dear Aunt Cecilia.

Miss W. Then you will see as plainly that from C (touching it) to E♭ is a smaller third than from C to E. Try them yourself.

Mabel puts her finger on C, and says, 'C D E, three notes; C to E is a third, a large third—Major, then. I must make the other smaller—the Minor.' She touches E♭.

Miss W. How many keys would you touch if you were to play every one between the key note, C, and the third, E? Touch them, and try; the black keys as well as the white.

Mabel touches C C♯ D D♯ E. 'I've touched five altogether.'

Miss W. And how many semitones do you think that will be?

Mabel. I'm sure I don't know.

Miss W. Look—from C to C♯, one; C♯ to D, another; from D to D♯, three; from D♯ to E—four altogether. That makes four semitones.

Mabel. You don't count the first key?

Miss W. No. How many steps are there on the great staircase leading from the hall to the first landing? I dare say you've counted them often enough.

Mabel. That I have, and jumped down the two at the bottom often. There are eight.

Miss W. In going up, you don't count the ground from which you start, though you do count the top of the steps, the landing. Coming down it would be the other way—you would *not* count the landing, but you would the ground.

Mabel. Oh, I see! the first note is the ground.

Miss W. You counted it when I asked you how many *keys* you used to make the third. You said it took five. You counted the 'ground' then. But a semitone, Mabel, is not a key, nor a note, nor a sound; it is the *distance* between one sound and another, the *difference* between two sounds—it is an INTERVAL.

Mabel. Oh, to be sure, I recollect. What a tiny interval it is! But not so *very* tiny as those quarter-tones you sung.

Miss W. The third is a larger interval, made of three or four semitones. The larger third, the *Major* third, is made out of four semitones. The smaller third, the *Minor*, is made of only three semitones, as you discovered just now.

Mabel thinks. At last she says, 'I understand it quite.'

Miss W. I will show you the intervals in the scale.—(She strikes C with left hand, and then plays D with the right hand.)—That is the second. Now tell me what this is.—(Strikes C E.)

Mabel. That must be the third.

Miss W. (Striking C F.) What will that be?

Mabel. The fourth, I suppose.

Miss W. Yes. And this?—(Striking C G.)

Mabel. The fifth.

Miss Wells strikes C A, C B, C C; and Mabel answers, 'Sixth, seventh, and eighth.'

Miss W. We have learnt enough to-day, Mabel. Let us play the exercises for five minutes.

(To be continued.)

TRINITY MONDAY AT DEPTFORD.

THE DUKE'S LAST VISIT.

'Trinitas in Unitas.'—*Motto of the Guild.*

LIVING within an easy distance of Deptford, it had been our wish for many years to be present on Trinity Monday at the Trinity House, and see the good old Duke of Wellington come down in state as Master of

the Guild. But as each year came round, so did some special duty come with the day. We had always one regular engagement on Mondays in the school, in attending to a large coal and clothing club, just at the hour we should have been at Deptford. But as Trinity Monday came only once a year, it seemed so easy to get our duty taken for us that *one* day, that we were always sanguine, until the day came, that we should be able to gratify our wishes. But it was not so; either our substitute failed, or something happened unexpectedly to prevent our attendance at the Hall; and though the good old Duke attended regularly at the Trinity House for sixteen years, we never had our wish fulfilled until the day when he paid his last visit to Deptford.

Perhaps, before I give an account of this visit, some details of the Guild may be interesting, particularly as all the ceremonial part, and the state visit of the Master of the Trinity House, is swept away. The first Charter of the Trinity House at Deptford-Strond* was made in the fourth year of the reign of King Henry VIII., and is dated the 20th day of March, 1515. Sir Thomas Spert, Knight, and Comptroller of the Navy to King Henry, was the founder of the Guild and first Master; he died in 1662, and there is a monument to his memory in Stepney Church. This Charter enabled the seamen and mariners of this realm 'to found a Guild or Brotherhood perpetual in honour of the Blessed Trinity and St. Clement, concerning the craft and cunning of mariners, and for the increase and augmentation of the ships thereof.' Henry VIII. confirmed to them their ancient rights and privileges, as well as their several possessions at Deptford. In the reign of Elizabeth, an Act was passed to enable the Master and Wardens of the Trinity House, Deptford-Strond, to erect sea-marks; and in the reign of James II. a Royal Charter of Confirmation was granted by his Most Excellent Majesty, and 'Samuel Pepys, (of pleasant memory,) our trusty and well-beloved Secretary of the Admiralty,' was made Master of the Guild—doubtless much to his heart's content—and his great friend, John Evelyn, living at Sayes Court, Deptford, Pepys could join the pleasure of seeing him when business took him to the Trinity House. Well for them that neither could foresee what that delightful abode of Sayes Court would become. Hear what Evelyn says he did for Sayes Court, which he found nothing but a 'rude orchard;' he first set out an oval garden, which was the beginning of all the succeeding gardens, walks, groves, and plantations. 'I also repaired the ruined house, built the whole end of the kitchen, chapel, buttery, &c., and all the out-houses and walls, still-house and orangery, and made the gardens, to my great cost.' And the Secretary of the Admiralty, speaking of his friend's garden, calls it 'a most beautiful place, and a lovely noble ground,' and notices there a hive of bees as a great rarity, and mentions seeing a tortoise, which Mr. Pepys was pleased to call 'a kind of *plant-animal*.' There are no longer beautiful gardens and fountains, or clipt hedges; and the bees in the glass

* *Strond* is now an obsolete word; it answers to a bank or strand.

hives, and the fish-pond, and the tortoise, have long disappeared. For Evelyn's house is now employed as an Emigrant Depôt, with nothing to bring back the thoughts of its past glories; but his mulberry tree was living when we were there, though no sign of the beautiful holly-hedge, through which the Czar drove his wheelbarrow to Evelyn's great grief, remained. And the Emperor of Russia's visit to the Dock-yard, where he learned ship-building, is kept in remembrance only by the name of Czar Street, inhabited by the poorest of the Deptford poor.

But to return to the Trinity House, of which Pepys was the Master in the reign of James II. It then consisted of a 'Master, Wardens, and Assistants of the Guild, a fraternity of the Most Glorious and Undivided Trinity and St. Clement, in the Parish of St. Nicholas, Deptford-Strond, having for their motto, "Trinitas in Unitas."' So solemnly dedicated, it naturally followed that the Brotherhood would show their relationship by deeds of charity and love to their poorer members; and accordingly we find that as many as three thousand poor seamen, widows, and orphans, are annually relieved. The capital mansion belonging to the Corporation is upon Deptford-Strond, not far from the old Church, where are also twenty-one houses, inhabited by aged ship-masters or their widows. Besides the Trinity House, there is a building called Trinity Hospital, which has thirty-eight alms-houses belonging to it. It is a handsome building, but not so old as the Trinity House. This latter building is for decayed pilots, masters of ships, and their widows. Besides a dwelling, they have a weekly allowance in money. There is also at Mile End a Trinity Hospital, the ground for the building being given by an Elder Brother of the Guild. This latter building is for twenty-eight masters of ships and their widows, with a monthly allowance of money, and a gift of coals and a gown every second year. 'If ye be My disciples, see that ye love one another,' is thus fulfilled by the Brotherhood.

The members of the Trinity Board meet every week for the transaction of business, which would take up much time to recapitulate. Amongst other matters of business, they have to see to the erection of light-houses, and keep the sea-marks in order. They supply ships with ballast, and have in their employ sixty barges and three Trinity yachts. All pilots are examined by the Trinity Board, and the several rates of pilotage are settled by the Board. In former days all these transactions took place at Deptford; but it is now deemed more convenient to meet in London, and the Guild have a handsome house near the Tower. But the Brethren always have an annual procession to their Hall at Deptford every Trinity Monday, when they elect their Master for the ensuing year, overlook the dock-yard, and visit the alms-houses, &c. And this was the ceremony we had set our hearts on seeing.

On Trinity Monday, 1837, the Duke of Wellington was elected Master of the Trinity for the first time; and he held the office for sixteen years, never failing to be present at each anniversary. At his last visit we were

present; and I purpose now to give an account of that interesting visit, hoping there are still many who remember with pleasure the good old Duke, and take an interest in anything relating to him. The procession, consisting of the Duke, the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House, came from the Tower in the Trinity barges, and landed at Deptford Green, and were met there by the vicar and parish officers, and proceeded at once to the Hall, where the Oath of Allegiance was taken by the Master and the Deputy Master. The 'Loving Cup' was then passed round, the Duke himself first partaking of it, and then he distributed biscuits; of course the natural anxiety was to get a biscuit from the Duke's own hand. I must say I watched with greater interest to see who obtained his Grace's bouquet, for I had heard many pleasing anecdotes about its disposal. It was said the Duke never failed to bring a bouquet with him, which he held in his hand whilst he looked around him and selected the youngest and fairest lady, to whom he presented it, thus making it a double object of value. And I had heard of young and fair girls, having obtained the coveted bouquet once, putting their friends and young companions forward to receive the much-prized gift. But on the occasion of our visit, the good old Duke had *two* bouquets, and he was surrounded and jostled about by ladies anything but young and fair, till he was fain to surrender them to the most obtrusive; and the sight was rather painful than otherwise. On these grand occasions the Hall was strewn with rushes, and on the ledges round the room was laid that 'Herb of Grace,' rue—thus keeping up the old custom of decorating apartments on special festivals. The Hall in which this ceremony took place was comparatively new, being only a hundred years old. The original place of business was a fine old room over the gateway, leading into the Trinity grounds attached to the Governor's house.

After the ceremonies at the Trinity Hall were over, the procession made its way to the Parish Church of St. Nicholas; a Saint believed by our Saxon ancestors to be propitious to mariners, merchants, and fishermen. On this occasion the Vicar read prayers, and Canon Melville preached one of his most eloquent sermons. He and the Duke's nephew, the Honourable and Reverend G. Wellesley, preached alternate years; and all the sixteen years the Duke was Head Master, he had never been prevented once being at the service, which he joined in, repeating the responses always aloud and with great reverence. So we saw the Duke, as we had wished to do; and as it proved, it was the last time we could have done so, for it was his last visit to the Trinity House. And the next occasion that he was brought to our mind, was the day that he was carried to his last resting-place—St. Paul's—with thousands of eyes gazing on the sad procession, and every heart lamenting his loss.

'As the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.'

After the Service at the Church was over, we went to the Vicarage to

take luncheon, where we met many friends at the vicar's hospitable table. There is always a grand dinner given by the Master and Brethren of the Trinity House; but that takes place in London, and is often on the previous Saturday. The invitations are sent out in a very elegant form, with lace borders, and adorned with silver and gold letters; and if one may judge of the dinners by the carte now before me, they are of the most luxurious and *recherchée* kind, turtle in many forms appearing at the 'premiére service;' and they have singing-men to enliven their repast; and they conclude their dinner, as I will now conclude this paper, with an old Grace of the fourteenth century—

Grace. A. D. 1310.

Alla Trinità beata
Da noi sempre adorata
Trinità gloriosa;
Unità merabigliosa
Tu sei manna superna
E tutta desiderata.
Amen, Amen.

DREAMS OF THE DEAD.

'There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our Philosophy.'

These strangely suggestive words of that mighty mind which fathomed all the depths of our mysterious nature, seem to speak also of intrusions into that mysterious world beyond our nature, from which so many believe that vision and sign have come, and may come again.

Gladly would one believe this was so; thankful for the hope which it gives, that if indeed such signs have ever come to mortal men, our beloved dead may be nearer us than we dare to think. Spirits, as they are, in a spirit land, we can yet hope that if they are still conscious of things of earth, they may still be within reach of our love.

That there is this consciousness of earth, in that other state, and unbroken links of sympathy between the dead and the living, many a strange story of dream and vision seem to tell.

The beautiful words in the Laodamia—

> 'The invisible world with thee hath sympathized:
> Be thy affections raised and solemnized,'

come back with a strange fitness to many a story I have heard.

To one especially, of a dream, which seemed more than a dream to

her who told it me, from its coincidence with one of the many sad events of a much saddened life.

It was the dreary dawn of a February morning; ——— was (she thought) hardly quite asleep, when she saw her mother, and a sister who had not been long dead. She thought she was in a room with them. From a window in the room, they saw a city of the most transcendent beauty. They looked up to it in the air. Towers and walls were shining with a wonderful beautiful light, which she felt she had never seen before. She saw it was unlike any earthly light—'a light that never was on land or sea.' She was watching the city, full of rapt wonder, when suddenly clouds began to gather; they came up before the city, and all grew dark.

She turned in distress to her mother, saying, 'Oh, we cannot see the city now, the clouds are coming over it.'

She saw a strangely pitying smile on her mother's face, as she answered, 'Dear ——, many dark clouds must come, before you see that city.'

Just then, she was awoke by a servant coming to her door, and heard that her nurse asked her to come instantly to her little baby. The child, who had been slightly ailing, had become suddenly alarmingly ill. For three hours she watched her baby, and then all was over. Not until she was again in her room, bearing alone the first agony of her grief, did her dream and its sad significance strike her. She turned to a Bible, to see if the vision could have been suggested by the City of the Apocalypse; but though it seemed to her that she had indeed seen 'a City which had no need of the sun, nor of the moon, to shine in it,' she could not believe it had been suggested by what she read.

But the vision (however sent) was a comfort to her, and the pity in her mother's smile and words, a still greater comfort; for then, and ever since, has she believed that the dead mother and sister knew of, and pitied, her sorrow. That with her indeed 'the invisible world *had* sympathized.'

Two instances are known to me, where a mother dying far away from her sons, a consciousness of her death came to them in dreams, in a distant land. The electric sympathy of love 'bridged half a world.' In both instances the death and the dream were identical in point of time.

It is some years ago, since what I am going to relate took place.

An officer, a Captain P——, was with his regiment in Canada. He dreamt that he saw his mother, and that she asked him very earnestly to receive the Holy Communion with her. He thought he knelt by her, and received it. A feeling of extreme awe was over him long after he awoke; and it seemed borne in upon his mind that his mother was dead.

And so it proved. He heard by the next English mail that she had died the very night of his dream, and that just before her death she had received the Sacrament.

The other instance I have mentioned, occurred also to an officer. He was in the West Indies with his regiment. It was the night before Good Friday, seven or eight years ago. He dreamt that he was in a room in England, where his mother lay dying. His sister was by her, and no one else was there. His mother was dying so gently and peacefully, that he thought as he watched her, 'Even the death of a beloved mother is not so sad a sight!'

He awoke, haunted by his dream in the early light of the bright tropical day. I have seen the cross in his journal, put there that Good Friday morning, to remind him of the night of his dream.

When, a few weeks afterwards, he heard that that night his mother had died, that he had indeed seen her death-bed in his sleep, the trust that his spirit had been permitted to be near her in that solemn hour, became a thought of the deepest comfort to him.

Three years more, and he was with his mother, whose love had reached him even in death. He was lying below the waters of that treacherous tropical sea—his spirit, we trust, in the land 'where there shall be no more sea.'

Of warnings given in dreams, the instances are endless. This warning is given, and often the doomed one tries to avail himself of it; but in most stories of the kind, the catastrophe surely and inevitably comes, in some way least looked for.

Out of many such cases, where a dream seems to have been sent as a warning, I only know one where it had the effect of averting the catastrophe.

It was told me by a gentleman, a member of one of the families implicated. He knew personally the principal actors in the affair, some of whom may be still alive. It was in Ireland, and happened many years ago. A clergyman in the south of Ireland, a Mr. Russell, was staying at a house in his own neighbourhood, where he was a very frequent visitor. He had gone to his room one night, and nothing unusual was observed about him. The next morning, as he could not be awakened, his door had to be broken open, and he was found dead, having apparently hung himself from the end of the bed. No papers were found, and no motive could be imagined for suicide; but it was still more impossible to suppose it a murder; and so, out of kind feeling to his family, the affair was hushed up, and it was thought, as the only possible explanation, that it was a suicide in a sudden fit of insanity.

Some months passed; and a butler who lived in the family where Mr. Russell died, went into the service of a Sir J—— P——, who also lived in the same neighbourhood, and who had been a friend of Mr. Russell's.

One night, Sir J—— P—— dreamt that Mr. Russell appeared to him, and warned him to lock his door. He awoke, remembering the dream very vividly, but never thinking of acting upon it. He went to sleep and dreamt it again, and this time his friend seemed to say, 'Get up and lock your door, or you will be served as I was. He again awoke,

and after thinking over the dream for a few moments, sprung out of bed, and locked the door. He was still awake, a few minutes afterwards, when stealthy steps came to the door, and the handle was turned. He called to know who was there, and was answered by the butler. He asked him what he wanted at that hour; (It was about four o'clock.) and the man answered that he was coming for his clothes. His master ordered him to bed at once, and seemed to have thought little more about it at the time. But in the morning it was found that this man had disappeared. He was never heard of again; and it was supposed that he had fled to America—that, having secured his passage, and laid his plans for disappearing that night, he would have robbed and murdered his master, as he had done Mr. Russell, but for the warning of the murdered man in the dream.

The gentleman who told me the above facts, told me also of a curious instance of the communion of the spirit of a dying woman with the spirit of one long since dead. His grandmother had been long ill, and the end was thought to be come. She had been lying for hours quite unconscious, and her children and grandchildren were watching near her, thinking every moment would be the last, when her eyes opened, and they saw she was conscious again. She said, 'I am better, I shall get well.' From that moment she began to revive, and soon became quite well. She told her children afterwards, that in that long stupor she had seen the sister who had died so many years before, that she had told her that she would not die then, that she would live fifteen years, 'and then,' she said, 'I will come for you; be ready when I come.' She lived fifteen years, and died just at the hour she said she should, at midnight.

A curious dream, implying that the dead may still have an interest even in details of the life of earth, and that the recent dead may bear tidings of the living to the dead, occurred a few years ago. ——— met an old lady whom she knew slightly as a distant relative of her mother's, one evening, at a house in her neighbourhood. She hardly spoke to her, and thought no more about her, until two or three nights afterwards she dreamt that her mother, who had been dead about two years, came to her. She thought she looked very sad as she said, 'Why, dear ——, did you not speak more to Mrs. S——?' (the lady she had met a few nights before,) 'she could only tell me how you looked, and how you were dressed.'

The dream, from its being so very vivid, haunted her very much through the day, and still more so, when she found that her mother's old friend had been dead when she dreamt this—that she had died suddenly the day before.

It strikes one that there is an element of absurdity in a disembodied spirit being conscious of such details as the dress and looks of anyone on earth; and yet it may not be so. All that regards the spirit-life (our own unknown future) is to us such a mysterious blank, that no imaginings can pierce the mystery. As objects loom larger in a mist, as the effect of the imagination is always to exaggerate the unknown, so in this

thick obscurity, may it not be possible that we exaggerate the transition of the mortal into immortal?

We can conceive of no continuation of being without an identity of consciousness. And so it is impossible to believe but that the memory of their mortal life remains to disembodied spirits. In our absolute ignorance of that life, is it too much to believe that communion *is* possible between the mortal and immortal? Is it rash to hope that the might of a strong affection may sometimes pass the chasm that divides the living and the dead? To many, the sharpest pain of death is separation. If we might hope that the gulf is not so wide, that we are not indeed so far away, we should not so fear 'the beautiful Angel, Death.'

Those whom we loved more than life are gone. Our love for them is saddened with a sense of loss, burdened with the mystery of their change, but their love for us is carried with them, we trust, into that higher brighter life. Dare we hope, that looking down through these earth mists, from their brighter life, they see us still—that the gloom which is so dark to us is light to them; and that across the abyss which divides us, the spirits of our loved and lost may reach us, if God wills.

The facts I have narrated, and many more of the same kind which are known, seem to say so, and to lead to the belief that in that day, when we too shall reach the 'Morning Land,' we shall perhaps find that all the while we were nearer our dead than we ever dared to think—that Heaven itself was not so far away.

'Life is only bright, when it proceedeth
Towards a truer deeper life above;
Human love is sweetest, when it leadeth
To a more divine and perfect love.

Learn the lesson of progression duly:
Do not call each glorious change, decay;
But know, we only hold our treasures truly,
When it seems as if they passed away.'

D. J., Gwynfryn.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

My dear ——,

I was too tired to write again before leaving Paris. You will have received my letter dated just after our first visit to the Exhibition, in which I told you that I thought the difficulties of getting to and fro had been much exaggerated, since we ourselves had found none. The next day, however, it was somewhat different: we could not even get so much as *near* an omnibus, the waiting crowds were so eager and so dense; and a fiacre was equally out of the question. After hailing several, and finding them all engaged, and regretting that we had not ordered one to be fetched for us at the hotel, we determined to saunter along the shady colonnades of the Rue de Rivoli, in hopes of being able to *attrapper* a return vehicle of some sort or kind. In this, too, we were for a long time unsuccessful: they were either all pre-

engaged to return to take up fresh parties, or someone more active than ourselves stepped in before us.

At length, however, we were ensconced in an open fiacre; and very glad we were to be safely landed at the Champs de Mars—especially as it was now past ten o'clock, and we had had no breakfast. We had made up our minds to have a Russian tea-party, for the sake of seeing again our blue-eyed damsel of the crimson coif—partly that we might realize the merits of tea and lemon instead of milk. The lemon is brought in thin slices, one to each cup, and floats on the top of the tea, which, when duly sweetened, is extremely nice, and very refreshing. Then we tried, for curiosity's sake, some Spanish chocolate, which came in a very tiny cup of thick white porcelain, and was as thick almost as custard. It is made with water, and no milk. The attractions to this Restaurcian Espanol were not so great as to the Russian one: it had not the same happy air of cleanliness; and the ruling 'Madama,' who looked sharply after her rights in the matter of payment, calling a waiter to say what had been served to us, rather than trust to our word, was common-place in her city elegancies, after the fresh quaint costume of the young Russian maid, serving out her little tumblers of tea, and slices of country black bread, which we took at first for gingerbread, but found very sour and heavy.

Peculiarities and nationalities are always interesting; and so, I suppose, we cannot help being attracted by costume. Of this there is a large and good collection in the Exhibition—indeed, the figures of all countries, life size, and in natural posture and attitudes, and dressed in detail, are quite one of its best features. At this moment I can see before me a young Swede in gala costume, offering a rose to his chosen one, with a beaming blushing face beneath his broad felt hat shading his long yellow hair. Another excellent group was a young girl seated with glass in hand, and bent head, whose half-dishevelled locks were about to be arranged by her mother, whose fingers are just unfastening the kerchief that binds them round. Then there was a young Norwegian and his wife in Sunday clothes—his consisting of black pantaloons with broad green stripes, buttoned at the ankles, and reaching to the breast, with a jacket of about four inches deep, which just came far enough to meet them. The woman's upper garment exactly resembled his: her skirt was quite short, showing neat white stockings below. Then there were Caucasians in all varieties of sheep-skin clothing —caps and boots and cloaks. A Nubian dancing-girl in the lightest of attire, but most graceful of attitudes, her fingers tipped with henna, and eyes embellished with kohl; and by her side a Copt lady of rank, in sombre face-veil and long black upper garment trailing a yard in the dust. But the most wonderful figure of all was the Japanese Prince Satsuma on horseback, himself and his steed armed *cap-à-pied*. He wears a hideous black mask, and gaudily-coloured garments—a tiny white rabbit surmounted his helmet as crest. Behind him was a curious rickety-looking Japanese conveyance, drawn by a richly-caparisoned camel.

Amongst the most curious costumes are the large and ample scarlet and yellow feather-cloaks worn by the chiefs of Hawaii. The yellow feathers look much like canary feathers; but they form part of the plumage of a black-coloured bird, which has one golden feather beneath each wing, which is plucked out annually. No wonder they are precious; for there must be myriads required to make a single mantle with its cape.

While we were still discussing these barbarian costumes, we came upon a case of the latest Parisian fashions, exhibited by one of the best *modistes* of Paris; and among them was a rich white silk skirt and train trimmed with a peacock's tail. How closely one nation's folly treads upon the heels of another nation's fashion!

The invention in small things which most attracted me was a Russian piece of goldsmith's skill—some very small watches in the shape of jewelled globes, which are worn depending from a short chain, or a lady's bracelet. They wind up without a key, and are said to go even better than ordinary watches. Of course, thickness makes up for want of breadth. Here again I could not help thinking how fashion revolves upon itself; for they reminded me of the old *Nüremberger Eier*. They are, however, exceedingly pretty, dainty, and *mignonne*. Nearly all were marked '*vendu*.' We could not learn the price of any. To go off to a very different point of the Russian department, I ought just to mention the *Ecuries*, filled with a very fine stud of shining coated, sleek, handsome horses, all of which were almost asleep in their beautifully carved stalls. These are, of course, situated in the *Parc*, which we perambulated in the cool of the day, after the Exhibition itself was closed. The *Parc* remains open for three or four hours after this, to give the throng of visitors time to disperse without confusion, which is a great advantage, although we could

not help thinking the company might possibly become doubtful as the evening drew on.

The Palace opens at seven in the morning, from which hour till ten the charge of admission is two francs. It closes at six in the evening. There seems to be a want in the matter of catalogues. There are only two kinds to be had. A general catalogue, price six francs, as thick as one's arm, and too bulky to carry about, or a catalogue *en detail*, which consists of as many volumes as there are departments. We should have liked to find something to give us an idea of what we ought chiefly to look for and admire. Some of the large Parisian houses advertised themselves very cleverly by hanging up plans of the *Exposition*, with lists of their own merits and articles printed all over the back. Fans too are offered for sale, with plans of the Palace and grounds on their faces. Some of the Moors and Turks were offering these to purchasers. One of these men was fanning himself at the same time with a genuine Egyptian hand punkah—a little thing, shaped like a flag on a stick, of bamboo plait. I asked if it were for sale: he said 'No;' but correcting himself, added politely that I might have it for three francs! I laughed at the idea, and replied that I had bought a whole bunch of them in his country for a penny a-piece! He had nothing more to say.

Amongst the things worth seeing is a well-appointed reindeer sledge, life size, which seemed to attract a good deal of attention among the Bourgeois class of visitors, who formed a large portion of the whole. They generally wandered about without much apparent aim or object, treating the thing more as a place of promenade. The ONLY spot that was crowded was the department of toys, chiefly of the mechanical kind; some little perfectly natural-looking singing-birds in cages; and dancing-bears, and dolls in groups *en costume*, performing on instruments, dancing, offering tea and refreshments to each other, and so forth. I remember some little time ago hearing that the march of intellect in Paris was so great, that the smallest of demoiselles despised any sort of *étrennes* which cost less than £20 or so! No wonder, if their toys are such as these exhibited curiosities. Another proof of the advance of luxury in France may be seen in a plate of glass exhibited in that department—the largest ever yet produced. I should be afraid to make even an approximate guess at its dimensions. They are wonderful, and its clearness is like that of crystal. How strange it is to think that in the days of our mothers' childhood a Vauxhall plate of some three feet by twenty inches was a rarity and indulgence to be astonished at! One might soon fill a few pages with moral reflections, conjured up in one's mind by the great *Exposition* and its contents, rich and rare, unique and quaint, barbarous and rude—carrying one now to the verge of luxurious antiquity, then to the utmost limits of modern civilization; again, from the wild simplicity of the remoter northern nations to the wild savagery of some southern ones.

Yet with all the luxury and wealth and love of display suggested by the Exhibition in the larger European departments, there was an unmistakeably prosaic air also of the predominating love of *gain*—a turning of all things to a use, a purpose. It is somewhat difficult to define to oneself, without more thought than I have just now opportunity or quiet to bestow, how far this may be right and good, how far reprehensible. But life must have some poetry to make up its sum; and it is better—is it not?—to have poetry unprosaic, although prose may be poetic. In short, what I would say is, that it seemed to us as though there were but little that was beautiful for beauty's sake, or for the love of beauty. The *utile e dolce* was too closely combined. The practical too far exceeded the ideal. I am not saying that this is wrong—I am but suggesting the idea to myself as well as others. One would not surely convert, if one could, a blush-tinted Alpine glacier, glowing in the last rays of the setting sun, and filling one's mind with upward rising thoughts, one's heart with prayer and praise, into a field of roses, because from their dew-bespangled petals costly attar might be produced!

But I must close my letter, it has become rather longer than I intended. These thoughts and ideas are the result of a transient visit, which may be repeated at a later date, when much will be doubtless viewed under better auspices than was possible at this early period of the season. There is much to admire, much to interest, much to enjoy; and I am glad to have seen it all, and thankful too.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY PACKET.

Redcar, Yorkshire, 10th April, 1867.

Will you kindly allow me to correct a misstatement which appears in an article in your April Number, entitled, 'Two Convalescent Homes.'

The writer, who signs M. C. B. S., describing the All Saints' Convalescent Home at Eastbourne, (begun in 1864,) remarks that it was '*the very first that was established for the benefit of that class of patients to whom the existing Convalescent Institutions afforded no relief; namely, to those persons to whom change of air was absolutely necessary for recovery, and yet who were too weak and suffering to be able to dispense with care, nursing, and medical attendance.*'

Also, '*that it is the only sea-side hospital to which subscribers' letters admit patients free.*'

The Convalescent Home, situated on the sea-coast at Coatham, Redcar, was established three years previous to the above-mentioned institution. It is sufficiently large to accommodate fifty patients, who are admitted from any part of England. They are provided with medical attendance, board, lodging, washing-baths, and every requisite for health and comfort, *free of charge.*

The nursing of the patients and the domestic arrangements are attended to by Sisters, of the Church of England, who give their voluntary services.

The only restriction is, that the patients must not have infectious diseases; but are simply recovering from sickness, and need a few weeks of pure air, sea-bathing, and good food, to restore them to health and strength. The patients are admitted upon a subscriber's recommendation.

This institution is open all the year round; and during the six years it has been in operation, it has received 2178 men and women patients.

I may just add in conclusion, that the applications for admission have far exceeded the accommodation; and it is proposed to enlarge the building considerably—for which purpose contributions will be most thankfully received.

I enclose my card; and remain,

Yours respectfully,

W. J. L.

HINTS ON READING.

Distant Acquaintance in Their Own Homes, by a Lady. (Nisbet.) This is a bright little book of verses on natural history—not much more than a rhymed account of the habits of various animals, but highly acceptable both in the nursery and the village school.

A nice little penny appeal to children, on behalf of *The Children Workers of Bethnal Green*, has been put forth by Miss Sophy Moody, Glenfern, Bournemouth, by those who may wish to interest their children in the cause of poor little creatures of four years old, who earn their own livelihood (Query deathlihood?) by making hundreds of boxes for lucifer matches every day—sixty-four for a penny!

If any of our readers have not met with Miss Ingelow's charming *Stories Told to a Child*, (Low,) they have a great pleasure to come.

The latter specimens of *Tales for Saints' Days—Whitcliff Shop*, and *A Son of Consolation*, are improvements on the last; but still we wish we could see in this style of book something more full of pith—such as we have in 'Helpful Sam,' in 'The Lost Half-sovereign,' or 'The Heavy Sixpence.'

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

Greta *would be glad to know the author of the following lines:—*

'Like clouds that rake the mountain summit—
Like waves that own no curbing hand:
How fast doth brother follow brother,
From sunlight to the sunless land!'

H. C. *begs to be told of some simple songs and hymns with music, for infant schools.*

A. O. K. *begs for information whether there be any short Catechism on Confirmation fit for tradesmen's daughters.*

E. B. *wishes to know where the quotation,*

'Not lost, but gone before,'

is to be found.

Acknowledged with many thanks:—E. G. H., *a box of clothes for the Sisters of the Poor, St. Michael's, Shoreditch.*—H. P. S., Devizes, 4s.; Rebecca B. E., 5s.; Thomas R. P., 10s., *for the St. Luke's Mission.*—14s. *from* H. G. Y. *for the Clewer Fields Mission.*

Curiosity *begs to know what is supposed to be the meaning of the poem called* 'Divided,' *by Jean Ingelow.*

F. E. C. D.—*Parcels for Honolulu may be sent to either the care of Miss Gardiner, Mayhush, Shirley; or to that of Miss Bullock, of the Ladies' Association, as explained in our May number.*

Retrospect *and* Easter-tide *were received, but not accepted. We apologize for having omitted to notice them.*

Declined with thanks.—E. V., Rugby; Tertia; The Pass of St. Gotthard; Helen's Last Night.

N., the Author of 'Bertram, the Heir of Pendyne.'—*A letter and proof, addressed as you desired, have been returned to us as 'Insufficiently Addressed.'*

Marion.—New Ground *has not been separately published, but we believe the volumes of the Magazine containing it are to be had.*

O. *would be much obliged for information on the right customs respecting the tolling of the knell or passing-bell.*

W. F. *begs to inform* 'Elaine' *that the quotation,*

'Not lost, but gone before,'

is anonymous, from R. A. Smith's Edinburgh Harmony, 1829.

'He tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb,'

is from Sterne's 'Story of Maria,' *in* 'The Sentimental Journey.'

Sister Alice *would be glad to know the authors of the following hymns:—*

'The sun is sinking fast.'
'Come, let us praise the Name of God.'
'Creator of the world, to Thee.'
'Jesus lives! no longer now.'
'Eternal Father, strong to save.'
'O Word of God, above.'
'Praise we the Lord this day.'

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

THE MONTHLY PACKET

OF EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

PART 20. AUGUST, 1867. PRICE 1s.

THE FIRST DEPARTURE.

BY THE LATE REV. E. MONRO.

How grand, oh, sea! thou lonely sea,
  Thy wandering billows strong;
And yet thou bearest far from me
  My boy of joyous song.

The boy, who filled his mother's home
  With life and joy and gladness,
Thou bearest on thy mighty waves,
  And leav'st but tears and sadness.

How grand, old sea, thy breaking might!
  How far the shores it laveth;
Yet to those shores thou bear'st away
  The boy my spirit craveth.

The boy, who in our happy home
  Was pure through all temptation:
O GOD! upon that lonely sea,
  Preserve Thine own creation.

How grand, thou sea! the mighty freights
  Thou bear'st to distant stations:
But yet I tremble at the thought
  Of all my boy's temptations.

I miss him at our morning praise;
  I miss him at our prayer;
I miss him at the Sunday church—
  My boy, you are not there.

O sea, thou sea, thou lonely sea!
That bear'st my child away,
His name will aye be mentioned here,
Each passing hour of day.

Remembered in our constant prayer,
Which, GOD, we raise to Thee—
Oh, still preserve Thy ransom'd child,
That we with Thee may be.

O sea! O sea! thou lonely sea!
Bring back on billow strong,
Before death's hand shall part from me
My boy of joyous song.

But greater far than thou, old sea!
Is HE Who lives in Heaven;
And HE will keep my child for me,
Thro' grace unfailing given.

ENGLISH HYMNOLOGY.

II.

HYMNS FOR THE FESTIVALS FROM ADVENT TO SEPTUAGESIMA.

THE greatest and noblest of our English Hymns will be found thickly clustered round our two highest Festivals, Christmas and Easter. Some of them belong to the two preparatory seasons of Advent and Lent; others naturally attach themselves to the festivals in the forty days which follow. We have at present to deal with the Christmas group of Hymns.

Advent has given the key-note to many of the hymns which have come down to us from ancient times. Among these, the first in rank is certainly Thomas of Celano's 'Dies Iræ.' Sir Walter Scott's free imitation of it, 'That Day of Wrath, that dreadful Day,' has more of the spirit and tone of an English hymn than most of the more literal translations. The version in 'Hymns Ancient and Modern' is by Dr. Irons.[1] Dean Alford has less successfully rendered it in the version beginning, 'Day of anger, that dread Day.' Isaac Williams has a much better translation, 'Day of Wrath! that awful Day.' Versions in

[1] Altered in the first and last verses. In the first, for Dr. Irons's 'See once more the Cross returning,' (from 'Crucis expandens vexilla,') is substituted 'See fulfilled the prophet's warning,' (from the true reading, 'Teste David cum Sibyllâ;')—in the last verse, for 'Grant us Thine eternal Rest,' is given, 'Grant *them*,' more literally translating 'Dona *eis* Requiem.'

several languages may be found in Daniel's 'Thesaurus Hymnologicus.' The original belongs to the fourteenth or fifteenth century, and is noticeable as one of the few Latin Hymns in which the singular number is used throughout. The popular hymn, 'Lo! He comes with clouds descending,' is based on John Cennick's imitation of 'Dies Iræ,' published in 1752. Charles Wesley in 1758 wrote two hymns, from which the first two and the last stanza of those usually given in our hymn-books are taken:—he also wrote the verse—

> 'The dear tokens of His Passion
> Still His dazzling Body bears;'

but these two, 'Every island, sea, and mountain,' and 'Now Redemption, long expected,' are by Cennick. An anonymous versification of some of those Christmas antiphons which begin with *O Sapientia*, appears, much improved from Dr. Neale's rendering, in 'Hymns Ancient and Modern:' —'O come, O come, EMMANUEL.'[1] On the other hand, Chandler's beautiful translation from the Advent Nocturns Hymn in the Paris Breviary,[2] has been altered without apparent reason. The original begins thus—

> 'The Advent of our GOD
> Our prayers must now employ,
> And we must meet Him on His road
> With hymns of holy joy.'

The two other Paris Breviary Hymns for Advent given in Hymns Ancient and Modern, are, 'On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry,'[3] and 'When shades of night around us close;'[4] the former altered from Chandler, the latter translated by the Compilers. One of the best verses of Chandler's is omitted:

> 'E'en now the air, the sea, the land,
> Feel that their Maker is at hand;
> The very elements rejoice,
> And welcome Him with cheerful voice.'

Caswall has most successfully rendered one of the Ambrosian Advent Hymns,[5] 'Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding.' The popular Advent Hymn, 'Great God! what do I see and hear!' is an imitation from Bartholomew (*not* Benjamin) Ringwaldt.[6] The author of the first English stanza is unknown; it was given in 1812 by Dr. Collyer with three additional stanzas of his own, the first two of which have been transferred with alterations to our present hymn-books. Miss Winkworth has beautifully rendered Rist's glorious Advent Hymn,[7] 'Arise, the

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[1] Veni, veni, EMMANUEL. The original is in a French Missal of the twelfth century. The Antiphons represented by its five verses are the seventh, third, fifth, fourth, and second respectively.

[2] Instantis Adventum DEI.

[3] Jordanis oras prævia.

[4] In noctis umbrâ, desides.

[5] En clara vox redarguit.

[6] Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit.

[7] Auf, auf, ihr Reichsgenossen.

kingdom is at hand!' Freylinghausen's hymn, of somewhat later date,[1] is known to us in Miss Cox's version, 'Wake! the welcome Day appeareth!' Two of Heber's Advent Hymns, 'The LORD will come! the earth shall quake!' and 'In the sun and moon and stars,' attained some popularity, though less deservedly than his grand lines—

'The LORD of might from Sinai's brow
Gave forth His Voice of thunder.'

Mrs. Alexander's hymn, 'When JESUS came to earth of old,' is exceedingly beautiful. 'Hark! the glad sound! the SAVIOUR comes,' is by Philip Doddridge. Dr. Wordsworth's 'See, He comes! Whom every nation' deserves to be better known; as do also Sir Edward Denny's 'Hope of our hearts! O LORD, appear,' and Dr. Monsell's 'Praise the LORD! rejoice, ye Gentiles!'

For S. Andrew's Day, (Nov. 30,) Mrs. Toke's 'JESUS calls us o'er the tumult,' is appropriate. For S. Thomas's Day, (Dec. 21,) may be wed Neale's 'We have not seen, we cannot see.'

For Christmas Eve we have Madan's variation of Wesley,[2] 'Hark! the herald angels sing,' Nahum Tate's 'While shepherds watched their flocks by night,' and James Montgomery's magnificent hymn, 'Angels from the realms of Glory.' John Cawood wrote the lines beginning, 'Hark! what mean yon holy voices?' The Paris Breviary Hymn for Nocturns of Christmas Day[3] may be appropriately sung on the midnight which ushers in the Festival. It may be questioned whether the compilers of Hymns Ancient and Modern have improved upon the Rev. James Russell Woodford's original rendering—

'GOD from on high hath heard,
Let sighs and sorrows cease;
The skies unfold, and lo!
Descends the gift of Peace.'

Isaac Williams's translation will be seen from its metre to be scarcely so well fitted for church use:—

'Away with sorrow's sigh,
Our prayers are heard on high;
And through Heaven's crystal door
On this our earthly floor,
Comes meek-eyed Peace to walk with poor mortality.'

Of very high merit is the following—

'It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old;'

though it is perhaps rather a carol than a hymn. The author is Edmund H. Sears, an American poet.

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[1] Auf! auf! weil der Tag erschienen.

[2] Wesley's original begins thus—

'Hark! how all the welkin rings,
Glory to the King of kings.'

[3] Jam desinant suspiria.

Of our translated hymns for Christmas morning, the most noticeable are the various renderings of 'Adeste, fideles,' a hymn probably not older than the fifteenth century. We owe to Canon Oakeley the most popular of these, though his first line, 'Ye faithful, approach ye,' has often been altered.[1] That in the Salisbury Hymn Book is the most regular in structure, and probably due in part to the Rev. J. Keble. It begins, 'Draw nigh, all ye faithful, joyous and triumphant.' Dr. Neale's rendering, 'Be present, ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,' is less poetic. John Byrom's Christmas Hymn, 'Christians, awake! salute the happy morn,' is most familiar to us in a shortened form: there are sixty lines in the original. Dr. Wordsworth's Christmas Morning Hymn, 'Sing, O sing this blessed Morn,' is very beautiful, though too long.

One of our earliest Christmas Hymns comes from the ninth in the *Cathemerinôn* of Prudentius,[2] which begins with a few lines unsuited for a church hymn. The largest selections from it have been made by the Hereford Breviary, and translated by Sir H. W. Baker, who has, however, adopted some lines from Dr. Neale. His version begins, 'Of the FATHER'S Love begotten, ere the worlds began to be.'[3] Sir H. W. Baker has also given in 'O CHRIST, Redeemer of our race,' a translation of an Ambrosian Christmas Hymn,[4] less literal than the Rev. W. J. Copeland's version—

'JESU, Redeemer, from on high,
Who, ere the daylight shone,
Sole Offspring of His Majesty,
Art with the FATHER ONE.'

The Christmas Hymn, 'High let us swell our tuneful notes,' which crept into Tate and Brady's supplement about 1810, is by Philip Doddridge.

For S. Stephen's Day we have the translation of the Paris Breviary hymn,[5] given in Hymns Ancient and Modern—

'First of martyrs, thou whose name
Doth thy golden crown proclaim.'

The allusion is here to the meaning of the Greek name Στέφανος, a crown. Adam of S. Victor had written similarly in his sequence for S. Stephen's Day:—[6]

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[1] In the S. P. C. K. Collection and Hymns Ancient and Modern it is given, 'O come, all ye faithful.' In Masters's Hymns and Introits the original first line is retained, but there are alterations in the rest of the hymn.

[2] 'Da, puer, plectrum, choreis ut canam fidelibus
Dulce carmen et melodum, gesta CHRISTI insignia.'
Its title is 'Hymnus omni horâ.'

[3] Corde natus ex PARENTIS ante mundi exordium.

[4] JESU Redemptor omnium. [5] O Qui tuo, dux martyrum.

[6] Heri mundus exsultavit.

'Thou by name a Crown impliest;
Meetly then in pangs thou diest
For the Crown of Righteousness!'

and S. Anatolius appears to have the same idea,[1] which is perhaps glanced at in Heber's hymn for this festival, 'The SON of GOD goes forth to war.'

For S. John the Evangelist our grandest hymn is that written by Mr. Keble in 1857, 'WORD Supreme, before creation,' founded partly on two ancient sequences.[2] An altered form of Caswall's Hymn from the Cluniac Breviary,[3] 'The Life which GOD's Incarnate WORD,' appears in 'Hymns Ancient and Modern.' 'An exile for the Faith'[4] is also partly his, but properly belongs to the lesser Commemoration of S. John (as a Martyr) on May 6th.

For the Holy Innocents' Day we have several translations of Prudentius's Hymn[5]:—Dr. Kynaston's rendering is perhaps the most poetical. It begins—

'Hail, Martyr sweets deflowered,
On morning's lintels cast,
Like blossoms thickly showered
Before the icy blast.'

The Venerable Bede has a hymn more fitted for church use;[6] the translation in Hymns Ancient and Modern is altered from Dr. Neale's. But the best hymn for this festival, 'Glory to Thee, O LORD,' was contributed by Mrs. Toke in 1853 to the S. P. C. K. Hymn Book.

For the Circumcision, two Paris Breviary Hymns[7] have been taken from Chandler's translation for Hymns Ancient and Modern—'O Blessed Day, when first was poured,' and 'The WORD, with GOD the FATHER One.' The latter is originally an Epiphany Hymn. In the translation, (by the compilers of the book,) which begins, 'The ancient law departs,'[8] something more than the metre has been caught from Keble's poem, 'The year begins with Thee.' We owe to the Rev. Henry Downton a beautiful hymn for New Year's Eve, 'For Thy Mercy and Thy Grace;' and to the Compilers of Hymns Ancient and Modern, 'The year is gone beyond recall,' the Nocturns Hymn for the Circumcision in the Meaux Breviary.[9] Some hymns for the 'Name of JESUS,' (August 7th,) may be sung on this day.

One of our most popular hymns for the Epiphany, 'Earth has many a noble city,' is also one of the oldest, being taken from the *Cathemerinôn*

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[1] In his hymn, Τῷ Βασιλεῖ καὶ Δεσπότῃ, translated by Dr. Neale.

[2] 'VERBI vere substantivi,' by Adam of S. Victor, and 'VERBUM DEI, DEO natum.'

[3] Quæ dixit, egit, pertulit. [4] From 'Jussu tyranni pro Fide,' Paris Breviary.

[5] Salvete flores martyrum. [6] Hymnum canentes martyrum.

[7] 'Felix Dies, quam proprio,' and 'VERBUM Quod ante sæcula.'

[8] From 'Debilis cessent elementa legis,' in the Paris Breviary.

[9] Lapsus est annus; redit annus alter.

of Prudentius:—it is altered from Caswall's translation. The significance of the wise men's gifts is skilfully unfolded in the fourth verse. Cœlius Sedulius has left us an Epiphany Hymn,[1] which Dr. Neale has translated, 'Why, impious Herod, vainly fear.' Two Epiphany Hymns in Hymns Ancient and Modern have been altered by Mr. Keble—the first, 'The Heavenly Child in stature grows,'[2] from a translation by J. Chandler; the second, 'Hail to the LORD's Anointed,' from James Montgomery. Rist's Epiphany Hymn[3] is well rendered by Miss Winkworth, 'All ye Gentile lands, awake!' In Mrs. Alexander's 'The wise men to Thy cradle throne,' and Bishop Heber's 'Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,' some may perhaps take exception at the apostrophe to the guiding star. One of the best Epiphany Hymns is taken from 'The race that long in darkness pined,' written by John Morrison as a paraphrase on Isaiah, ix. 6, 7. Dr. Wordsworth's Epiphany Hymn, 'Songs of thankfulness and praise,' is very beautiful, as are also Harriet Auber's 'Bright was the guiding star that led,' and W. C. Dix's 'As with gladness men of old.'

For the Conversion of S. Paul, (Jan. 25,) we find several hymns applying to him Jacob's prophecy concerning his tribe of Benjamin,[4] especially two from the Paris Breviary—the Rev. Francis Pott's 'The shepherd now was smitten,'[5] and the Rev. J. Chandler's ''Gainst what foemen art thou rushing?'[6] The same idea will be found in 'To-day with bright effulgence shine,' Dr. Wordsworth's hymn for this day.

For the Purification (Feb. 2.) we have the hymn, 'Blest are the pure in heart,' (taken partly from the Christian Year,) and Caswall's translation from the Paris Breviary,[7] 'O Sion, open wide thy gates.' There are several other renderings of this hymn; but on the whole we have certainly fewer hymns for this festival than we should expect to find.

LOUIS COUTIER BIGGS, M. A.

(To be continued.)

GIROLAMO MIANI.

WE had a serious alarm in London last summer. We had more than a threat of pestilence. Scores of devoted persons were engaged in ministering to the sick and the dying, and are now ministering in the same manner to the desolate. At such a time it may be worth while to study the character of a man who devoted himself in the same manner

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[1] 'Herodes hostis impie,' or, 'Crudelis Herodes, DEUM,' in Roman Breviary for Vespers.

[2] 'Divine crescebas Puer,' Paris Breviary.

[3] Werde licht du Stadt der Heiden. [4] Gen. xlix. 27. [5] Pastore percusso, minas.

[6] Quos in hostes, Saule, tendis. [7] Templi sacratas pande, Syon, fores.

some centuries back, when such devotion required more courage than it now requires, and was more at variance with the ways and opinions of polished life than it now is. We propose to review the career of a Venetian nobleman, who lived as long ago as the time of our Henry the Eighth, and who made a sacrifice of everything—of rank, and wealth, and ease, and health, and even life, for the sake of the poor, the sick, the degraded, and the forlorn.

Girolamo Miani is not exactly a Saint of the Roman Church, but his name is entered—as it deserves to be—upon the list of those whom the Church calls the Blessed. The following sketch is an abstract of the life of Miani, published in 'Acta Sanctorum,' and written by Augustin Turtura, who was the head of a congregation of secular clerks at Avignon—a French branch of the Order founded by Miani—the Congregation of Lomascha. There is a good deal of sermonising in Turtura's work, and some of it is written in the oily manner still in vogue in the Latin Church. But, for all that, the life is very well done; and if the present article shall prove to be good for anything, the credit must be given—not to the draughtsman of the article—but to Father Augustin Turtura.

In the fifteenth century, the House of Miani held an honourable rank among patrician families at Venice. Its members had done the state good service by sea and land, had held important commands in the Archipelago, and had headed successful embassies to the Grand Turk. The Miani were among the earliest settlers at Venice. They professed to be descended from an old Roman house, and believed their name to be a corruption of Æmilianus. So other Venetian families claimed descent from the Marcelli, Cornelii, Valerii, and Pisones. The Miani founded the Church of St. Thomas at Venice, in the year 917.

The maternal progenitors of Girolamo Miani were more conspicuous than his father's ancestry. The Mauroceni have given to Venice three Doges at least; and at the end of the thirteenth century, a lady of the family, named Thomasina, became the wife of Stephen King of Hungary, and the mother of his successor, Andreas.

Girolamo, the fourth and youngest son of the Senator Angelo Miani and Eleonora, or Dionora, his wife, was born at Venice, in the year 1481, when Sixtus the Fourth was Pope, and Giovanni Mocenigo Doge of Venice. At an early age Girolamo was instructed by his mother in the mysteries of the faith and the Articles of the Creed—was taken to church constantly, was taught to offer prayer twice a day, to reverence the priesthood, and to take delight in images of saints. His education went on regularly until his fifteenth year—the year 1495—when it was interrupted by the war with Charles the Eighth of France. By that time Girolamo had lost his father; and it is said that his adoption of a military career was not quite pleasing to his mother. The biographer thinks that, notwithstanding Girolamo's extreme youth, he took part in the campaign which ensued, which ended favourably for Venice. A

rather indecisive battle was fought near Ravenna; but in the end King Charles found his position in Italy insecure, and he was glad to retire into France with his forces.

Although the state of Venice remained at peace for many years, we are not told that Girolamo Miani went back to his studies; and in later life he was hampered by a defective education. He still served as a soldier, and his life in a camp did him no good. It is hinted that in those days Girolamo was irritable and self-indulgent, and that he got into certain scrapes. He was reclaimed at length, not by any twinges of conscience, but by the remonstrances of his brothers and the entreaties of his mother; in some measure also by prudential considerations. It occurred to him that the consequences of a wild life might possibly be loss of credit, and loss of promotion in the public service. At that time the service of the state of Venice was thought the highest possible vocation, and the dignities and offices of the state were sought for with the most passionate ardour.

In the year 1509 a most formidable league was formed by the Pope, the Emperor, the King of France, and other Powers, against Venice. It will be remembered that our Henry the Eighth, who just then succeeded to the English throne, was invited to join the League of Cambrai. The epoch was a most critical time in Venetian history, and the Commonwealth was reduced to very great straits. We may be sure that Girolamo served his country faithfully; but we have no record of his services until the year 1511—the thirtieth year of Girolamo's age—when he was sent to Castel Nuovo with three hundred troops. There are probably more places called Castel Nuovo in Italy than there are Newarks and Newports and Newcastles in England. The fortress to which Miani was sent stood on the river Piave, near Quero, in the upper part of the March of Treviso. Castel Nuovo was a strong post. It stood on rising ground, and was secured both by nature and by art. The commander of the garrison was one Andrea Rimondi, and the place was besieged by the Sieur de la Palisse, whose name often occurs in the military history of the time. La Palisse summoned the garrison to surrender, and threatened extreme measures should the surrender be deferred. He was answered by a defiance, and he immediately began to hurl missiles of stone and iron against the place. Having battered it for some days, he tried larger engines, and after a while the walls began to crumble. By that time the garrison had come under the command of Miani, through the defection of Rimondi, who proved to be either a coward or a traitor, and contrived to steal away by night. The troops were greatly discouraged by the secession of their commander, and the townsmen proposed to give up the place. So Miani made a stirring speech to them, telling them not to care for a false traitor, a contemptible runaway, but to show themselves true Venetians, and worthy of the Venetian name. The breaches in the walls were partially repaired, and the next assault was successfully resisted. The besiegers were enticed to assail a point that they supposed to be very weak, but it turned out to be too hard for them, and they were driven

back a second and a third time. The great La Palisse began to chafe. He had the flower of the allied army under his command, and he had been detained that while by a petty fort and a handful of men. Miani persevered in the defence, and headed the defenders in person, but found his men much worn by constant duty day and night without relief. Their small number obliged them all to be for ever on the watch. On the other hand, their enemies were always fresh, the assailing parties being constantly renewed. Thus the besiegers gained ground every day. The walls were pierced and broken on all sides. The valour of a few could not withstand a multitude for ever. At length all the works were carried by a sudden rush, and Castel Nuovo was taken.

At this point the narrative becomes highly mythical. We are told that an indiscriminate slaughter followed the capture of Castel Nuovo. We are told also that though Miani had been fighting desperately in the front ranks, he was taken alive and without a wound. He was thrown into a dark and foul dungeon in the basement of a turret, and put upon bread and water. He was fettered and shackled, and wore an iron collar with a large ball of stone attached to it. This stone was probably one of the missiles that had been hurled at Castel Nuovo. It was a very irksome engine, and gave the prisoner no rest by day or by night; for whenever he stirred it banged against his body. We may well believe that in his affliction Miani thought over the errors of his past life with compunction, and that he implored the assistance of a higher power. It was natural that he should offer up prayers and vows to the Blessed Lady of Treviso, and that he should undertake—as soon as he could regain his freedom—to visit her shrine with bare feet and with offerings. But the history relates that his prayers were answered by the presence of the being invoked, who appeared in white robes, and in the midst of heavenly glory, and in all the Divine majesty beseeming the Mother of God. Miani was raised from the ground, and some keys were handed to him, and he was told that he might unfasten his fetters, and the gates of the prison, and might walk off. The blessed presence instantly vanished, leaving Miani overjoyed but perplexed, and leaving the celestial keys in his hand. Girolamo felt bewildered for a time; but at length, mingling tears and thanksgivings, he made his way out of prison. He carried with him the keys that had come down from Heaven, the fetters that had bound him, and the great ball of stone. He had no clothing but a sort of shirt or tunic. While Girolamo was wondering whether he could slip by the guards, his patroness again appeared to him, led him through the German host, and conducted him in safety to Treviso. Girolamo deposited the keys, the fetters, and the stone ball, at the shrine of the Madonna. The keys were unfortunately lost at some time. The other relics remained at Treviso in the time of Father Turtura, whose life of Miani was published in the year 1620.

After the peace Miani was appointed podesta, or prefect of Castel Nuovo, and the office was held after him for many years by one or other

member of his family. But the office was not highly prized by Girolamo, who was an altered man, and was no longer a candidate for honours and distinctions. He resigned the prefecture on the death of his elder brother, when he became the head, or at least the leading member, of the family. He returned to Venice, and engaged in commercial enterprise; not for his own profit, but for the sake of his nephews. He reformed his behaviour, and cut his hair quite short. At that time the young men of Venice used curling-irons, and wore their hair in crisp curls, or in long waves, or pushed up into the form of an obelisk. Girolamo thought over his past life with great sorrow. He heard sermons constantly, and made choice of a confessor. The canons of the Order of the Lateran held an old church at Venice, dedicated to Santa Carità. A priest of this Order was Girolamo's first spiritual guide. Girolamo attached himself for many years to this adviser, and put himself absolutely into the hands of his confessor, engaging to submit all his designs, vows, wishes, thoughts, words, and actions, to the judgment and discretion of the priest. From that time Girolamo declined every public function, and ceased to take an interest in politics. He gave away largely, especially to poor maidens, and to poor folks who had once been rich. He mortified himself by fasting, watching, labour, prayer, and study. He so completely managed to control his temper, that on one occasion Girolamo Miani, who had been a fierce soldier, and was still a lordly patrician, meekly offered his cheek to a man with whom he had some dispute in St. Mark's Place, who had threatened to pluck out his beard.

When the reader learns that he knows nearly all that is known of Miani's history up to the year 1528, when Miani began to be about forty-eight years old, he will wonder why one should be asked to read the life of so common-place a personage. The truth is that the last days of Miani were his glorious days. Six or eight eventful years were spent by him in a struggle more heroic than the defence of Castel Nuovo. The year 1528 was a year of woeful distress and misery to the people of northern Italy. The chronicler calls it a year most fruitful in deaths and in all calamities. No one who retains the vaguest recollection of the acts of Charles the Eighth, Louis the Twelfth, and Francis the First—of Maximilian, Ferdinand, and Charles the Fifth, will require to be told that in the forty years preceding 1528, Italy had suffered grievously through the outrages of war. In 1528 the curse of famine was added to the calamities of war. There was so sore a famine in the Milanese territory, that the people ate horses, dogs, cats, mice, and all kinds of offal. The dearth extended to Venice, though it may not have been as grievous there as at Milan. Miani thought, with the patriarch Job, that his right arm would deserve to perish if he withheld the poor from their desire, or caused the eyes of the widow to fail. His charitable disposition was well known in Venice, and the poor people flocked to his house in swarms. He turned the house into a hospital. He got rid of all its dainty furniture, and defaced all its glowing blazonry, and filled its halls and porticos with houseless

starving wretches. He frequently traversed the streets of Venice in the silence of night, hunting for objects of charity—the sick, the famishing, the dying, and the dead. The sick he would carry to his house to be nursed, the famishing to be fed, and the dead he would bear upon his shoulders to the place of sepulture.

About this time Miani acquired a valuable friend. Giampietro Caraffa, the founder in Rome of an Order of regular clerks called the Theatine Order, had been driven from Rome, with his Theatines, by Bourbon's invasion. Caraffa betook himself to Venice, and for many years that city was the main station of the Theatine Order. For some time Girolamo's associates at Venice were allowed to worship in the Church of the Theatines, and were even buried there. Caraffa was afterwards made a Cardinal, and became Pope in 1555 under the name of Paul the Fourth. Since Miani made Caraffa his spiritual director, we may presume that the old priest of St. Charity's Church had departed this life. The friendship of Caraffa and Miani lasted until the death of the latter, though no two men could be more unlike in character than the Venetian and the Neapolitan. The one was a gentle missionary; the other a stern zealot, an unrelenting inquisitor. Miani's exertions on behalf of his famishing neighbours were not carried on with impunity. He had a most dangerous attack of fever. It was a sort of plague. It was non-intermittent, and his body was covered with purple, red, and tawny spots. He was so desperately ill that he received Extreme Unction; but his life was mercifully spared.

After his recovery, Girolamo resolved to devote himself more earnestly than ever to works of charity. He transferred the care of his brother's family to his nephew. He threw himself on the ground before a crucifix, and, with tears and reiterated groans, invoked the aid of the Most High, and consecrated himself and all his possessions to God and to the service of the poor, with his whole soul, heart, and will. You may think that Miani had long before foregone all the pomps and vanities of the world. Up to that time, however, he had worn the customary dress of a Venetian nobleman. The dress was commonly a black robe with long sleeves hanging down, but tightened between the wrist and the elbow. Our John Evelyn compares it to the gown worn by Bachelors of Arts at Oxford. The high magistrates of Venice, and the senators in solemn assembly, wore robes of purple. These outward signs of nobility Girolamo absolutely discarded and put away for ever. He gave up decent under-clothing at the same time, and adopted a vile patched habit, which had once been worn by a mendicant. He also procured a pair of coarse shoes —anciently called perones—and usually worn by the common people.

The fever caught by Miani was an epidemic fever, that came after the scarcity, as pestilence usually follows dearth. There was very great mortality; and that which has happened of late in London, came to pass at Venice. It was found that the dead could not well be spared by the living: that the survivors were, in many cases, the helpless, the fatherless, and the motherless. Throngs of desolate children, in want of mental

and bodily training, growing up in filth and vice and beggary, were to be seen on every side. The heart of Girolamo Miani was touched, and was moved by an impulse of Divine Grace. He understood that he was called by God to become the guardian and the father of these unhappy beings. Putting shame and diffidence aside, he set his hand to the work at once, and laid the first foundations in Venice of a home for bereaved children. He afterwards set up institutions of the same kind in other parts of Italy, to the great gain of souls, and great benefit of states; and strenuously persevered in the enterprise until his life's end.

Miani established his orphanage near St. Roque's Church. He collected handicraftsmen, who instructed the children in sedentary trades. The children were taught, when they rose in the morning, to recite the Lord's Prayer, the Ave, the Creed, and other pious forms, with a loud voice. They then attended Divine Service, and thence proceeded to their several employments. And while their hands were engaged in labour, their minds were kept free from idle thoughts, and their tongues were restrained; for fines were imposed on any breach of silence, and holy reading or sound exhortation occupied their minds most healthfully. And in the midst of their work they often uttered pious ejaculations—often recited or sang psalms and hymns, addressed especially to the Mother of Mercy, the Queen of Heaven and Earth; and they not unfrequently sang the Rosary of the Virgin in alternate strains—chanting, in the first place, the Lord's Prayer, and chanting it again at every pause—then finishing with the Litany of the Blessed Virgin; and thus the whole house resounded with their melody, to the great delight and refreshment of people who passed by.

Twice in the day—in the evening at the close of work, and in the morning before its beginning—they were instructed in the Articles of the Catholic Faith, and in the moral precepts of Christianity. They were then taught the alphabet, were shown how to connect syllables, and to read words. Miani himself often gave them salutary counsel.

While they washed their hands before a meal they recited the fiftieth Psalm—called the fifty-first in our translation of the Bible—and prayed at the same time for poor souls in Purgatory. This pious exercise was repeated when they went to bed. Their beds were sacks stuffed with straw; the sheets, if they had them, were of the coarsest kind, and the coverlet was no finer. Their food was very scanty, mostly supplied by the charity of pious persons. Miani sent the children to confession once a month; also on feasts dedicated to the Lord and to the Blessed Virgin. They walked to confession in white robes. Each boy had a handkerchief hanging from his girdle, and a string of beads to be used in counting prayers and Aves.

On high festivals, which were wholly dedicated to religious worship, the children went through the streets of Venice in procession. The holy standard of the Cross—the blessed symbol of our Redemption—was carried before them, and they chanted as they went. On their

arrival at church they halted in silence for a while, and then resumed their procession and their song. The novel spectacle attracted great crowds of people, who followed Girolamo's little band, and were filled with wonder. Nothing moved the minds of the Venetians more than the appearance of the founder of the society. They beheld a member of the proud Venetian nobility, dressed in a plebeian habit, and walking in a procession of poor children. Girolamo was visited by numbers of people, who made him many presents. He gathered his little orphans, not only from the streets of Venice, but from the neighbouring islands.

At this time Miani took charge of a home for incurables, which had been established in Venice for some time, but had not prospered. Girolamo's activity and zeal soon made it a flourishing institution. He constantly visited the sick, consoled them in the kindest manner, brought their food, carried them in his arms to and from their beds, and endured all the unpleasant things that must be encountered in a hospital. He made the beds, kept the patients clean, swept the floor, and fulfilled more abject offices. He cared for the souls of the afflicted as well as for their bodies, and took particular care that they should not die without confession. He watched by night at the bed-side of the sick, putting comminuted food into their mouths, giving medicines, and applying fomentations with his own hands.

But Miani well knew that however great the distress may have been in Venice, there was greater distress on the mainland. So, notwithstanding the entreaties of his associates, he left the Venetian orphanage and hospital in the hands of some prudent and pious friends. A small boat took him to the nearest point of the mainland, and he proceeded on foot and alone, leaning upon a staff, to Padua and Verona. It is not certainly known whether he established an orphanage at this time at Verona. At some time he certainly did establish one there. It is possible that some local jealousy, or some untoward circumstance, may have hindered his immediate success at Padua and Verona. Or he may have been impelled westward by reports that the western districts were suffering more than Padua and Verona. We soon discover him at Brescia, which had been terribly ravaged by famine and pestilence. Miani procured narrow dark lodgings near St. John's Gate, and easily collected a fair number of poor orphans. He begged for the daily bread of the orphans, and—himself a poor man—he distributed alms among the poor. The charity of the wealthy at Brescia was called out not only by the sight of the poor, and their evident distress, but by Girolamo's ardent devotion to the service of the poor, shewn by the extreme rigour and self-denial of his life. When he had begged all day in all parts of the city, and was tired out at night by the day's works of mercy, he slept on the bare ground or on the boards, having supped upon the crumbs that he had earned by begging—for he took no food that he had not begged for from door to door—the food that remained after the collected alms had been divided. And when, according to Girolamo's usual practice, the chief shrines of

the city were visited by the children in procession, chanting hymns, and preceded by the sacred sign of Christ hanging from the Cross, the minds of men were transported with religious ardour, and Miani's work became quite famous in Brescia, and met with abundant applause.

There had been a poor-house at Brescia, called the Misericordia, before Miani's time; and we may presume that he found friends at Brescia fit to carry on the work in his absence, for he removed, after a time, to Bergamo. There nearly every house had been struck by famine and pestilence; and the crops were wasting in the fields for the want of labourers to reap them. Girolamo, who made himself all things to all men, collected some husbandmen and sickles, and went into the fields, notwithstanding the great heat, for the dog-star did not burn as ardently as Girolamo's charity. When the reapers rested, Girolamo made them pray with him, and gave them bread and water. They then returned to their labour, and in a few days the harvest was in a measure saved. But Miani wished not only to save the harvest, but to do good to the souls of the reapers. They had been used to lighten the task of reaping by idle, if not unseemly, songs. Girolamo taught them to sing the Lord's Prayer, the Ave, and the Creed. He chanted each clause; the people sang it after him, and the wide fields resounded with the voices of psalm-singers.

This was Miani's first attempt to Christianize the rural population. He removed in due time to the town of Bergamo, and set up a boy's orphanage in the suburb of St. Leonard, near the Church of St. Mary Magdalen. At Bergamo the singing of the boys, and their walking in procession, produced the usual excitement and wonder. Girolamo also founded a refuge for poor girls at Bergamo. Both institutions were flourishing in Father Turtura's time, and both had been increased by a constant stream of beneficence. The boys had been removed to a larger building. The girls remained at the old site, with better accommodation.

Miani next established at Bergamo one of the institutions that are now called 'Houses of Mercy,' an enterprise never before undertaken in Italy. A penitentiary had been founded at Paris in 1494, by John Tiseran, a Franciscan. Miani set up his refuge at Bergamo in the year 1532, the fifty-first year of his age.

While thus engaged in the town of Bergamo, in helping the fallen and the forsaken, Miani did not neglect the people in the neighbouring country. Having obtained the sanction of the bishop—for he did nothing of great or small importance without reference to the bishop—he selected some of the more promising boys out of his school—the boys who were tolerably well versed in the chief doctrines of the Christian faith. This little flock he led into the small towns and villages, and then proceeded in the following manner. On entering any village they marched to its church, saluted the guardian saint of the place, and prayed for a blessing upon their work. They then collected a crowd by sounding a little bell, which they carried with them, and attempted to explain the salutary doctrines of Christianity. In addressing the children

Miani was greatly aided by the boys. He took charge of the adult persons, and had no small trouble with them, for he found that they were scarcely acquainted with the Creed and the Commandments; some could hardly repeat the Lord's Prayer or the Angelical Salutation, could not even cross themselves properly. Miani taught them the Commandments and the other elements of the Christian faith, and exhorted them to keep the forms in their minds. He did this sort of thing in market-places, highways, and fields, wherever he could collect a crowd, or whenever he found a crowd collected. He was in a measure hampered by his defective education; but, though rude in speech, he had so much earnestness in his eyes and manner, and was so evidently full of grace and holiness, that his humble and simple address won more souls for Christ than other men could have won by learned and elaborate sermons. While he thus taught and catechised in the villages and hamlets, he begged from door to door, and was supported by the gifts of the well-disposed. He gave the best morsels of bread to the boys, and kept the dry and mouldy bits for himself. Although well tired in the evening by travelling and teaching, he spent a good part of the night in prayer, and began his work again before daylight. And his labours were not without fruit; for many persons were rescued from gross ignorance, and brought to a knowledge of Divine things—many who had been at variance were reconciled by Girolamo's mediation. Miani likewise persuaded them to give up pilfering and profane swearing, which may be called the besetting sins of rustics. And Miani cherished the sick with as much charity. If he heard of any sick, he visited them in the kindest manner, and tried to raise their hearts to God by prayer and by devout counsel. Having spent many days in such labour, to the great benefit of souls, he returned to Bergamo.

At Bergamo Miani had reached the limits of the Venetian dominion, and stood upon the borders of the duchy of Milan, which had suffered far more than the lands under the government of Venice from famine and pestilence. It is possible that the French invasions had deranged that wonderful system of irrigation which adds so greatly to the wealth of the plain of Milan. Miani's first settlement out of Venetia was Como,* whither he marched with his body-guard of small boys; and there he founded two orphanages. The lord of the town received Miani most kindly, but could not persuade him to sleep upon anything but straw. This gentleman was an accomplished person, understanding the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Chaldaic tongues. He was soon induced to join in Miani's enterprise, and Miani's foundations in the Milanese and western Venetia were greatly promoted by him. He took holy orders late in life, and long outlived Miani, dying in 1593, at the age of ninety-five. Girolamo had now founded quite a cluster of orphanages between the lakes of Como and Garda, and a central station, whence they could all be overlooked, was much needed. The vale of San Martino, between

* Turtura calls it Novocomum. He can hardly mean any place but Como.

Bergamo and Como, was thought an eligible quarter; and Miani fixed upon the principal village in the valley as a desirable site. A leading man in the place, however, a pestilent fellow named Mazoleni, got up a faction in opposition to Miani, calling him a most deceitful wanderer, an impostor, and a fomentor of dissension. Girolamo might have struggled against this adverse influence, but thought it more prudent to withdraw, and fixed his abode at a place not far from Olginati. He was soon lured back to San Martino, and finally took up his rest at Lomascha, one of a group of a dozen villages in the valley. The vale of San Martino is an upland region. In Miani's time the vine and the olive were cultivated there, but corn was not much grown: the people ate chestnuts, which were plentiful, instead of it. The dalesmen were a healthy race. They were quite hale and fit for any work at sixty, and a few of them had reached the age of one hundred years. The Adda, which flows through the vale of San Martino, is in that part of its course an impetuous river. Opposite to Lomascha it is joined by a smaller stream: their beds are full of silt and gravel and large stones. Lomascha stands high above the rivers at the Milanese end of the vale. It is but a small place, and in the sixteenth century hardly contained two hundred inhabitants. It is not many miles from Bergamo, and Olginati can be seen from it. Lomascha is not marked in ordinary maps, but its position is clear enough. It may be marked in the Austrian map of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. And there may be a reader of The Monthly Packet who can tell us whether Miani's foundation—'The congregation of Lomascha'—has survived the late reconstruction of Italy. Lomascha was unlike Miani's other settlements. It was a central station, a gathering-place for Miani's associates. The brotherhood consisted at first of sixty members, comprehending men of all orders, ranks, ages, and conditions. The leading principles of the institution were poor diet and clothing, humble obedience, and constant prayer. Miani had an orphanage at Lomascha, and likewise a hospital, which he tended with his usual care—his usual scorn of ease and comfort. He went round the townships of the valley in his wonted manner. The brethren of Lomascha seldom discoursed with strangers on any subjects, but the salvation of souls—the close of life—judgment to come—the pains of hell—and the joys of heaven. Agriculture was their principal employment, when they were not engaged in missionary work.

To Miani Lomascha was not a place of repose, but an outlet leading to new fields of labour. From Lomascha he marched with his little army, a band of thirty-five boys, to Milan; and in the way they sang litanies and prayers. As they went, Girolamo and several boys were stricken with fever. The only place of refuge they could find was a wretched hut, which had been a home for sick men, but had gone to rack. It was a ruinous cottage rather than a house, without doors and windows, open to the sky, the wind, and rain. A friend who passed by undertook to procure better quarters for Girolamo; but Girolamo

declined to leave the boys, and went on to Milan as soon as his strength allowed. He was introduced to the Duke of Milan, who offered him a splendid residence, but Girolamo chose a humble abode near the church of St. Martin for his vagrant children. The Duke at that time was Francis Sforza, the last of his name and race. Soon after Miani's time the duchy fell into the hands of King Philip. Miani was hooted at first in the streets of Milan, and was often followed by a throng of unmannerly boys, who laughed at his rags, his pale face, his long and unkempt beard. But Girolamo's treatment of the sick—for the plague yet raged in Milan—converted the mob, and turned their jeers and insults into admiration.

Miani's next stage was Pavia, and he arrived there in 1534. He obtained a little building, which stood near the Church of the Holy Spirit, and was in consequence called Columbina, or the Columbine House. Here he laboured in the usual manner, going round the town with a basket to beg for food, while his pupils sat at home and studied, or worked at trades, marching, now and then, to church in procession. Miani's little 'House of the Dove' soon became a larger institution, which continued to flourish at Pavia in Turtura's time.

Miani not only gathered as he went a fresh lot of children, but acquired new friends and associates. About this time he was joined by Angelo Marco and Vincentio Gambarama. The one succeeded Miani as provost-general of the Order of Lomascha, the other became president of the orphanage at Bergamo.

They now wanted a habitation for the fathers of the congregation of Lomascha. The site chosen was at the top of the ridge, among the ruins of a little chapel dedicated to St. Ambrose. Miani and his friends hired no workmen, and raised no funds, but did the work with their own hands. They cut the timber and carried it on their shoulders, collected stones and morter, and began to build. The site unfortunately wanted water; but Miani caused a cistern to be made under the chapel, and it is said that the cistern was immediately filled with water by means that appeared to be miraculous. Girolamo's masonry was not miraculously supported, for in thirty or forty years it had to be renovated. The orphanage was a little way down the hill, in a sort of depression called Valetta. It seems to have been at the time Miani's home, though he constantly visited the fathers at the top of the hill, and constantly made circuits in the neighbourhood.

After an absence of five years, Girolamo paid a short visit to Venice. He knew that his foundations there were well conducted by his friends, yet there were some things which required attention. Ignatius Loyola was at Venice about the same time. He followed Miani very closely—if they did not actually meet—and the hospitals that he worked in at Venice were surely Miani's institutions. At the time Ignatius was closely associated with Caraffa. Miani was received in Venice with great joy. He did not remain there long. As soon as his affairs were arranged, he took leave of his friends, and foretold his approaching death, which

befell in a little more than a year. His biographer describes the parting scene in terms used long before to describe the leave-taking of an Apostle:—'And they all wept sore; .... sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more. And they accompanied him unto the ship.'

Miani was on his way to Lomascha, and had passed Verona, when he fell in with a party of friends. Though they were on horseback he chose to journey with them on foot, and no entreaties could persuade him to make use of a spare horse. They rested for a while at Peschiera —a place known to us as one of the strongholds enclosing the famous Quadrilateral. It is at the southern end of the Lake of Garda, where the Mincio flows out of the lake. A nice dinner of fish from the lake was served up to Miani's friends, for no jest or temptation of any kind could induce Miani to take anything but bread and water. One of his companions rallied him with the proverb, 'Bad is any surfeit, but a surfeit of bread is the worst:' which would have been to the purpose if Miani had been making a hearty meal of bread. He went on with his friends to Salo, where Garibaldi was quartered in the early part of last summer. It stands on a promontory, jutting into the Lake of Garda, and has rising hills behind it. In Miani's time it had eight thousand inhabitants, some pretty painted villas, and a palace with fine gardens occupied by the Venetian Podestà. Miani was much pleased with the beautiful Lake of Garda, and with the position of Salo. He thought of establishing himself at Salo in a hermitage, for he did not find Lomascha retired enough. But he decided, after some consideration, that the project was not according to God's Will. He held a conference with sixteen heads of orphanages and leading members of the congregation at Brescia, and then retired to Lomascha.

He was harassed by doubts and by fears that he had been slack in worship, and by longings after a deeper solitude than he could find in the orphanage or the house of the fathers. At a certain point on the hill he discovered a rugged cavernous spot, and he determined to make a hermitage of it. It was secured by thorns and thickets, as well as by steep rocks, and Miani found access to it hard enough. It was the very place for a little cell and oratory. Miani began to build at once. He worked unaided, and might be seen with his haggard face and macerated figure, worn by fasting, toil, and travel, carrying wood, stone, and sand upon his shoulders, or shaping them with his hands. Although some of the materials were brought from the bed of the Adda, Miani declined all offers of assistance. The hermitage, when finished, pleased him well. Though so retired, it commanded a fine view of the Vale of San Martino, the scattered villages, and the course of the Adda, now curbed and narrowed, then spreading into a lake. The hermitage was not far from the orphanage, and Miani soon opened a way from the one to the other. He was more ardent in prayer than ever, and led a life of extreme devotion and self-abasement.

Miani was convinced of his approaching end. He knew that in building the hermitage he had been working like the worm which fashions a tomb for itself. For the brief remainder of his life he wished to give himself up to contemplation, to the discernment of things beyond the power of sense. Nothing could draw him out of his retreat. He did not heed a call which he would have answered with eagerness a few months earlier. His friend Caraffa, who had become a Cardinal, most kindly invited him to Rome, to set up some orphanages in the city and papal territory. Theretofore no establishments of the kind had been founded at Rome. In a conference with his friends, Miani said that he felt himself called at once in two directions; he was called to Rome by Caraffa, and to Heaven by God; he then added, 'The heavenward journey must be undertaken.' So he declined to leave the hermitage.

An anxious thought preyed upon Girolamo's mind. He was oppressed by the calamities of the time, by the distracted state of Christendom, and by the spread of new doctrines which he honestly considered heretical. It must be remembered that there were preachers of new doctrines in Italy, who went far beyond the leading reformers of Germany. The times were out of joint, and Miani was weary of them. He longed, like St. Paul, to be dissolved, and to be with Christ.

Just then a fearful disorder affecting the bowels was raging in the neighbourhood of Bergamo. It was unknown to the physicians. Its malignity baffled all their skill. The patient died or was out of danger on the fourth, at the utmost on the seventh, day after the seizure. Girolamo, who was unremitting as usual in his attention to the sick, readily took the disease. He very humbly asked for the consolations of the Church, and received them with more than equal humility.

He was attacked on the 4th of February, which happened to be Sexagesima. He struggled for three days against the complaint, and was greatly exhausted on the fourth. He was still able to cheer his weeping friends, and to exhort them to persist in the work which had been the business of his life. He comforted his friends until his voice failed. Then lifting up his hands, eyes, and whole frame to heaven, murmuring the most holy names of JESUS and Mary—conscious to the last, his eyes gently closed, his face calm and serene, while his friends were singing and weeping around him—he gave up his spirit. He died soon after midnight, on the 8th of February, 1537, the fifty-sixth year of his age, the twenty-fifth year of his conversion to God, the sixth year since he quitted Venice, the twelfth year since he had disused the nobleman's gown. He died in the old house which he occupied on his first arrival at Lomascha, before the orphanage and the house of the fathers were built. He lived to the age of our Henry the Eighth, preceding the King by ten years in his birth and in his death.

It is not wonderful that the name of so excellent a man should be highly blessed, and that there should be some extravagance in the honour paid to his memory. Notwithstanding the opposition of his surviving

friends, the people would visit his tomb in crowds, and they believed that by coming they were cured of infirmities, and received various benefits. Miani's old antagonist, Mazoleni, who would not allow him to settle in the chief town of San Martino, was cured, it is said, of a chronic head-ache by prayer at the tomb. And it is said that other persons were relieved. Among them Sister Veronica, a nun of Bergamo, and Giacomo Metaxa, a nobleman of Cephalonia. One of the daughters of Miani's brother Luca, a nun of San Luigi at Venice, who lived to the age of eighty years, declared that she habitually prayed to her uncle as to a saint, and had been greatly comforted.

Some of Miani's friends even believed that he had wrought miracles in his life-time. They were snowed up one winter at Lomascha, and their stock of bread was reduced to four loaves, which were signed and blessed by Girolamo, and then they had bread enough. This was the report and the belief of many. Not long before Miani's death, some husbandmen of the valley called to beg for his prayers and his advice. He told them that if they should give up the habit of profane swearing, and should keep festivals holy, without dances or unlawful games, they might trust that their crops would not be spoiled by hail. The husbandmen accepted the conditions, and for some time their fields were never blighted. But in Turtura's time Lomascha was as much plagued by hail as any other part of the country, and he supposes that the country people had gone back to their bad habits.

The biographer sums up the result of Miani's labour by saying that in six years he founded twelve places of refuge, regulated them, and kept them up. He had three hundred persons under his authority, many of them men of high rank and great ability, some of them in holy orders. He was so humble, that he was distressed by any sort of acknowledgement of the good that he had done. He used to blush and sigh, and would stop all complimentary discourse with the ejaculation, 'Who is like unto the Lord our God, who dwells in the highest heavens, and yet considers the humblest things upon earth?' He studiously disclaimed the leading place in the society which he had founded, and always put the names of two or three of his colleagues before his own name. Turtura tells us that he had seen documents drawn up by Miani, in which the names of Alexander of Milan and Augustin of Bergamo stood before the name of Girolamo Miani. He was always ready to acknowledge any transgression, and if he supposed that he had wronged anyone he publicly begged the man's pardon at supper. His submission to his spiritual director was extreme. He declined a copy of Augustine's Confessions, offered to him by the friend who welcomed him at Salo, until he could get leave from Caraffa to accept it. He was equally submissive to the bishop. He would not move from town to country without the episcopal blessing. And having made a circuit, he would not return to Lomascha without the approval of, at least, the bishop's vicar-general. The meekness and humility of the man appeared in his eyes, in his demeanour, and in his

whole conduct. He took the humblest and most laborious duties upon himself. He worked in the kitchen, carried wood and water, swept floors, cleaned plates and dishes with his sleeves tucked up to the elbow. His mode of address was most sweet and engaging, and nothing so much attracted other men to him as the mild and gentle manner which he had. He was particularly courteous in his address to poor people, recognizing in them the genuine image of Christ the Lord, Who, Himself infinitely rich, for our sakes condescended to become poor.

Miani certainly shortened his life by austerities. He often passed, not a good part of the night, but the whole night, upon his knees in prayer, especially when he was in charge of the sick. At one time he used to sleep upon straw: latterly he reclined upon hard stones, or—if he wished for a little ease—upon bare boards with no covering over them. He scourged himself severely as a regular thing. He scarcely ate enough to keep himself alive, and his food was very coarse and unsavoury. He went through hard journeys. He did the work of a husbandman and a builder. He wore the scanty clothing of a poor man at all times of the year, and in winter his limbs were often stiffened by extreme cold.

A serious mental trouble was added to his bodily pains. The great convulsion of the Church afflicted him grievously. His most ardent prayer was for the re-union of Christendom. His boys were taught to recite the following prayer every day:—'O sweet Father! O Lord Jesu Christ! We pray Thee, of Thine infinite goodness, to guide and direct all Christendom to that rule of holiness which prevailed in the times of Thine Apostles.' In Turtura's time this prayer continued to be used by the orphans.

In person Girolamo Miani was well formed, and above the common height. His eyes were rather large, and were full of intelligence. His hair and his eyebrows were black. His brows were not divided as usual: they formed a continuous arch over his nose. There used to be a portrait of him at Venice in the possession of his family. In Turtura's time there was a rude inartistic image upon a beam in a house at Brescia. It represented Miani's appearance in later life; when his hair had turned grey, and his face had become emaciated, but had not lost its majestic expression.

The day of Miani's death is consecrated to his memory, and his life is entered under this date in Acta Sanctorum. It begins at or near page 221 of the volume. In Turtura's Latin memoir Miani is invariably called Hieronymus Æmilianus, and it is only by some scrutiny that we can discover his familiar name. In Ranke's history, or at least in the English translation of it, he is strangely called Girolamo Uriani. The Bollandist Editor of Turtura's memoir notices two lives of Miani in Italian: one of them older than Turtura's, and written by Andrea Stella: the other written by Constantine Rossi, printed at Milan in the year 1630 and 1641, and entitled, 'Vita del B. Girolamo Miani, Fondatore della Congregatione di Lomascha.'

THE MYSTERY OF THE CAVERN.

CHAPTER VIII.

DAMARIS succeeded in purchasing her box of night-lights. She was ashamed of the subterfuge by which she did this. She undertook to give a box to a wakeful old woman, who wearied of the dark, and under this pretext, procured a second box at the same time. Matches were more easily obtained; and this done, she had only to watch her time, so as to be secure from either encounter or interruption. With beating heart then, but secret satisfaction, she heard it arranged that Jane should be taken for a drive by her cousin Eleanor, and after a few civilities, it was plain that her own remaining at home would be preferred.

Now for it, then! She saw the party off, and then—not without failing of heart, and a half-guilty desire to escape the sight even of the servants—she fetched her night-lights and matches, placed them in a basket, and took down the key, feeling in earnest as if she were handling that of Blue Beard.

It was difficult to walk across the road as if she were totally unconcerned; and she was glad to find herself in the quiet park, free to dream and start without fear of observation. She came to the mysterious wood, and with a hand that she could scarcely steady, unlocked the gate and entered, keeping the path along the top of the rock. She met no one, and was entirely undisturbed, except by the ever-freshly recurring agitations of her mind as to how she should dispose of the correspondence on which Baldwin Lebrun's fate might hang. To whom should she submit it? The grandest thing would be to enclose all to the county member, asking him to see justice done; but this scheme alternated with others more easy of accomplishment. Might she not write to Mr. Foley? Or consult Mr. Barwell? Or how would it be to take Harry Newton into confidence? There were moods of misgiving, in which she had almost decided to wait till Harry Newton could be consulted, and might join and protect her search. Then she remembered the masculine contempt for woman's curiosity—how she might be told of Fatima, or of the forbidden dish with the mouse in it; and not being prepared to retort with the Second Calendar with one eye, she quailed, and decided to keep her own counsel in case of failure, and ask no assistance until she had grounds on which to act.

She reached the place, and in her highly wrought-up mood, thought not at all of the difficulties of the descent to the platform of the cavern. There was a sort of shoulder of rock that seemed to protect the entrance, and she sheltered herself behind it while, setting her basket on the ground, she made her preparations, not, however, without an uncomfortable recollection that an open flame sometimes attracted bad air, and that it would be an unsatisfactory conclusion to contribute her own

remains to the mystery of the cavern. However, she had not come so far to turn back out of cowardice, though she wished she could have Harry Newton's word that all was safe. At any rate, while the flame neither burnt blue nor became suddenly extinct all was well; but as in the latter case she would probably become extinct herself at the same time, she thought it wise to spend a good deal of trouble in fastening one of her night-lights to the end of the stick of her parasol, so as to be able to hold it in advance of her. Thus fortified, and thrusting the little flame before her, she made her plunge into the gloom, looking well that she did not set her foot into a black lake or chasm. The light burnt steadily, but it seemed like a mere glow-worm, powerless in the darkness to do anything except shew itself, till Damaris had lighted a few more, and lodged them in chinks and ledges, and she could then perceive that she was in a dark low-browed chamber, with stalactites hanging down, and stalagmites growing up, and a floor that had perhaps received some artificial clearance of the latter, for it was not at all bad walking until suddenly Damaris trod on something that rolled under her foot and almost threw her down. She looked, picked it up, and to her horror found that it was a small slender bone, slightly covered with rusty looking mud, but a most unmistakeable bone. This was much more terrible than anything her imagination had prepared her to discover, and in the shock she let it fall instantly; but a strong sense of duty made her resolve on doing her work undauntedly; she stooped again, and holding one of the lights to the ground, discovered not only that bone, but two or three more, and therewith something bright. She grasped at it; it was a short chain with a locket attached, and there was something more—what, she did not clearly know, till panting and aghast she had regained the entrance of the cave, which was only a few steps off, and had cast herself on the ground on the platform.

The bones she could not bear to look at; she threw them hastily into her basket, knowing only that they were small and delicate, as if they had belonged to some little child; and she could hardly bear to examine the other articles, miserable relics, no doubt, preserved by Providence as witnesses to some dreadful crime. Alas! that it should have fallen to her lot to have the horror of detecting it! When she durst look at what was lying in her lap, she perceived that it was a glove, hard and stiffened, but retaining individuality enough to make it evident that it was a gardening glove, of the right hand, and of lady's size, and venturing with a shudder to look within, there in blue ink that had not yet lost its colour, were visible the initials E. M. A cold horror came over her, and she had to lean back and collect herself before she could look at the last of her unwelcome treasures. It was a short gold chain with a swivel at one end, and at the other a small oval locket, tooled, and a smooth space in the middle, bearing again that fatal cypher 'E. M.' Pressing the spring, she opened it, and found it to contain a tress of hair so damp and mildewed that the colour could no longer be detected.

To go back in search of further discoveries had become impossible to her; she had enough and more than enough, and she felt so entirely stunned and overcome, that she had not self-possession enough to attempt the re-ascent, till a sudden wild feeling that she was sitting in the haunt of murder made her suddenly start up, scale the steps, and regain the path breathlessly. Even then, she seemed to have no power of thought, till she had hurried vehemently along the path, let herself out of the wood, and trying to slacken her pace so as not to be remarkable, had regained the Bridge Hut, and shut herself—nay, locked herself—into her own room, where, burying the horrible tokens of her discovery beneath as many locks as possible, she threw herself on her bed, there to tremble, weep, consider, and if possible, compose herself.

That she had fallen on the track of some frightful unsuspected crime was evident to her, and equally evident was it who was the perpetrator. The reluctance to admit surveyors within the park, the jealous dread of anyone entering the wood, the discontinuance of work at the quarry—all was now accounted for. These were the bones of the child who had been said to have fallen from the cliff, and to have been swept away by the torrent. That little stream, how could it be supposed to sweep away anything? That dark cave must have seen the poor little fellow's dying agony, in which no doubt his sister had lost those tell-tale tokens that were leading to her detection!

So appalled was Damaris with the thought, that she at first did not recollect the prime victim of injustice, Baldwin Lebrun; but when he did occur to her, she began to perceive what the course of events must have been.

The elder of the two little brothers, children of the step-mother, had been removed in the cavern; but the sister had not gone on to perpetrate a second murder. Baldwin was the younger brother. Had not Jane told her that the child died suddenly in the absence of his parents, while only the sister was at home? Why should not the sister have substituted some fictitious representative for the body—above all if, as was plain, Mr. Pigou was in the plot—then removed the infant himself, and caused him to be brought up as Baldwin had described?

The sound of wheels startled her, and made her hasten down-stairs in dread that somebody should suspect something, she knew not what; but she could not help shuddering when she heard Miss Maynard's voice bidding the others good-bye; and when Jane asked how she had been amusing her solitude, she answered, 'Oh, I have been only—only walking in the park,' with such a nervous trembling tone that Lady Maynard said, 'You have been walking too fast in the heat, I am afraid;' whereupon Damaris felt herself blushing from ear to ear. What could be thought of this? She could only stammer out that it was very warm, and turn her burning face in quest of fresh air to the window.

Terribly did her secret weigh on her all the remaining hours of the evening. She durst not actually think of it, and tried to talk, laugh,

read, and garden as usual, but always with the sense of a lurking horror, ready to leap out upon her at any vacant moment. The time of going to bed, and being shut up in the room where those memorials lay, was specially frightful to her; she could not divest herself of a sensation that those bones had brought in a certain presence of the murdered child; and yet she was so weary of acting a part, so anxious to arrange her conjectures, that she longed to be alone.

Yet when bed-time came at last, Damaris could hardly face the night and its solitude. She was in so restless a mood, that her maid's presence and services were almost insupportable, and yet when the 'Bon soir' had been exchanged, she would have given the world for an excuse to detain the girl. Bed seemed the best refuge, and she hastened her preparations for ensconcing herself in it, with closed eyes and well covered head, so as to run no risk of fancying she could behold whatever it might be—lurid light or shapeless form—that might flicker over the chest of drawers in whose recesses were concealed those fatal evidences.

She had time to think over the whole, and following the precedents of her reading, to combine report and evidence into some consistent view of the case.

Had not the jealousies of step-children become proverbial? Miss Maynard—since her own brother's death the petted heiress—had been deposed by the successive births of the two children of Lady Isabella; and it was plain that her spirit would not brook the change to the inferior position. It was possible—for Damaris much desired to be just and charitable—that the poor little boy himself might have been overbearing or perverse, after that Maynard nature, from which no one of the family except dear little Jane seemed to be exempt. Some over hasty chastisement, some blow or push, probably worked the deed, and then—aware that a judicial inquiry could not be made without the presence of the body—the unhappy sister had concealed it in the cavern, though unknowing of the tell-tale evidences that she left there with it. And when the elder child had been thus taken out of her path, probably by this species of accident, the temptation to remove the younger of course became all the greater. What could be more opportune than the absence of the parents? How easily, between the sister and the doctor, with perhaps one bribed nursemaid, could the infant be thrown into a lethargy, and conveyed away, while a waxen image was substituted for him. How dreadful! Yet not impossible. Damaris had read that such things had been! Yet how could the daughter have encountered those heart-stricken parents, and left them to their misery of bereavement, which she hypocritically pretended to soften by those attentions that had won her the credit of being so good a daughter. Clearly, her cruel treachery had not thriven with her. She was a stern grave unhappy woman, evidently a prey to remorse—guarding the fatal wood like a dragon protecting hidden treasure—allowing no one but her satellite, Mr. Pigou, to approach the mother whom she had thus barbarously rendered

childless—and guarding carefully against awakening the intellect of the villagers, lest her detection should be the consequence. Love had not come near her, and jealous mistrust and suspicion chained her to the spot where every memorial must bring her double crime back to her mind.

And then Damaris could not but indulge in a little contemplation of the inscrutable Providence that had committed the discovery of this dreadful mystery to such an instrument as herself. Providence is always very pleasant to contemplate when it makes oneself of importance. But how to act on the discovery was quite another question, and one far less agreeable to contemplate. The awfulness of the matter grew on her more and more through that nearly sleepless night, till she would have given worlds to forget it for a few moments only, and still could not, and felt that this would be her lot from day to day, from week to week, till the whole deadly story was out.

To whom then should she tell it? Not to Jane? No, indeed, it would half kill her. Not to Lady Maynard? No, it would throw her into a dreadful perplexity, and she would never believe her niece guilty; besides, it would be hard to ask her to substitute Baldwin Lebrun for her own son. Those other measures too that Damaris had thought of vaguely, of laying an information before a magistrate, or of writing to one of the county members, seemed to have vanished from her and become impossible now that she had really discovered something, and it was not all castle building and dreaming. There was no thinking of herself as sitting up before any country gentleman; she could recollect denouncing Miss Maynard as a murderer and usurper—Miss Maynard, whom everyone respected and looked up to—herself a mere stranger. Besides, how could she ever set about it? Among all her tossings and perplexities the idea suddenly occurred to her with a ray of sudden relief—All bones were not human: suppose these should turn out to belong to some poor animal! It was for one moment a relief and hope, the next a disappointment and downfall. It would certainly have been bathos to have spent this sleepless night for the sake of a mutton bone, hidden there by some sheep-stealer. Nay, the sheep-stealer would not have worn those gloves, that locket; it was they that brought the certainty home. However, it was needful to be clear upon the subject. If Harry Newton were but at hand! However, there was no reason why he should be learned in bones. The best way might be to consult Baldwin Lebrun, whose surgical education must enable him to tell the genus of the owner of the bones, and who must necessarily learn the whole sooner or later, since his whole rank and fortune depended on it.

What would he be when he had cast his slough? how would poor Lady Isabella be crowned with rejoicing? and how would a few years of his true position render him worthy of Jane in all respects! That vista of restoration and happy marriage was the one drop of balm that enabled Damaris to fall asleep towards morning after her weary night.

(To be continued.)

THE FAIRY OF THE SANDS.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.—PAUL FEVAL.)

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

THE EVE OF ST. JOHN.

The mansion of St. Jean des Grèves was situated between the village of St. George on the Coueanon, and the town of Cherrueix. Beneath the great house, as usual, seven others were grouped: the house was placed on the crest of a little hillock, divided from the village by an oak copse, with a little stream called the Bief neuf behind it. Those marly rivulets are called Biefs, which, having but little slope, slumber drearily down between steep banks on the wide-spread marsh.

The principal house in the village belonged to Simon le Prioul, a peasant, and tenant of Maurever. It was built of clay, supported by beams of wood, placed saltierwise; the thatching was of reed; the roof so highly pitched and light, that it seemed to try to redeem the heavy style of the house.

This flat and fertile country is not picturesque; then, as now, it was covered with fine corn, grown on the cultivated marl, under the deformed apple trees. The earth was either grey, like common soap, or black, like melted pitch. Windmills which seldom worked, hovels behind yellow hedges, with their reed thatching coming very near the ground, looking like a chilly simple boy, who pulls his great woollen cap down to his chin. Good bread, rich cider, Norman and Breton blood, fights with the cudgel, contests with pen and ink. Two lawyers for one doctor, one doctor for every quarter of a sick man, four sick men for one healthy one.

Turn about, make three hundred steps, and you leave the mud, and are upon the sandy beach, with its brisk wind, and its fishermen sturdy as heroes. Those odious apple trees oppress one; but they are so low, that the whole wide extent of the horizon may be seen from an elevation no higher than a mole-hill.

Dol! happy country of great chestnut-trees and endless law-suits! country of no pretension—guiltless of poetry! Dol! simple town, possessing a jewel of a cathedral, and hearing Mass in a barn! Dol! Druidical city, where matter-of-fact tradesmen have taken the place of crazy bards! Safety and prosperity, good bread, rich cider, well-grown potatoes—these are the wishes that one forms for your happiness.

The village of St. Jean was too near the beach, though concealed by six chestnuts and three dozen apple-trees, not to shake off the sluggishness produced by the damp atmosphere of the true marsh.

There were as many cockle-pickers as plough-boys in the village; and at spring-tides, the Bief neuf brought the sea-water to the barn-doors. Simon le Prioul was the undisputed head man of the village; next came Maitre Gueffès, a hybrid, half beggar, half jockey, a little of a scholar, somewhat of a heathen—triple Norman, with his Breton name; after Maitre Gueffès, ordinary mortals.

A fortnight after the solemn service had been celebrated at St. Michael's, for the repose of the soul of Monsieur Gilles de Bretagne, when there was a grand gathering at Simon le Prioul's, to celebrate the Eve of St. John's, which was also the fete of the village. Five-and-twenty faggots of chestnut wood had been burnt on the hearth, crackling gaily in the flames, and throwing out volleys of sparks. The supper was being cooked in a great cauldron, suspended on a pot-hook. The ground-floor of the dwelling consisted of one room, where all the village was assembled. Ten or twelve boys, as many girls, two women, and Master Vincent Gueffès, who belonged to neither sex: he could not be a man, because he could neither labour nor fish nor fight; he could not be a woman, because he was named Vincent Gueffès; and he begged at Dol or at Avranches, in a town-counsellor's old hat.

Simon le Prioul and his wife did the honours. Fanchon la fileuse was a native of Dol; good, strong, ruddy, frank—drinking her cup of cider like a Christian, and never refusing a beggar who asked alms at her door. Fanchon was the daughter of a servant of the Bishop's secretary, of which she was somewhat proud. Simon had an honest dry face under a bush of grey hair; he was a very good kind of man, knew his own worth, and kept up his consequence amongst the little people of the village. He held his farm as a fief, not under a lease; and as Hugh de Maurever was an excellent master, Simon le Prioul had a hoard of money in a corner: he was thought to be rich, and as a rich man is often accused of meanness, Simon shared the common fate.

That did not hinder his pretty daughter, Simonette, from laughing and singing in the gaiety of her heart; going about more ruddy than a cherry, running, jumping, chattering, eating an apple, climbing a steep bank, jumping over a hedge, crossing herself before a crucifix, and sometimes dreaming, when her great black eyes looked out to the horizon. Dreaming! what did she dream of? Who can tell whither tend the dreams of sixteen? The blue of heaven is so beautiful, where it meets the azure of the sea: the sands have their mirage, and so has the heart. But Simonette did not often dream; she had something else to do: two pretty cows to take care of, one red, one black, with wide-spread horns, short muzzle, sober countenance, both docile and good milkers, worth three angels of gold apiece at the market of Pontorson—cows fit to produce the exquisite cream for the Lady Reine's breakfast. For Reine de Maurever lived almost constantly at the house of St. John's. Not now, alas! for since her father had led the life of a man

proscribed, no one knew where Reine was, poor young lady! so sweet, so charitable, so beloved.

When Simonette went along the road with her arm round the neck of one of her cows, she often thought of Mademoiselle Reine. The gentleman's daughter and the peasant's child were of the same age; they had played together on the lawn of the mansion. Together they had become beautiful; they had never admired themselves in the crystal brooks, because the water of the biefs is white and dull; but those are fabulous countries, where girls require fountains to find out that they are beautiful.

Reine had the noble beauty of her race—we shall see more of her under her mourning veil. Never could one see a more charming little creature than Simonette: black eyes with silken lashes, a delicate ingenuous mouth, rosy cheeks under the unruly curls of her jet black hair, and withal, eyes, cheeks, and mouth, all one smile.

Simonette, Simonette—there was mirth in her very name, for all who had seen her, excepting, indeed, poor little Jeannin the cockle-picker. When others smiled, he only sighed; he would hide himself, that he might watch Simonette go by; and when she had passed, he pressed his forehead between both hands. If he had dared, he would have broken his head against an apple tree, but little Jeannin was afraid of hurting himself too much.

Figure to yourself the head of a cherub, with a profusion of light curly hair, large blue eyes, both tender and timid, and beneath his much worn sheep-skin that graceful awkwardness of extreme youth.

Such was little Jeannin: he was nearly eighteen years old; but not one farthing did he possess—naked feet, ragged garments, and not even a kirtle of coarse cloth to replace the departing sheep-skin. Perhaps Simon le Prioul had never even looked at him: he was no match, for Simon designed to give his daughter to a man worth fifty crowns. Little Jeannin had never seen so much money even in a dream; and truly, would it be wise to choose for a husband one of these cherubs, with eyes of sapphire and hair of gold?

Master Vincent Gueffès said, No!

Let us now say something of Master Gueffès. Narrow forehead, enormous nose, mouth split open with a halbert; within this mouth a jaw like a record of past ages—long, large, solid, resembling those beautiful antediluvian jaw-bones, by which, four hundred years after this time, philosophers were to reconstruct a whole world. If anyone chanced to pick up the jaw-bone of Master Vincent, it would immediately suggest the idea of a Mastodon. Little round eyes, fringed with red, dust coloured hair, a long lean figure, dressed in great-coat made for someone else. Simon le Prioul used to say, that Master Gueffès was not ugly; he was right—Master Gueffès was hideous. To sum up all, he was of no age; such men are so from twenty-five to sixty, after that they grow young: he was low Norman all over. He had the wit of

four scoundrels of Domfort, his country. Master Gueffès was the rival of little Jeannin the cockle-picker. He admired Simonette; and when he thought of her dower, his whole jaw was displayed in a splendid smile.

Master Gueffès never begged in the neighbourhood of St. Jean; moreover, begging was only taking a share of certain periodical distributions; he went to get his soup when it was given away at the monasteries, he cried Largesse as a nobleman passed—but he was no beggar. It was well known that he had a leather bag somewhere, which accounted for the good will of Simon le Prioul. If poor little Jeannin had not been as timid as a hare, Monsieur Gueffès would have been called to account.

Now, is there anyone left to describe around the great hearth? After Simon, Fanchon, Simonette, Gueffès, and the little Jeannin, all the rest were supernumeraries. Joson the basket-maker, Michon the laundress, four Mathurins, as many Gothons, one Scholastique, and two Catiches. We must not forget La Rousse and La Noire, the two fine cows, who lay at their ease at the other end of the room; and three pigs grunting without ceremony under the very table.

The evening was going off very well: the cider-pitcher went round quickly, accompanied by the common drinking-cup. Fanchon alone, the worthy mistress of the feast, enjoyed a cup of hypocras, in honour of the solemn occasion. The spinning-wheel was at rest, the spindle the same. The four Gothons were tired of playing at hot cockles with the four Mathurins; little Jeannin, with his naked feet in the ashes, let the cider-cup pass without wetting his lips, and looked at Simonette as much as he could. His fair head was running upon one thought, which he turned about in a thousand ways: 'If I had fifty crowns! Oh, if I had fifty crowns!'

Master Gueffès held his tongue, as all wise Normans should. Simonette, happy girl, laughed first with one then with another: at this moment she was listening to Simon le Prioul, who was telling a story—a fine story, you might have heard a mouse creep on the floor.

'Thus it was, my friends,' said Simon. 'The knight came from some part of Leon, or Cornouailles. He came to Dol, to see his mother, or some such thing, I do not know: thus it was. There were three of them sleeping in the same room, at the inn of the Four Gold Bezants, near the Franciscan Convent, at the end of the Roue qui Tourne; a Frenchman, a Norman, and a Breton knight, which makes three, as I told you. Before they went to sleep—what I tell you is true—the Frenchman sang an old love song, the Norman counted the angels in his purse, the Breton said his prayers.

'The Frenchman said to the Norman, "Tell the truth, my friend—how much money have you in your purse?"

'"A hundred sous of Rouen money, and three Flanders ducats," answered the Norman.

'"Will you bet them at fifteen throws at dice, against a hundred sous of Paris, and three links of my gold chain?"

'The Norman closed his purse, and put it under his pillow.

'"You will not?" said the crazy Frenchman. "Come and drink, then, if you will not play."

'Here the Breton interposed: "My dear companions, pray let me say my prayers."

'Pass the jug, Maturin.'

All around the circle were gaping mouths and curious faces. Simon le Prioul took a deep draught, and went on.

'We are not come to the point yet, good people. Oh no! you will soon see what the Fairy of the Sands did.'

CHAPTER II.

A BRETON, A FRENCHMAN, AND A NORMAN.

Simon le Prioul went on. 'Thus it was, you see, the Breton knight said to them,

'"My friends, pray let me say my prayers."

'But, my dear neighbours, a Frenchman has a devil within him, and no mistake!'

'The Frenchman said, "Your prayers will do as well to-morrow. If you have any money in your purse, I make you the same offer."

'The Breton had finished his prayer; he crossed himself, and said, "Amen."

'"You say Amen—you consent, then?" cried the Frenchman. "I have dice in my purse, as an honest man should.—Norman, get up, and be witness."

'My friends, he was much embarrassed, for he had but one poor little twenty-four sous piece, and that had a hole in the middle, and was clipped all round. However, for the honour of Brittany, he could not retract.

'"I shall get no help from Heaven," he thought. "Fairy of the Sands, assist me."

There was a long sigh of pleasure all round the chimney. They drew their stools nearer—all eyes sought the narrator.

Simon le Prioul, seeing the effect he produced, asked for more cider; and they all murmured, 'O Master Simon, go on quickly, quickly.'

Master Simon took time, tossed off a great bumper, then went on.

'You will ask what the Fairy of the Sands has to do with a game at dice, played on dry land. You will soon see, my children. Thus it happened. The Breton knight said,

'"Comrade, in my country of Cornouailles, they do not know that game."

'"What game do they play in your country?"

'"They play at single-stick."

'"How do they play at that?"

'"They play without table or carpet, in the open air, with two good six-foot poles, firm foot, steady eye, alert hand, and trust in Heaven."

'The Frenchman understood, and made a grimace.'

Here all the audience gave a hearty joyous laugh. One of the Mathurins said, 'He was no clumsy fellow.'

'Here's a cunning Breton,' cried several of the Gothons.

And the men and maidens pinched each other's fat arms till the blood came, all for fun, and in very enjoyment.

Poor Jeannin alone did not listen much, and pinched nobody. He was always thinking, 'If I had but fifty crowns!' Simonette and her smile were Paradise to him.

Simon began again. 'So it was. The Breton was no fool, that is the truth, and no lie. Now it was the Frenchman's turn to be embarrassed, the Norman had an idea.

'"My friends," he said, "we will settle this; and if you please, I will join you. No dice—no sticks. Let us make a pilgrimage to the Convent of St. Michael the Archangel: let us set off at the same time, and he who arrives first shall be the winner."

'"Done!" cried the Frenchman, who had seen the mount at a distance as he travelled.

'"Done!" said the Breton, who would not draw back.

'The Norman laughed under his beard. He knew the sands well, as he belonged to the town of Genest, on the other side of Avranches. They all shook hands, and went down to the stables.'

It would be impossible to describe the eager curiosity of Simon's hearers, excited by this simple legend.

There was an established rivalry then existing between the three nations, Breton, Norman, and French. Then the action was laid on the sands, those pathless deserts, full of mysterious, though well-known, dangers: and moreover, the Fairy of the Sands was to appear before the end of the story; she who was the mythology of the country, the supernatural element, so dear to the Breton imagination. The Fairy of the Sands was going to act her part; the Fairy of the Sands—strange being—whose name was always recurring in the rustic tales told at the fire-side. The elf hidden in the great fogs; the Will-of-the-Wisp of autumn nights; the spirit dancing amongst the dazzling mist of the mid-day mirage; the phantom gliding on the quicksands in the midnight shades; the Fairy of the Sands, 'with mantle blue, and crown of stars.'

'Yes, indeed,' continued Simon, 'thus it was—all true boys and girls. The Breton saddled his black horse, the Frenchman saddled his white horse; the Norman saddled his horse, which was neither black nor white, because in his country everything is piebald, white and black,

goat and cabbage, all part flesh, part fish, one foot in heaven, the other elsewhere.

'"A good journey to you, my friends," cried the Norman, as he took the road to Pontorson.

'The Frenchman answered, "Good day," and spurred right for the sands.

'The Breton also said, "Good day;" but he kept in his horse, thinking what he should do. "Could the fairy ruin or save him?"'

'Ah, yes! yes, indeed!' the audience called out with one voice.

Simon, flattered by this simple outbreak, made a friendly sign, and went on.

'While the Norman made his large circuit hastily, the Frenchman was galloping towards the sands; but the Breton—'tis truth that I tell you—went to a grocer's, and with his twenty-four sous piece, bought some sweetmeats—he knew that the fairy must love dainties, because she is a woman—and he went on, and he went on scattering his sugar-plums on the sea-shore, saying, "Good Fairy, good Fairy, take pity upon me!"

'Now this that I tell you is the truth. Down comes the fairy through the fog, sliding along a moonbeam. The Breton saw her coming—he was a brave man, as you will see. The fairy ran to the sweetmeats; the Breton laid himself down close to the ground; and while the fairy was amusing herself with the dainties, he seized her round the waist.'

'See you that!' said the audience; and their attention redoubled.

Now little Jeannin himself turned his great blue eyes towards Simon le Prioul.

'Yes, yes, boys and girls; he took her in his arms, as I took my wife Fanchon, when we signed the marriage-contract; and if you know little else, you must know that if you can but once catch the fairy, you can make her do what you please, and give you what you ask for.'

'Oh!' said little Jeannin, who perhaps had never before dared to speak before such an awful assembly, 'is it quite true?'

'True! yes, indeed!' said Simon, offended.

'Does she give silver crowns?' interrupted Jeannin.

They all laughed; and the boy, blushing with shame, hung down his head.

Simonette alone understood the hidden meaning of this question; and with a look, thanked the little cockle-picker, who was more beautiful than Cupid, under his frizzled sheep-skin.

Jeannin saw this look, and placed his two sun-burnt hands upon his heart.

'Come, you picker of empty shells, hold your tongue,' said Simon; 'the fairy gives crowns as she gives pearls and diamonds; it costs her nothing, for she can see to the bottom of the sea. So the Breton said to the fairy,

'"Good Fairy, I want neither silver nor gold: I only want to go to the mount with dry feet, in a straight line."

'Before he had done speaking, the fairy had placed herself gracefully on the neck of the horse, and he on the saddle. Well, the black horse galloped away of his own accord—you should have seen that sight! When they had gone a league, the Breton saw the Frenchman and his white horse sinking in a rascally quicksand, in the very middle of the bed of the Couesnon; the Breton had hardly time to say, "Have mercy on his soul!" Away went the black horse, the fairy half lying on his neck, with her white veil floating in the wind. It was all very well when the land was under his feet; but now they were in the sea, and the tide rising. The waves soon reached his feet; and then, and then he began to gallop upon the waves, scarcely touching the foam with the point of his shoe. The waves danced; the Breton shut his eyes for fear he should go mad.'

They all held their breath, as they listened to this wonderful ride. Simon took breath, and wiped his forehead, for he had been speaking earnestly, as must be done when one wishes to interest the hearers. It seemed to them all as if they saw the black horse careering on the tips of his feet, and the fairy's white veil floating on the midnight breeze. The good-wife, Fanchon, plunged her wooden spoon into the cauldron, where the gruel was boiling, and filled a cup with it. 'The fairy's share!' they whispered all round; only the ugly Norman, Maitre Gueffès, shrugged his shoulders.

'It did not last long, my friends,' continued Simon le Prioul. 'The Breton began an Ave with ardour, for he felt he had done wrong in giving himself up to the care of the fairy. He felt a great shock! It was the black horse setting foot on the rock. The Breton opened his eyes; the fairy wavered like a vapour in the moonlight. She threw herself head foremost into the sea, and up came sparks of fire. The Breton passed the night in prayer in the chapel of the convent. The next morning, at low-water, the clever Norman arrived by the Pontaubault road. He paid his hundred sous of Rouen coinage, and his three royal crowns, very unwillingly.

'As to the Frenchman, Satan knows what became of him.

'That is how it was, my friends. It is all true, as my mother told it to me. No more. I have done.'

There came a loud explosion, as everyone had been holding his breath.

Observations began. The tongues of the four Gothons especially, after being quiet so long, were in absolute need to be in motion. 'Ah,' cried Gothon Lecerf, 'the poor Frenchman was sorely punished!'

'Why did he sing bad songs?' said Gothon Lenoir.

'Ah,' concluded Gothon Ledoux, 'the Norman was a goose, that is true!'

All laughed. Why do they always laugh when a Norman breaks his neck?

Maitre Gueffès shrugged his shoulders again. 'So, Dame Fanchon,' said he, 'you are going to put a porringer of good gruel upon your door-step.'

'Yes, Maitre Gueffès,' answered the good woman. And addressing Simonette, added, 'Here, child, take the good fairy's portion.'

Simonette took the smoking porringer, and placed it outside, on the door-step. Jeannin followed her with his eyes; but little Jeannin was very pensive; he seemed to have his mind full of care.

'And you think the fairy will come and lick your dish,' said Master Gueffès, the sceptic.

'Believe! surely!' cried Fanchon, shocked.

'And who does not believe?' asked Simon le Prioul. 'Did not our fathers and mothers believe before us?'

'Your fathers and mothers lost their broth, and so will you. 'Tis pity to see good food thrown to greedy vagabonds, and stray dogs.'

'How can anyone speak like that?' cried the four Gothons, with one voice.

The four Mathurins were discussing amongst themselves whether it were not expedient to throw the odious Gueffès into the pond.

'I declare to you,' Gueffès continued, 'there is no more fairy on the sands, than there is in the hollow of my hand.—Has anyone ever seen her?'

This question was asked in a triumphant tone. All round the circle they looked at each other, rather disconcerted.

Gueffès began again: 'You see, then—'

But little Jeannin interrupted him, saying, in a firm clear voice, 'I have seen her.'

(To be continued.)

LITTLE SPEEDWELL.

A PRETTY little blue flower grew snugly amongst the grass of a fresh English meadow. She was very bright blue indeed, with tiny white marks on her petals, and white stamens, whilst the under side of the flower leaves shaded down into a pale French grey. Tall slender grass grew above her, fanning her in the hot summer days, when there was scarcely a breath of air to be had anywhere, or breaking the force of the sharp spring winds, when her leaves were shy and tender, as they first peeped out. The bright morning sun fell full upon her bank, and flies, bees, and butterflies in turn came buzzing, humming, and fluttering round her.

She was a good little flower, too, and really high-principled, so she ought to have been very happy, but she was not. Just now she was sadly discontented, thoroughly dissatisfied with her lot in life, and full of laments as to her own uselessness.

She wished to do something in the world; to do some good in her generation. 'Everybody ought,' she said to herself; 'but what could she do, poor weakly little thing that she was, with such delicate nerves?' and then, as she thought of those terrible nerves, she shook with agitation, and one of her bright blue flowers fluttered off and sank down upon the turf.

'Alas!' she exclaimed, 'that's how it universally is. I never shall be able to do anything; the least excitement upsets me, and it must be very injurious to my constitution to be constantly losing my fresh healthy blossoms. Ah!' and here the little lady heaved a deep sigh as another flower on one of her little branches opened its pretty petals in the morning sun, and quite took the place of that lying amongst the grass. 'Ah!' she said again, as though that opening of the new blossom had been a great effort to her; though to tell the truth it was no more than happened two or three times every day, and was as easy to her as eating her breakfast of dew, or rousing herself after her night's sleep. But she was in a melancholy mood, and began to think a great deal too seriously of her nerves.

'Good morning,' buzzed a loud voice close by her. The plant turned her head languidly, but made no answer. 'Good morning,' buzzed the voice still more loudly. She looked up this time, and saw a large old bumble-bee by her side. As she could no longer feign ignorance of his greeting, she returned it, but with a very woe-begone voice, and deep sigh at the end of her salutation.

'Why, what's the matter with you?' said the bumble-bee, rather bluntly, it is true. Though worthy little creatures in their own peculiar fashion, bumble-bees do not think much of the refinement of society, and are given to be somewhat rough and ready in their speeches and ways. 'What are you looking so doleful about?'

'Doleful?' repeated the flower, in rather a high treble, not altogether liking the tone and manner of her acquaintance. Then she paused suddenly, remembering that it was not polite to repeat another person's words; so she cleared her throat, and said with frigid politeness, 'Thank you, Mr. Bumble-bee, for your inquiries, but I am not quite the thing to-day.'

'Not the thing!' exclaimed Mr. Bee quickly. 'You don't mean to say you're ill? I never saw you look better!'

'No, I'm not ill,' replied the flower.

'What then?' said the bee.

'I feel sad, and out of spirits,' said the flower, shortly. She was beginning to feel very much aggravated at the bumble-bee's cross-questioning, and lady-like though she was, she could not help showing her temper slightly in her manner. But Mr. Bee didn't seem to care a fraction for her little airs and graces.

'What are you sad about?' said he.

'Indeed I couldn't tell *you*,' she answered, with a stress on the *you* that was almost rude.

'I suppose you don't know yourself,' said the bee. 'Why, if you are out of spirits, just look up at the sky, and see how bright and beautiful everything is this morning. That ought to cheer you, if anything can.'

'But it does not cheer me,' said the blue flower; 'it's nothing more than I see every day.'

'Better fed than taught, I'm afraid,' muttered the rough old gentleman, as he flew away with a vast amount of loud buzzing.

'Pretty manners, indeed!' exclaimed the little beauty, tossing up her head in great wrath. 'What business has he to come fussing here, lecturing me in that style?'

She quite forgot all about her nerves, and didn't seem to mind the least, though another blossom fell on to the turf, as she shook herself about in her anger.

'Anything the matter, fair lady?' said an aristocratic voice by her side.

'Oh, nothing, thank you, Mr. Dragon-fly,' murmured the flower, subduing her unladylike emotion as far as she could; 'only Mr. Bumble-bee is so very rough and unguarded in what he says, it really is quite unpleasant.'

'Indeed, I hope he has not been rude; what did he say to annoy you?'

'I suppose it's only his way,' said the little flower, evading the dragon-fly's question. 'I was silly to think so much of his rough speeches.'

She did not wish to repeat the whole of the dialogue to the dragon-fly. He, probably, would also ask what had occasioned her fit of depression, and she did not feel the least more inclined to tell him than the bumble-bee. 'He's very polite, and very gentlemanly,' thought she to herself; 'but I don't suppose he would understand a bit about my wishing to be useful, and do something for other people. He never seems to think of anything but amusing himself, and passing the hour as comfortably and pleasantly as possible.'

'It's very kind of you to excuse his impertinence,' said the dragon-fly, in answer to the last remark the flower had vouchsafed him; 'but he has no right to be rude just because he doesn't choose to take the trouble to behave himself. I have no patience with those people who act like bears, and then turn round and tell you "it's only their way." If they have such ways, and don't choose to correct them, they should associate with bearish friends, who are likely to appreciate their performances, and not intrude themselves into civilized society.' Having delivered himself of this oration with great energy, flashing out lightnings from his great eyes, the dragon-fly paused to recover his breath, whilst he smoothed down his antennæ with one of his fore-legs. 'If Mr. Bumble-bee is ever uncivil again, pray let me know. If you will allow me, I shall be most happy to be your champion, and teach him proper politeness.'

'Thank you, you're very kind, I am sure,' said the little flower, rather alarmed by the fiery eyes of Mr. Dragon-fly.

'Good morning, if I can be of no service at present,' said he, with a most perfect bow.

'Good morning,' said she; 'and speed you well.'

Then the little flower proceeded to reflect:—'Mr. Dragon-fly is very pleasant. So gentlemanly and courteous, that in fact I think him quite fascinating; but I'm afraid he's only a man of the world, for all that. How can he bear to pass his whole time in amusements, without any aim in life? I'm sure I should be miserable. I should never be able to get my uselessness out of my head, if I wished it.' And the flower sighed deeply, not over her own troubles this time, but in sorrow for the dragon-fly. Perhaps she was rather hard upon her chivalrous acquaintance. Perhaps she found, later on, that the dragon-fly was not altogether useless in his generation, though he did seem to take life so pleasantly; still her puzzle over the fact remained, for fact she knew it was, as regarded many. She did not know how thought can be crushed down, and conscience stifled, till all remains still and death-like within, and every idea of life and its duties is warped by self-indulgence. Neither did she know anything of the yet sadder truth, that 'Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do,' and that those who thus fall into mischief, and do the things they ought not, have but little room left to think of the things they leave undone.

And the hours passed over the little flower's head as she thought and wondered. The sun shining more and more brightly, till he reached his height; then little by little paling down again till he sank in the west, among rose-coloured clouds, and paused a moment before saying 'Good night' to all the world. She had passed an unhappy day: she could not get over her worry of the morning. Generally she had a bright greeting for everyone that passed her, and would call out, 'Good speed to you,' or 'Speed you well,' to all the insects that brushed by; but to-day no one received a greeting from her. She thought and thought, and said no word to anyone.

Till as the sun was setting, a honey-bee came by, laden with honey. He rested near her, and began to talk. He and the little blue flower were old friends, and he soon heard the whole history of her troubles and wishes.

'I do nothing,' she said; 'and I am afraid I can do nothing; that is the misery. Look at the rose,' she went on, though the bee evidently wished to put in a word; 'the rose has a most delicious scent, and her leaves are useful even after her blossoms are faded. The cowslip blossoms make all kinds of pleasant drinks, and the poppy plant is prized for medicine. The hare-bells and spangle-grass ring out beautiful tunes for us as the breeze rustles through them, and so do the wild hyacinths. The pimpernels tell us when the rain is coming on. But I do nothing of all that. I have no honey, either, like the clover. I am not even

fit for nosegays, for my petals and blossoms fall off with the slightest touch, and I never could grace a bouquet. I wonder why I was ever born!' Here the little flower stopped short, and looked inquiringly up at the bee, wondering what he would say to her.

But the bee said nothing for a very long time, only stood firmly on his little legs laden with their golden bags, and thought deeply, with his head very much on one side.

'In the first place,' said he, at length, 'aren't you wrong in saying you've nothing to do?'

'Well, all I can do is to wish everybody good speed as they go by me; and that's very little use as far as I can see.'

'But you don't see very far,' persisted the bee: 'you can't even see into the next clover field. I know that a kind cheery greeting, as I start in a morning, does me a great deal of good, and makes me work away merrily. And when the other bees see how full my bags are getting, they work away harder too, and we all take more honey home at night; so you see what good a little word may do. In the second place, I think you're wrong to trouble yourself about *what* you do at all. So long as you, or anyone, try to do whatever is given you to do, as well as you can, it does not matter *what* that duty is. You must excuse me, but I think you are sad, not because you have nothing to do, but because you cannot do what you like—what you think grand and important enough; and so you are inclined to leave undone the only duty that really suits you.'

Though the bee spoke so plainly, the flower could not feel a bit angry, because he said it kindly, not roughly, like his cousin the bumble-bee. 'Thank you,' she said quietly; 'I will remember what you say.'

'And perhaps, some day, you will see yourself that even your little duty, faithfully performed, may bring forth nobler fruit than you expect.'

Then the bee flew away, and the little flower was left to think it all over, and she thought away to some purpose, for she made up her mind just to do what she had to do, and to trouble herself no further. 'Take things easily; one thing at a time,' she remembered having often heard repeated by a wise black-headed crow, who lodged in a lime tree above her; and often in her restless eagerness she had lifted up her voice in disapproval of such sentiments. Now she began to think them very valuable precepts, and 'took it easily' when one of her pretty blue blossoms fell off. 'What can't be cured must be endured,' said she sagely. 'It's only my nature, seemingly, and does not make me ill; and appearances are of no consequence after all.' And then, forgetting her troubles, she began bravely with her duty—her own duty. 'One thing at a time,' cawed the black-headed crow above. 'Ah, yes,' murmured she, in answer; 'no one can do more than one thing at a time; so it does not signify about having only one thing to do, if I always do it;' at which speech, the crow, having caught at the meaning of her murmur, cawed decided approval.

Days went on, and the flower persisted bravely in her work. Sometimes she found it rather monotonous, it is true, but at other times she found it very interesting to watch the friends of the morning return in the evening, to wonder whether her 'Good speed' had done them any good, and sometimes to hear that it had helped and cheered them.

One clear soft autumn afternoon, she saw two figures coming towards the bank on which she grew. One was the tall form of a young man, the other that of a girl, and they walked close together, with arms interlaced, till they came near her, and then both sat down on the bank.

Little Speedwell looked up into the eyes of the girl—eyes as blue as her own petals—and saw them full of tears, but ere they could fall they were brushed away by her hand, and so again and again, as they sat in silence, till a hand took hold of hers, and a deep voice at her side said, 'Cecily—Cecily!'

'Don't, Harry, don't! I want to be brave; don't make me cry.'

But it was of no use; Harry's touch and voice had brought the tears in good earnest, and she sobbed them out upon his shoulder.

'Let the tears have their way,' said Harry, as she struggled to stop them, and half choked in the attempt. 'Have it out, and then you'll be better.'

'But,' she sobbed, and then he put his hand over her mouth, and she lay still until the tears ceased. 'You hate to see women cry, don't you? I'm so sorry.'

'Well, I suppose all men do hate it.'

'Did you hate me then?'

'No, no, no, it's not you that we hate, unless we see you do it on purpose. We don't like the tears, perhaps; but if we hate any human being, it is more ourselves than you. And I did feel as if I hated myself just now!' he exclaimed vehemently.

'Why, you could not help it,' said she.

'It's all through me, though.'

'Ah, but I'd rather have the trouble with you, than no trouble without you.'

Then the little flower saw that their heads moved closer to each other, and something else happened, she didn't quite know what. After a minute or so of silence, Harry remarked, in a doubtful voice, 'This can't be helped, Cecily, I am afraid.'

'No, I know it can't,' answered she. 'I know it's your duty to go, and I would not for the world that you should attempt to shirk your duty for my sake, and because I make a goose of myself.'

'"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more,"'

said Harry, with a bright smile.

'Yes,' she said, her face all aglow, 'I should feel your love to be no love if it could ever make you forget your honour. I only wish that I

could do something to help you; go with you; wait on you; work for you. Oh! Harry, how I wish it!'

'And you can help me, Cecily, though you are far away; you know you can,' said Harry gravely.

'Yes, I know, in that way,' said she, hesitating; 'but I should like to do something more active. I feel as if I really could keep you from harm and trouble, were I with you.'

'You could trust to your care for me, rather than to God's care for us both.'

'Oh, no, no! not that. I didn't mean anything so wicked as that, Harry. You know I should always pray for you, whether with you or not.'

'The thought of that, and the God speed you give me for my journey, will carry me through, with God's help. See, Cecily, that little speedwell says God speed to me, too;' and Cecily bent down and gathered the little spray of blue flower.

How the little speedwell glowed with delight! for to tell the truth, she had been repeating her little greeting in their ears, as loud as she could, ever since she had learnt from their conversation the true state of the case, and that one was to travel far away from the other. 'Surely they must want cheering,' she thought. But till now they had not heeded her.

'Won't you give it me?' said Harry, laying his hand on hers. And then he brought a little case out of his pocket, and by stretching her little neck up as high as possible, the speedwell could just see that the case contained the portrait of a head, wonderfully like that belonging to the maiden by her side. And the little spray was placed within the case, near the face with its blue eyes; then the two rose up and walked away, arm in arm, as they had come. Little Speedwell looked after them till they had turned the corner of the hedge and passed out of sight; and then thought over what she had understood, and wondered over what she had not been able to understand, of their conversation.

'To think of a human being falling into just the same error as myself, and imagining that her work is not good enough for her! Well, it is a comfort!' And then the little flower blushed to her very eyes in discovering that the thought of another's failings was a source of consolation to herself.

In the evening, her friend the bee paused by her, for a moment's rest and a moment's talk, and the little flower eagerly told him the scene of the afternoon. He was able to throw a light on a good many points, and promised if ever he heard any more of Harry and Cecily, to let little Speedwell know.

Only the next morning brought him full of news. 'To begin at the beginning,' said he; 'last evening, after I had left you, given in my honey to the hive, and had my tea, as there was still an hour of twilight, I went out for a little stroll. I flew on till I reached a garden

surrounding a pretty house. In the garden I saw walking a young man and a girl, and by flying round and round them, soon discovered them to be your Harry and Cecily. Also, I found that there were some very sweet scented herbs and various kinds of flowers in the garden, so this morning I went there again to look for honey. I busied myself amongst some clematis, over the porch, and looking down saw a carriage standing before the door of the house. Presently, down the steps came your friends. He looked very pale, and she had a bright flush on her cheeks, and kept her lips tight, as if in pain. Then they stood close to each other for a minute, with their hands clasped, and seemed to look into each other's eyes, but I couldn't hear any word, till the man standing by the carriage called out something about being late. Then he jumped in and drove off in a moment. She stood for a long time, with her hand over her eyes, looking down the road, and at last, turning to go into the house, I saw that her face, too, was quite pale, and she gave a kind of gasping sob. I thought the best thing for her would be to go and make herself busy with something, so I flew down and buzzed a little advice in her ear. I don't know whether she listened. She went in-doors, and I couldn't help thinking what a pity it was she had no honey to gather. It would have been just the thing for her this bright morning, passing in and out of the sweet flowers—and so useful, too! Still,' resumed the bee, as Little Speedwell made no answer, 'I am not sure that they felt parting so very much; they were so quiet about it.'

Again the flower said nothing, but looked up into Mr. Bee's face with a great deal of thought in her blue eyes. The bee buzzed on for a few minutes longer, half to himself, and then burst out, 'Why don't you say something? Your eyes look as if you were miles away from here. Now when I'm talking to people I like them to look as if they were talking to me.'

'Yes; I beg your pardon,' said the speedwell, rousing herself. 'I was only thinking of those two.'

'Well,' said the bee, 'and do you think they care so much?'

'Yes, I do,' said the flower.

Mr. Bee would have liked very much to ask her why she thought so, but the 'Yes, I do,' came out so quietly that he felt as if she had quite put an end to the discussion; and it was just what she intended to do. She felt she understood so well *how* much her two friends had cared, just because they were so quiet, and if Mr. Bee couldn't feel that, it was useless to attempt to explain. So they talked a little longer; and then the bee flew away humming, and the flower was left to meditate.

She soon saw her friend Cecily again. Constantly in the fine afternoons the girl would come and sit on the bank, and never forgot to caress the little speedwell, and very frequently carried a little spray of flower away with her. The bee brought word that the little sprays

were carefully preserved in a glass in Cecily's bed-room, and that when busy amongst the roses round her window, he often heard her talking to the blue blossoms, and whispering something about Harry, and safety, and hopes that God would speed him well.

Then the winter came on. The speedwell's leaves shrank away, little by little, till at last she disappeared altogether beneath the earth, and went fast asleep during three or four months. She woke again one bright spring morning, with her head just above the ground, and found the sun shining, and everything looking most beautiful after the darkness of her long night.

One morning, after her first blossom had opened itself, Cecily came to see her, and sat down by her side. Little Speedwell sang out her greeting most heartily, but it seemed to give poor Cecily more pain than pleasure, for she brushed a tear away from her cheek, and sat for some time looking listlessly across the meadow. The speedwell, however, was not to be daunted; she repeated her greeting again and again, and at last Cecily seemed somewhat cheered by it, and said, 'Dear little flower, I will try and trust. At all events he's safe, wherever he is.' Then she burst into tears, and hid her face in her hands. Why she should do that, after having just expressed her conviction that 'he was safe,' Little Speedwell could not well make out.

Often, during the spring and summer that followed, Cecily came to the bank, but each time she looked almost more sad than the last, till at length, one day, she came in an agony of grief and threw herself on the bank. 'Oh! Little Speedwell,' she said, between her sobs, 'it is all over. Your good-speeds—my prayers—he doesn't need them now. Why couldn't I be with him? Why couldn't I see him die, and help him, and soothe him, if only for a moment?'

Little Speedwell felt so much that she could say nothing; only in sympathy her little blossom filled with dew, and the morning sun shining on her made her look more beautiful than ever. Then Cecily sat still a long long time, all through the summer's day. And when she rose up to go she kissed the speedwell, and said, 'Good-bye, little flower, I shall never come here again now he has gone.' And then she whispered something about being forgiven; that she had been very wrong: he was safe from all trouble and pain, and she would live on patiently, and try and get ready to go to him.

And so Little Speedwell felt sure that Harry must be dead; that he had never come back from that long journey, but had been lost in some way or other, and Cecily left alone. 'Isn't it sad?' she whispered to the bee, the dew again filling her eyes.

The very next morning, as she was still thinking it all over, wishing so much that Cecily had not given her that sad farewell, and hoping that even now she would sometimes come and see her, two figures turned the corner of the hedge, and strolled towards her bank. She rubbed her eyes to make sure that she was not dreaming. Could it be? Harry

and Cecily! just as they had come so long ago, one leaning on the other's arm. How was it? She could not yet believe her eyes.

But on they came, looking so happy. She had never seen Cecily look anything like what she did that morning, so bright and fair, with such a clear joyous light all about her eyes.

'I knew,' said Harry, 'I should travel quicker than a letter would do, so it was useless to write after I reached England—before, I could not. Fancy your agony yesterday, and I was so happy all the time, only feeling angry because the trains went so slowly.'

'Never mind, now,' said Cecily; 'I can hardly remember what the feeling was like; I only know that it was agony. Little Speedwell knows it too; I told her all, and I was never coming here again.'

'You don't know how you and the speedwell helped me,' said Harry, drawing her closer. 'Shall I tell you? When the vessel went down,' said he, looking into her eyes, 'I managed to swim out to a rock a-head of me, and not far from shore. I sat there for some time. The tide was rising, and soon reached my ledge. I saw if I could not climb up to the next I must soon be covered by the waves. I tried to scramble up: the sides were steep and slippery; again and again I slipped backwards, tearing my hands and arms, and growing more unequal to the effort after each trial. At last I gave it up; "I can but die in peace," I thought, and I sat down on my ledge again, and waited for the next strong wave to wash me off. It was all over, and just before I went I would have one more look at you. I managed to pull out my case, and then I looked into your eyes. There was the little blue flower lying by, and both your eyes and the flower said the same thing, "God speed you!" but your face said too, "God does not help and speed those who do not help themselves. Try once more, Harry—for my sake try once more." I hadn't a moment to lose. A huge wave was rushing on towards the rock, dashing up arms of white foam, as it rolled over the reefs that run out beneath the sea. I flung myself up against the slippery side, and clung hold of a sharp projection. I felt it cut through my hand, but still I held on, as the water curled round my feet. I gave one cry for help; I felt you were praying for me, and then, how I can hardly tell, I found myself on the summit of the rock. I was just in time, for I could see the wave that had dashed itself up, rolling back again, with a force that must have borne me with it, had I not been beyond its reach.'

Then there was a long pause, till he said softly, 'You see, Cecily, how you helped me.'

'Yes,' she said, 'I see you're thinking of what I said here, before you went away, and how I regretted not having more to do for you. Now I feel that I had plenty to do. "Little things, on little wings, bear little souls to heaven;" not that the duty of prayer is little, either,' said she thoughtfully.

'No,' said Harry, 'neither in the performance nor in the result. Even had I not been saved, through God's help, your prayers were more comfort than you will ever know; perhaps more help than we shall either of us ever know, during almost every hour of the day. Neither you nor I, nor Little Speedwell, will ever think again, that cheering words spoken to, and loving prayers spoken for, others, are little duties not worth performing.'

C. A. B. L.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

SECOND SERIES.

THE present collection of portraits at South Kensington extends from 1689 to the year 1800; and if Kneller is a poor substitute for Vandyke, and altogether the number of portraits that are also good pictures is much less than last year, the portraits themselves are of men and women of so much interest, and with whom for the most part we are so familiar, that it is hoped some short notice of the most striking amongst them will be acceptable to the readers of the Monthly Packet.

The first sixty pictures—Northern Gallery, ground floor—contain no fewer than seven likenesses of William of Orange, the first surely the best picture in the collection, 18, Rembrandt. These seven portraits ought at least to bring Macaulay's hero before us with fresh individuality: and the hooked sinister nose of manhood looks less repelling, after seeing the fatherless son of Mary Stuart as this charmingly-painted child of three or four—the mouth a little open, the dark grey eyes liquid and smiling—the roundness, rosiness, and innocence of childhood are still his. The young face is crowned by a low broad black hat, a border of red feather gleaming out here and there, and relieving its blackness much as the loose yellow locks of hair do the countenance of the future Dutch Stadtholder and English King: but even in this child is already visible the peculiarity of chin so destructive of all beauty in the later portraits—the face drawn in at the lower part of the cheek to swell out again for the chin; and thus the faces of Nos. 3 and 4, where William is represented 'as a boy' and 'when young,' make no pretension to the oval in outline. In Nos. 44, 45, and 60 he may be pursued as king and soldier; but with the hard uninteresting face of our Dutch King all are so familiar, that there is no need to remark more than that as years advance the singularity of the high hooked nose increases, and peculiarity of chin lessens, to reappear—strange freak of family likeness!—though much modified, in the young cousin and brother-in-law whom he had made into 'Pretender.'

Of Mary Stuart, William's unloved but most useful queen, there is but one portrait—46, Wiping—and that a singularly uninteresting one.

She is said to have been a Stuart, not Hyde, in person; is here represented with brown sleepy almond-shaped eyes, a very long nose, and very red lips; but no expression is to be won from the face of a woman who must always be something of a riddle to us—so warmly attached in youth to her own family, and to old English associations, and yet brought before us at seven-and-twenty, seemingly not only no unwilling tool in her husband's hands, but delighted, as the giddiest girl of seventeen could have been, to take possession of the home but just vacated by her unhappy father and step-mother; a want of common natural feeling, to which good Evelyn cannot but revert even when recording the pious charitable tenour of her will in 1692.

Amongst the earliest pictures are two beauties of the court of William and Mary, both painted by Kneller—Miss Pit, 9, and Lady Middleton, 15—tall graceful full-lengths, the married beauty a little the more pensive, as should be. Great contrasts are these two delicate-complexioned belles to the two famous admirals in the same room—Benbow, 17, (Kneller,) and Cloudesley Shovel, 22, (Michael Dahl); the latter in pale blue uniform laced with gold, grey wig, and a once fair face, now weather-beaten and burly. Another fighter, but one uniting beauty and valour, and whose name romance has kept brighter than those of either beauty or admiral, must not be overlooked here—No. 13, Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee; there is no fear that it will be overlooked in the collection itself, there is something so attractive in the fine pale face, round and massive, surrounded by thick flowing brown hair, the large liquid grey eyes of which look away from the spectator, whilst on the canvas is written—

THE LORD DUNDEE,

KILLED 1689.

Claverhouse 'died in battle-harness for his country and King James.' No. 5 brings before us one of William's heroes, the Dutch Bentinck, who in his youth had done his master more efficient and even heroic service than as Commander at the Boyne, imbibing from him the confluent small-pox in the successful endeavour to bring out the disease latent in his young master. There must have been something loveable about William of Orange after all. No. 16 is another of William's warriors, Armand, Duke of Schomberg, an elderly man, with a clever hard face.

Nos. 23, 29, 33, 35, and 30 bring us to philosophers instead of kings or heroes: the four first portraits are those of Isaac Newton; the first (Lely) as a young man, with a short face and meditative grey eyes; 29 (Crosse) with a fine bald head; 33 (Kneller) with long grey hair, thin long face, and keen eyes, as pleasing a likeness of old age as 35 (Thornhill) is the reverse. No. 30 is John Locke, the painter unknown, but picture dated 1697; Locke appears by Kneller in No. 40. In 38

(Closterman) we have a musician, whose Church music and 'Yellow Sands' are sung in many an English church and home to this very day, Henry Purcell; the face is very long, and has nothing of the burliness so remarkable in most of the chins of this period; not only are his eyes and long curling wig brown, but his coat and drapery, and the very keys of the harpsichord beside him, where the dark and light keys are exactly the reverse in position to those of their modern successors.

Nos. 50 and 52 are remarkable for looking much more like real portraits than many of the pictures around them, especially the first, where his Grace of Leeds' thin sharp face and slight body seem half lost or smothered in the long wig and gorgeous ducal robes. Nos. 64 and 65 give us John Dryden—first, as a youngish man, with grey eyes and massive chin; next, as a stiff figure, in a grey coat and long grey wig—both painters (the second Kneller, the first unknown) give the poet great length of nose.

No. 68 brings us back to royalty, in the person of Sophia Dorothea, Electress of Hanover, twelfth and youngest child of Elizabeth Stuart and the Elector Palatine, and mother of George the First. She died in her eighty-fourth year, but a few weeks before her cousin Anne, whose half-brother she would have felt far more scruple in supplanting than Anne herself had done. She is represented as a clever sensible woman in cotemporary memoirs, and is here painted by Gerard Honthorst as a grave thoughtful woman of perhaps six or seven and thirty, with open brown eyes and a long aquiline nose, a Stuart, but not a Stuart beauty; her brown hair is dressed in front, in careless yet stiff brown ringlets, flowing away from the face; her yellow dress simply adorned with strings of pearls, and three green rosettes made of four cross-bows, much in the style of many of the flat rosettes on the dresses and jackets of some of this year's gazers on this mother of our present race of kings. In 199, the Electress reappears as an elderly woman, (in blue drapery,) whose white hair is cut too short to shade the face, or give it the chief glory of old age.

Sir William Trumbull, 76, (Kneller,) was, I see, a diplomat, but his picture was marked for the sake of the fine pleasant face it represented.

Queen Anne's favourite, Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough, the 'Mrs. Freeman' of happier days of friendship, is brought before us four times, at four different ages, by no less a painter than Sir Godfrey Kneller—Nos. 78, 82, 89, and 90; both before and far more vividly than her once fond mistress. The second in number is apparently the earliest picture; and here the matronly embonpoint of Lady Fitzhardinge, with whom the Duchess is playing cards, serves as a most becoming foil to the graceful *abandon* of expression and attitude of her young partner. The simple green gown, with its plain white tuckers, seem also as if the fair gracious piquante creature before us knew well there was no need to adorn such bright beauty as hers: the

little *nez retroussé* looks as if its owner could have been saucy and provoking to distraction, but scarcely the violent-tempered ungrateful virago we have learnt to consider her; and at least, her husband's unfailing attachment to her, and her royal mistress's long infatuation, are no longer unintelligible. In 78 she is in mourning, white tuckers again alone relieving this more sombre dress; but the transparent black veil floating behind her sets off to perfection the bright fairness of her complexion, the azure blueness of her eyes, the vermilion redness of her lips. The whole expression is less saucy than in 82, but yet warm life and feeling survive all the mournful accessories around her. In 89 some matronliness begins to appear in the spoilt beauty, but the nose is as piquant as ever; and it is a surprise, almost shock, to find that the picture beside it, (90) of a dull, heavy, nay, cross-looking woman in a thick white striped dress, is the once lovely Sarah Jennings of Kneller's three earlier portraits.

The famous husband of this famous beauty appears but twice—81, Vanloo, and 87, Kneller: the first is the younger man, a gallant soldier, clad in red coat and brown periwig, with a long handsome face and sensible expression; in 87 the Duke, stiff with armour if not with age, is seated at a table, whilst General Armstrong displays to him the plan of the Siege of Bouchain; and there is nothing to distinguish him in pose or expression from many another wigged general of the period.

Almost too high to be seen hangs 88, Prince Eugene of Savoy, by Kneller.

> 'Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,
> And our good Prince Eugene,'

sings old Caspar; but the English Duke certainly carried off the palm of beauty if he shared that of victory with this dark-visaged unhealthy-looking prince. It is a peculiar face, very long and narrow—a bow from hair to chin, the hooked nose forming but a part of the bow; perhaps Kneller finding it impossible to make his picture beautiful, has made it all the more characteristic.

Another dark and small picture of a very different man, Matthew Henry, must be mentioned before—with Queen Anne and her husband and son—we conclude this first gallery. Though but four numbers in point of numbers from Prince Eugene, the two portraits are at the two extremes of the first gallery. The painter of 92 is unknown; but he has given the very look of humour we should expect from the often quaint humour of his Commentary, to the arched eyes and short nose of its Nonconformist writer; it is a dark good-humoured healthy face, of which bands and black gown cannot quench the brightness and keenness.

We must go back a little to find the Prince and Princess George of Denmark. Dahl paints the Prince in 84 in armour and dark wig, with burly chin, open grey eyes, and if any expression, one that it is difficult to

designate by any other word than glum. Thornhill gives him us again in 113, a picture lent by All Souls, Oxford, of which university he was for some years member. Dahl first gives us Queen Anne—or rather the Princess George of Denmark—and the last survivor of her seventeen children, William Duke of Gloucester: the mother in brown dress and blue velvet drapery; the son in a low grey frock edged with gold lace—sombre attire for the child on whom all Whig hopes centred; but at least, as yet, something of childish rosiness and roundness lingers in a face of which the large eyes and general delicacy of appearance prepare one for the look of ghastly ill-health and general unboylike characteristics of the same prince, (85, Kneller,) some years older, clad in armour crossed by the ribbon of the Garter; he seems to have been inheritor of his mother's lovely hand, but taper fingers are scarce a beauty at eleven.

Anne, as Queen, is brought before us in 103 by Lely, this far-famed charm surviving youth, sorrow, and remorse, otherwise a sad hard elderly-looking woman, although in 1703, the date the picture bears, she was but eight-and-thirty. The Queen stands in her royal robes, sceptre in hand, looking oppressed by the insignia of the crown she had once so eagerly coveted; indeed, a friend remarked, and very truly, that the picture would have made a very good companion to Nero surveying the ruins of burnt Rome, in the International of 1862.

A little to the right, and in a lower line of hanging, is a singular portrait of as singular a subject, Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, as sure as the portrait of Dundee to catch the gazer's attention; indeed, the face of this clever chivalrous eccentric sailor bears much likeness in many ways to that of the Scotch soldier, save that the mouth is a little open; the position of the right arm—akimbo—and the red flowered coat in which the earl is clad, are alike peculiar. Again and again this Exhibition makes one feel as if portraits should never be taken after woman's bloom or man's prime is over; and here it is so sad to turn from the dashing sailor of No. 100 to the pale even livid-faced old man of 129, in a long grey wig, upright and determined-looking, however, in spite of age. The whole picture has a mouldy look, as if saved from fire by the aid of another element scarce less destructive.

Now comes a little knot of literary men, beginning with Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset, painted by Kneller as Knight of the Garter, not poet, 110. The same painter gives us Sir Richard Steele, 111, burly in all ways, but especially in his shorn chin, with keen brown eyes, and long, thick, curled periwig. Addison follows, also by Sir Godfrey, a slight, and by no means enchanting figure, in a light blue coat and grey periwig. In 150 we meet him again, but equally uninteresting in appearance; whether painters or sitter be to blame for this disappointment, it is in vain now to ask. Congreve is brought before us by Kneller in 116 in a much more life-like fashion, in flowing grey wig and dull lilac coat. May we include amongst poets the Rev. Nicholas Brady? 128, joint author with the poet-laureate Nahum Tate,

of the authorized versified Psalms; the face is full and puffed, the eyes dark and small, but the whole expression of the Irish Prebendary good-tempered—not to say jolly.

In the third division of the portraits, the men who made Anne's reign Augustan are continued. Pope appears four times: first, in a small picture by Richardson (136) on the stairs, wearing his own flowing hair, with a long sloping nose, and a sensible if not handsome face. In 146 (Kneller) his head leans on his hand, with an expression of sadness, weariness, and reproach, painful to see; in 149 Richardson gives his profile; in 154 the poet seated, much older than in 146, but the expression equally as though all the world went wrong with him, spite of the dog 'Bounce' gazing up at him—the collar bears the name 'A. Pope.' Prior figures in 138 and 141, but there is not much resemblance between the two pictures; Swift thrice—139, 140, 143: first, as a pleasant comely-looking Dublin student, a mere boy in his college gown, wearing his own flaxen hair long and parted in the middle, slight in figure, and with large blue eyes; in 140 Jervas represents him burly-chinned and middle-aged; in 143, Bindon, more likeness to the boy of 139 appears. Near these portraits hangs that of Esther Johnson, the 'Stella' of the Irish Dean's journals and love—if love it were—a dark girl or woman, with large brown eyes, not beautiful to look at, as given by this unknown painter.

Catherine Hyde, Duchess of Queensberry, was as famed for beauty as wit, but looks only the first—serene-faced and young, perfectly simple in hair and pose, spite of her shepherd's crook, in 156: 160 is Elizabeth Countess of Bridgewater, third daughter of the Duchess of Marlborough, not a positive beauty, but with a fine face, lighted by a pair of alert grey eyes pleasant to look upon—a great contrast to the red-faced dark-skinned buccaneer beside her, William Dampier: 168, Anne Oldfield, the famed actress, the Tatler's 'Flavia,' and Pope's 'Narcissa,' forms a pretty pensive picture, with her slight elegant face and figure, in a silvery dress, and dull green and pink shot drapery; the refined well-formed head crowned with laurel.

Gay is thrice represented, 173, 176, 177: in 176 with a young thin face unrelieved by hair; indeed, in all the portraits wears a cap beneath which his hair is hidden, which makes a face not naturally pleasing less pleasing still: altogether there is an unkempt slovenly appearance amongst most of the literary men of the last century, which makes their having been kept waiting in the ante-room of the splendid noblemen here round them not only credible, but to some extent excusable. The William Croft of many a well-known chant, as middle-aged, in a reddish wig, looks forth good-humouredly from 179.

Sir James Thornhill, Hogarth's father-in-law, has given us a very forcible likeness of himself, as a young man, with long reddish wavy hair, and large full grey eyes, and a face fine in spite of the coarseness of its lower part, in 183. His coat is cobalt blue laced with gold.

A few numbers farther on we come to a series of portraits full of interest, and forming the most complete series of family portraits in the Exhibition—that of the exiled Stuarts. James Francis Edward Stuart, whose birth on June 10th, 1688 proved his father's ruin, the Chevalier St. George of later days, appears seven times. A charming boy he is as he stands before us, with all a Stuart's grace (in 213, de Largillière) on his dear little red-stockinged legs, the becoming red coat crossed by the ribbon of the Garter; one hand on a greyhound, the other gloved, and carelessly holding the fellow white gauntlet; the black hat, edged with white feather, held with equally easy grace under the same left arm; his eyes bright and brown, his lips fresher and ruddier than a cherry, his figure slight and lithe. To his left stands the little Princess Louisa Maria Teresa, for whom Le Grand Monarque, with his unfailing courtesy to exiled royalty, had stood sponsor, and given his own and dead queen's names; in preparation for whose birth James the Second with his own hand had boldly summoned not only many members of the English Privy Council, but the Queen Regnant Mary the Second herself, to St. Germains, in May, 1692. But if born in exile, little knows the Princess as yet of crowns and cares as she stands before us a quaint plump little mother's darling, in her high white lace cap, low white satin dress, the right arm held out, and right fore-finger held up as if to call attention to some object attracting her own observation, or to hush some noise unpleasing to her royal ears. She has the family bright brown eyes, and rosy lips and cheeks, was fondly named 'La Consolatrice' by her hapless father, grew up to be the life and beauty of the little exiled court, to die of small-pox—the scourge of high and low alike in the good times before Jenner lived—on April 18th, 1712. Looking at this picture in a certain light, it is very evident that the heads of both children have been cut out of the large canvas, and are now but re-inserted. Nos. 193 and 197 are apparently copies of the sitters of 213 as separate pictures. We have the Chevalier, as a man of thirty perhaps, in 204, the chin still like that of William the Third, complexion still red and white, expression not very wise; and in 198 as an old man, with pale lips and uncertain eyes, looking as if dissipation, as much as age and a life of disappointment, had made this wreck of the once gallant boy.

There are two portraits of his wife, the Princess Maria Clementina Sobieski, the later in number, 202, apparently the earlier portrait, a small picture, partly effaced; in it the Princess holds up a hand-mirror with some piquancy, and the whole effect is picturesque, whereas that of 192 (Trevisani) is common-place; the face, small, fair, and pale, seems ready to break into a smile of deprecation; the hair is powdered—the woman scarcely so much the object attracting the eye as her elaborate and jewelled pink brocade, and the huge gold watch on the table beside her. Yet this is the mother of the Charles Edward of romance and Waverley; though, dying when he was but a boy of fifteen, she

bears no part in his after ill fortunes, as counsellor, encourager, or consoler.

Both her sons—Charles Edward, and Henry Benedict, Cardinal of York—are well represented here, the former in Nos. 306, 309, 310, 311, 313, the latter in 307, 316, 321; whilst amongst the earlier numbers which we have just left is a young girl (195) who, if the frame is marked truly—'Granddaughter to James the Second'—must have been their sister; the bright brown eyes, the red and white complexion, are exactly like those of the little Prince and Princess of 213, the length of nose like that of both the Mary Stuarts who became Princesses of Orange. This Princess Louisa is a girl of perhaps fifteen, a small slight figure in a low blue dress, her brown hair decked with flowers, and a bunch of carnations or poppies in her hand, who looks with a smile out of her old frame.

Of the many pictures of Charles Edward, the unknown painter of 311 brings him before us, as a boy, in the most satisfactory light: only the profile of the fine promising face is given; the head erect, the upright figure clad in a red coat laced with silver, and white cravat, (the dress, says the catalogue, in which he made his public entry into Paris,) the short wig and pig-tail completing the costume, showing a change in fashion since his father's youth. No. 309 gives him to us younger; but the brown eyes and general colouring of this smiling delicate boy are so like those of the elder Pretender, one feels half inclined to put this with 195 up a generation; in 313 Blanchet has overwhelmed the royal boy with drapery and royal accessories; in 310 his Highland dress is not becoming to the 'Laddie' loved so well by Highland hearts; in 306 alone he comes before us as 'a young man wearing his own fair hair,' with retreating forehead, but still a fine face; and there we leave him. There is no portrait of Charles the Third in full manhood or old age, so we are spared the sight of romance outlived.

Blanchet gives us Henry Stuart, 307, (in a companion picture to Charles Edward of 313,) with powdered hair, and pig-tail tied with a black ribbon, a gallant-looking little fellow, with the family red lips. In 316 and 321 we make a great stride, and find him a cardinal, with scarlet robes and grey hair; the latter the pleasanter picture of the simple kindly old man, with the family brown eyes, not looking very wise, partly from the open mouth, but then also neither blasé nor aged by dissipation. He died at Rome—the last of the Stuarts, and a pensioner of England—1807.

His childless sister-in-law, the Princess Louisa Maximiliana of Stolberg Guedern, figures but once, 308, Mengs, a common-place woman of a far lower common-place type than her mother-in-law, unless it is the unbecoming and unpicturesque costume, which makes the young woman of twenty-four look forty, and rather vulgar and cunning into the bargain. Her head-dress bears the Irish harp, her locket St. Andrew's Cross; so even in 1776 the thoughts, if not hopes, of the exiled Prince

and Princess must still have turned to the island homes of his forefathers.

Flora Macdonald must not be forgotten wherever Charles Edward and Scotland are mentioned. Hudson paints her (314) as a young girl with grey eyes, simple erect figure, yellow dress, and a rose in her short brown hair, a far pleasanter picture and prettier subject than the blue-eyed rather weather-beaten Scotchwoman of 312; but internal evidences make one believe Ramsay to have been the truer portrait-painter—a white rose this time in the short curling hair.

In following the Stuarts we have passed many intervening pictures of interest: the fair sensible-faced Winifred Countess of Nithsdale, who looks as if love, not nature, had made her bold to venture all to save her ruddy-complexioned lord (201) from Tower and axe—the fair young thoughtful countenanced William Mackenzie, who plays with his dog—'The Farewell to Mackenzie' as yet unneeded and unsung—the old singular face and twinkling eyes of the Bishop Hooper, (229,) who attended Monmouth on the scaffold—Lady Mary Wortley Montague, whom Rusca gives us (234) with upcast large dark eyes, and general affectation of dress and attitude, yet the clever woman makes a striking picture for all that—Dorothy Walpole, (236,) whose soft sea-green satin draperies on the grey-brown of the simple back-ground have a charming and unusual effect, and set off the beauty of the brown eyes and quiet dignity of pose—Lavinia Fenton, Duchess of Bolton, (240,) the famed 'Polly Peachum' of Gay's Beggar's Opera, is not painted young enough to preserve her character for beauty. Sir Hans Sloane comes next her, an old man, in whose face it is hard to trace any likeness to the previous portrait of 231. Nos. 242, 258 give us two more beauties of our early Georges; 272, a charming picture of gallant, if slightly sentimental youth, in the person of the Hon. John Spencer, Marlborough's grandson, surely the best picture Jervas ever painted. 283, Sir Robert Walpole, with double chin, brown eyes, strong face, who brought George the Second, till then his enemy, the news of his father's death. And now the Georges and their sons and daughters begin thickly to besprinkle the walls. George the First figures in 194, his dark sinister face overwhelmed by the brown periwig of the age; his only visit to England before his accession—and then he was in no hurry to leave his beloved Electorate for his new kingdom—had been in 1680–1, as possible suitor for his cousin Anne Stuart's hand. In 205 we have him again, by Kneller, in royal robes, crown, orb, and sceptre beside him, but again bearing no resemblance to our English Guelphs; his unhappy wife is unrepresented; and his son, George the Second, appears but once, 270, a short figure, in a grey wig, with a face rather awry: his son, Frederick Lewis Prince of Wales, is brought twice before us; and here are the large blue eyes, the fair complexion, so familiar in present English royalty. But first a few words on Wilhelmina Caroline of Anspach, of kindly memory as the Queen Caroline of Jeannie Deans, no longer

'pacing a green alley in garments rather rich than gay,' but with crown and sceptre beside her, clad in white satin heavy with its brocade of gold and pearls, and a green mantle edged with ermine; the face is fair, bright, and pale, but neither figure nor face give the Queen the dignity and beauty so universally assigned her in cotemporary memoirs, that the unnamed painter rather than his subject must be believed in this respect to be at fault. How tenderly Thackeray, in his sarcastic 'Four Georges,' touches on the memory of this beautiful woman, who had refused Charles the Sixth to marry 'the little Electoral Prince of Hanover, whom she tended with love, and with every manner of self-sacrifice, with artful kindness, with tender flattery, with entire self-devotion, thenceforward until her life's end;' and asks in admiring wonder, 'Why did Caroline, the most lovely and accomplished princess of Germany, take a little red-faced staring princeling for a husband, and refuse an Emperor? Why, to her last hour, did she love him so?'

Caroline's eldest son figures alone in 277, with Cupids and lyre to his left, a volume of Pope's Homer in his hand; but in 290 Nollekens represents him in a much more natural and domestic fashion, as an enthusiastic musician playing the violoncello with heart and soul; and, a hundred and forty years ago, finding nothing incongruous in so doing in powdered wig, red coat, and the Order of the Garter; though the time be apparently mourning, the boarded floor bare, the general appearance of the room and its occupants homely and simple. The picture, as a portrait, is almost a caricature, the large blue eyes are so prominent and eager, the mouth so pursed. Much less character is given to the three sisters completing the party, all in thick white caps and neckerchiefs; the princess playing the harpsichord, also in a thick white dress relieved by a few pink bows; another in a blue dress plays the guitar; whilst the third, in a buff dress trimmed with blue, sits a little to the left, an open book on her knee, her head on her hand, as if finding the united family harmony—or discord—a little too noisy; whereas the dog at the Prince's feet, with true canine politeness and devotion, gazes on his master as though enraptured by his skill. That music was as great a passion with Frederick as with his son appears from Jesse's account of his death at Leicester House, March 20th, 1751. The Prince was lying in bed, being as was supposed convalescent, listening to the violin playing of Desnoyéres, when he suddenly exclaimed, 'Je sens la mort,' and expired before aid could reach him. The three princesses are individually unidentified. Anne, Amelia, Elizabeth, Mary, and Louisa, were the names of George the Second's five daughters; the eldest married to a Prince of Orange, the youngest to Frederick the Fifth of Denmark.

Augusta, Princess of Wales, appears but once, 264. (Vanloo.) The Princess is seated, her yellow hair drawn off her brows, holding by the hand the little toddling son, afterwards George the Third, quaintly clad in the stiff child fashion of the day in white muslin and lace over red, and wearing a jewelled and feathered white cap; two of her younger

sons with their attendant ladies behind her. Nos. 261 and 263 give us two of this Prince and Princess's daughters, as well as two charming crayon portraits, (surely by Cotes, though unnamed,) of which the oval form and frame complete the pretty quaintness. The Princess Louisa Mary, 263, is a fair full-grown girl, with straw-coloured hair and sleepy blue eyes, pleasant and comely to look upon, in a low square-cut long-waisted pink dress; a string of pearls round the fair plump throat; a few pearls and flowers in her hair; a little lymphatic, but kindly tempered and hearted, one feels sure. The second sister wears blue instead of pink, but a dress the fac-simile of her sister's in all but colour, as are her ornaments, save the pink rose at her breast instead of flowers in the hair, while under the left arm peeps out the grey head of a pet Skye. Here hair and colouring are fair too, but the face thinner and more intellectual, and bearing great family resemblance to the thoughtful early photographs of our own Princess Alice. Can no one give the distinguishing Christian name to the surely favourite sister with whom the Princess Louisa, scarce one hundred years ago, loved to dress alike, and be taken; whose keener mind as surely often found welcome rest on the calmer sister's easy temperament?

Their royal brother next re-appears (445) in Sir J. Reynolds's sketch, representing his marriage, on September 8th, 1761, with Sophia Charlotte of Mecklenburg Strelitz; the bridegroom was in his twenty-fourth year, the bride in her eighteenth: the picture is small, and likeness scarcely distinguishable. The marriage took place in the Royal Chapel of St. James at ten at night, the young queen almost weighed down by the length and weight of her violet velvet mantle lined with ermine; Horace Walpole, who was present, remarks that she looked very sensible and cheerful and remarkably genteel, and that altogether 'it does not promise as if they would be the two most unhappy persons in England;' and spite of all the bitter public and home trials then lying unknown before them, one can feel that his prognostication was, in its highest sense, fulfilled. The Queen re-appears alone in her royal robes, 444, by the same painter: in 458 by Zoffany, and finally in a charming crayon portrait by Cotes, 459, half-length and seated, with the plumpest and most placid of babies—Charlotte Augusta Matilda, Princess Royal of Great Britain, and the future Queen of Wurtemburg—on her lap. Lord Harcourt—he whom Walpole had wittily said was to be at the little German court six years before, on August 1st, if he could find it—had pronounced England's future Queen 'a very fine girl,' with fine teeth, abundant silky brown hair, good complexion, and a very pretty little figure—when he did find it; but Cotes alone of all her portrait-painters has given future ages the idea of a fine woman; whilst as a happy mother, (whose three bonnie boys could be as yet nothing but pride and pleasure, and whose young husband loved her as no Queen of England had then been happy enough to be loved for many a long day,) the young Queen looks both serene and bright as she holds up one little hand to

enforce silence for the sake of the sleeping babe upon her knee. Just one hundred years ago, the mother so sat, the babe so slept, Cotes painted the warm life-like bit of nature that seems to bring *tempora mutantur* more sadly if not more strongly home to our hearts than the old age of famous beauty, or tomb of crowned king. The date of '1767' still stands upon Cotes's canvas.

The King is twice brought before us—in 447, by Sir Joshua, a companion picture to 445—in his coronation robes; both these portraits are now owned by the Royal Academy; and finally by Zoffany, 464, in scarlet coat, and star and ribbon of the Garter: but with the personal appearance of England's first British-born Guelph King all are so well acquainted, it seems needless to dwell upon it in a paper already threatening to exceed all reasonable limits.

Of this King and Queen's fifteen children, but two are represented—their eldest and youngest daughters—a fact cruelly disappointing to those who had here hoped to see the finest family in Europe in their prime. In the very last room we meet with the solitary portrait of the little Princess Amelia (857) by Hoppner, in a white cap, a white muslin frock over blue, whence peeps out one bare pink little foot, with tambourine and dog beside her, the darling of her father, in whose heart she had taken the place left vacant by Prince Octavius' death—still a fair little fatty of a child. Not far from this hangs the only daughter-in-law of George the Third here represented, Frederica Duchess of York—a fair woman in high blue hat with white feather, playing the harp. This is really the last picture (866) of the collection; but we must retrace our steps and pick up many a missed portrait of interest.

In close neighbourhood to the last Stuarts is Simon Lord Lovat, their agent and betrayer, a singular figure, more like Dr. Johnson in face and person than any other in the exhibition. 335 gives us the fine-faced brown-eyed wife of Lord Lyttelton's lament: 341, the founder of the Foundling Hospital, benevolent-hearted and kindly looking Captain Coram; Hogarth paints the old sailor well, but even more forcibly and naturally sketches little Miss Rich, 344. In James Quin, 348, the burly unshorn chins of the times reaches its acme in burliness: in 351 Hogarth gives us a quaint, not to say ungainly, family group of the Western family; the chaplain, in gown and bands, added to the party: in 352 he gives us himself, with a good deal of character in the not handsome face. The author of 'Night Thoughts' looks rather mock sentimental in his bands and black gown, in 358, as one might expect the man to look who, within two years of his wife's death, could print the thoughts to which his loss had given rise. Think of the score of years 'In Memoriam' was unknown to public eye. Philips gives us the very picture of a lady of olden time in Lady Betty Germaine, 362, an upright old lady in blue brocade, seated, and a fan in her hand.

And now once more we come on a literary group, beginning with Verelst's fine figure of Smollett, 369: in 373, Sir J. Reynolds paints

Sterne, seated at a writing-table, his head on his hand, thoughtful, yet his mind far away from the scene round him, enjoying some humorous imagination, not sad one. In 377 we have Horace Walpole, wearing his own brown hair growing far back on his forehead; in 438 he is many years younger; the pale brown-eyed face is in each portrait peculiar, but with a peculiarity it is hard to describe: how much we are indebted to him for our knowledge of many a belle and statesman in this exhibition, and his affection for Mary Berry, brings the witty gossip's old age before us in a tender kindly light.

The Central Hall very early brings four very different men before us—Watts, 383; Cruden, 384; Doddridge, 386; Bishop Wilson, 389. The celebrated hymn-writer wears his bands over a bluish coat, and a short thick white wig, his eyes grey, mouth peculiar, fast shut and yet drawn down, his pose good. The painter of Alexander Cruden is unnamed, but has given us a very natural easy picture of the famous Concordance compiler, who wears his own hair powdered and with pig-tail, and is pleasant to look on as he sits reading in his library, not looking a bit as if sitting for his picture. Dr. Doddridge is a stiff figure, with a surprised look from his arched eye-brows. The picture of Dr. Wilson is that from which the frontispiece of his world-known Companion to the Altar is taken, benevolent in painting and engraving, but here fresh-coloured. Woolaston gives us, in 403, a very quaint picture of George Whitfield preaching, nose and eyes awry, both arms extended, looking far beyond the three or four immediately beneath his pulpit, who in quaint costume and with up-turned faces are hanging on his words.

George Frederick Handel (398) with his large grave face, begins the Western Gallery, in which the Whitfield picture is found. In 411 we have the same master musician, younger, unwigged, and less heavy looking. James Wolfe, 402, is the well-known profile likeness of the young general who died 'happy' on the plains of Abraham, 1759—in a scarlet uniform, and wearing his own red hair tied with a black ribbon. Penelope Pitt, Countess Ligonier, 413, is one of Gainsborough's full-length and size master-pieces, with which many of us made acquaintance at Manchester. Reynolds's Marchioness of Hertford, 420, shews his power in the same style and size; 425 is Mary Townshend, one of Sir Joshua's charming smaller pictures; but he must have been trying experiments with his blues here, and in 494, Viscountess Sidney; and both paintings are evidently but wrecks of what they were. Dr. Boyce, 427, stands with rather a complacent not to say 'cocky' air, with a volume of his Solomon in his hand.

David Allan (428) gives us a natural domestic picture in Sir William and Lady Hamilton, the lady playing the spinet—a great contrast to the formal family groups of 276 and 582; and now we come to two quaint pictures of the two famous beauties, Elizabeth and Maria Gunning; Elizabeth, Duchess of Hamilton, in a simple white gown spotted with scattered sprays of convolvulus, and a white mob-cap made becoming by

pink ribbon and black lace, looks up with an arch amused smile on her lovely face from the coarse white hand-basin, in which, with a square of common soap, her dainty hands are acting washerwoman. In 441, the other sister, Countess of Coventry, in much the same dress, but with more business-like purpose, irons a short thick white sleeve, too much engrossed in her novel occupation to look off at spectators. Morland is the painter of both these pictures.

A little later we come to George the Third's beautiful but unroyal sister-in-law, Anne Luttrell, Duchess of Cumberland, a lovely if rather languishing woman, (449,) with an oval face and liquid grey eyes which might well bewitch the royal Duke, by whose side she is walking in 473, and whom she out-tops in very unwifely fashion. In 452 we see once more Reynolds's charming portraits of the three ladies Waldegrave, seated in white at their work-table. In 463, Gainsborough paints, as a young blooming plump girl, the beautiful Mrs. Graham, whom, as Lady Lynedoch, all who saw the Manchester Exhibition must remember as one of its glories. But beauty palls on the ear, if never on the eye; and in 479 comes the small crinkled rosy face of Lord Clive as a break; in 486, Lord Heathfield; in 487, Lord Mansfield—in body decrepit, in mind still vigorous—in his gorgeous scarlet robes; the marked careworn face of Sir Eyre Coote (499) completing this little group of famous men.

Up-stairs a group of painters succeeds them. Here is Paul Sandley, the founder of our famous school of water-colours, a quiet old gentleman in crimson coat and white waistcoat. Barry, Wilson, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Cipriani, Bartolozzi, Nollekens, Romney, &c. Here they, rivals or friends in life, here hang peacefully side by side; Gainsborough with his small-eyed massive face and fine person, Reynolds smiling, genial, and rosy. Two female artistes of the day are there too: Angelica Kauffmann, a natural pleasant-looking woman, with thick brown hair unpowdered, hangs by the side of the longer-faced more refined looking Anne Damer.

Singleton in 549 paints Boswell and his wife and children; but we overlooked the portrait of this prince of biographers; in 551, Reynolds paints a family picture of the Garricks, where he has let nature charm, not art; Mrs. Garrick, who here looks worthy of her pretty maiden names of Eva Maria Veigel, is seated with her babe across her knees, and husband behind her; the mother, refined and grave, in white dress and red mantle; the child short-coated, and thus one bare foot visible; Garrick himself kindly and simple, and in unison with the scene around him; surely Hannah More mentions no child at Hampton, and this must have died young. The mother lived to complete her seven-and-ninetieth year.

Oliver Goldsmith's very plain face is next in number; but Gainsborough in 559 gives us a far pleasanter man, wearing his own brown hair but not bald, and good humoured-looking, with character or at least speciality in mouth and chin. Of Johnson, the intellectual giant of the age, portraits abound, 556, 557, 564, 567, 574—Reynolds always the painter—the

third that with which we are most familiar; always a marked countenanced, ponderous bodied man, but in 556 healthy, in 557 pale and overpowered-looking, in 564 ashy. Edmund Burke's ruddy face in 560 is a great contrast, and his healthy colour is inherited by his only son, 584. In 594, Reynolds paints Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy—the well-known picture, in which the great actor, though turning towards Tragedy, seems but to be smiling her a deprecating apology before suffering the other wrestler with him to lead him her more genial and congenial way. Dance paints a forcible likeness of the same actor in 602.

Mrs. Montague's marked handsome face, all but in profile, looks forth as that of the clever sensible woman she was, in 628. This queen of 'blue-stocking' society by no means despised suitable dress, if we may judge from Reynolds's picture, where her dark hair is powdered, her white brocade elaborately self-trimmed, but the keenness of the brown eyes soon make one look above the dress.

Gainsborough paints Benjamin Franklin (643) with the most peculiar face ever seen, exceedingly long, massive, yet with hollows and bumps; the grey eyes small, and the upper part of the countenance altogether small in proportion to the lower—a strange visaged man, but a great one. Pleasant countenanced Sir William Jones is next in number; and as companion picture to the great linguist hangs the courtly-looking scholar, Sir Robert Chambers, 652. The unfortunate Major André comes between them; John Wilkes and his over-dressed elderly-looking daughter near them. A little further we have three portraits of Gibbon, 664, 667, 668, plebeian featured and nosed in particular, double chinned, with bright eyes, giving some evidence of the power of brain thus grotesquely clothed. From 688 the grave sensible face of Warren Hastings looks down on us in his simple brown coat; in 850 Lawrence paints him an older man, bald save a few white locks, kindly and grave, his seven years trial lived through and maybe forgotten. Gainsborough's Lady de Dunstanville, 691, is charming as a picture and an old Manchester friend; the coaxing wheedling attitude of the fortune-teller, Lady Charlotte Spencer, is capital in 693. In Henrietta Countess of Powis, Reynolds's blues *have* stood the test of time; 701, Lady Buckinghamshire, is another of his rival's splendid full-lengths. Opie is the painter of Mrs. Delany, 708—a very old lady, grey haired and toothless, yet with the kindly dignity about her one expects.

In Richard Robinson, Lord Rokeby, Archbishop of Armagh, (716,) Reynolds had a fine subject, and has made of it a finer picture. His Grace, a tall portly dignified man, is clad in greyish-sap-green coat, cassock, and gloves, and—walking-stick in hand, black cocked hat on head—takes his walk abroad with all the genuine importance of lay and spiritual peer combined. A little further are a knot of naval men: Sir Samuel Hood, 742, his right sleeve armless; Viscount Hood, 727; Lord Howe, 730; Hugh Palliser of riot memory, 733; Kempenfelt, 735; intelligent faced, keen-eyed Captain Cook, 737, &c. Zoffany in 747 paints Charles James

Fox in loose blue coat and breeches, leaning not to say lolling against a pedestal, his brown hair cut short over the forehead, long at the sides, the large pale sallow face growing broader as it descends; Reynolds in 763 represents the great Whig statesmen as an older but pleasanter looking man, in dark blue coat and yellow waistcoat as should be. His great rival, William Pitt, also figures twice, 765, 766, and is happier in having Gainsborough each time as painter. Certainly one cannot but contrast this slim upright figure and sensible face with the unpleasing expression and careless slouch of Zoffany's Fox, much to the favour of the young Tory.

Nos. 751, 752, 753, 754, give us four celebrated brothers; the Hon. Arthur, Richard, Henry, and William Wellesley; the future Duke with powdered hair and red and silver-laced uniform, not looking very wise, spite of his hook nose and grey eyes, perhaps from the partially open mouth, nor half so courtly as his brown-eyed scholarly elder brother, the future Marquis Wellesley of Indian diplomacy. Henry, Baron Cowley, we overlooked; William is a cross between his elder and younger brothers; here one must mention their mother, first given us as a young woman in low white dress and blue drapery, 435; and again (by the present Countess Dowager of Westmoreland) in 823, as the picture of refined calm old age, her bluish grey eyes and hooked nose strongly reminding one of the third and most famous of her famous sons, seated full length and life-size, a dog at her feet, the Gazette containing the news of Waterloo in her hand; a letter dated June 19, Waterloo, from the 'affectionate' and 'dutiful' victor, on the table; busts of her sons round her; a proud mother, and with good reason truly.

The beautiful Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire has been quite overlooked: she smiles on us, a fine but not remarkably pretty child, in white frock and pink sash, in 434; as the playful comely mother of the finest of young daughters, in 773; and many times besides; but how full of life and action is this final representation of the great Whig belle, the kindly hearted woman.

But it is high time we drew to a close. Lord Eldon, 770, is the picture of a gentleman and Tory; James Bruce, 802, of gentleman and traveller; Robert Burns, dark-haired and fresh-coloured, looks at us with bright brown eyes from 804; 805 gives us the fine grey-haired head of Watt, a head a phrenologist would have loved; 808, John Newton, with a fuller fairer face than we expected; 810, Chatterton, as an eager-faced boy with curling brown hair; 812, Paley; 815, John Howard, grave and rather red-nosed; 828, John Wesley, with his low forehead and long white hair, preaching; 830, the kind grave gentlemanly face of Hannah More's Bishop Porteous; 831 and 834, two fine full-lengths of Gainsborough's; 838, the short, fresh-coloured, pleasant face of that great benefactor to his fellow-creatures, Dr. Jenner; 842, Raeburn's masterly portrait of Adam Ferguson, the black-coated fine-faced old man leaning back naturally in his red-backed library chair.

And now we enter the last room, the first picture attracting the eye being Mrs. Fitzherbert, by Russell, 845; surely no woman—especially one of five-and-thirty—ever had such a brilliant red bloom, such general dazzling delicacy of complexion, the dead white of the dress making the warm shell-like white of brow, neck, and arm, the more exquisitely lovely; the bright brown eyes hardly need red or white to heighten their full dark beauty. The second portrait of Warren Hastings is in this room—where Lawrence and his style have almost entirely replaced Sir J. Reynolds and Gainsborough—and two or three others already mentioned. With 864, the best specimen of Sir Thomas Lawrence—the calm gentlemanly half-length of William Windham—we conclude a notice which we fear must before now have grown wearisome to many of its readers; if so, we can but regret that it is too late now to do more than crave their pardon.

A. C. D.

FERNDOM.

(BY FILIX-FŒMINA.)

CHAPTER VIII.

ROCK-LAND.

ACCORDING to Mr. Moore, the *Asplenium* (commonly called Spleenwort) of Linnæus, occupies the place of Genus VII. amidst British ferns, and to it Mr. Moore accords nine British species, viz., *fontanum*, *lanceolatum*, *adiantum-nigrum*, *marinum*, *trichomanes*, *viride*, *ruta-muraria*, *germanicum*, and *septentrionale*.

To these, the late Sir W. Hooker added *filix-fœmina*, and *ceterach*; and other pteridologists subtract from them the species *fontanum*, about which so many disputes have taken place.

In this present chapter I shall adhere to Mr. Moore's arrangement, and speak of this most interesting division of small ferns in the order which he observes; travelling in their company through many a well-remembered scene, climbing dizzy heights, and scrambling amongst rocks and waterfalls and tangled briar, while hunting out some hidden home in Ferndom.

The Spleenworts are a race of dwarfs compared with the large and graceful forms which we have been considering of late; they are shy and abstemious in their habits, hiding away in the crevices of rocks or the interstices of brick-work, and living on a scanty portion of the 'good things' of life; and, with few exceptions, they are extremely difficult to cultivate in the open air. Even supposing they themselves were willing to be accommodating, no sooner do the fresh fronds appear, than they become the food of slugs.

I wonder if all fern growers hate slugs as I do? How to dispose of them satisfactorily has been a question I have never yet decided. Sometimes I collect them in a flower-pot, and leave them to the vengeance of the gardener; or I try to decoy them to another part of the garden by laying juicy lettuce leaves in wait for them; but generally I pick them up, and, shutting my eyes, fling them with all my might over a neighbouring hedge or wall, hoping they may, at least, be too much paralysed for an immediate return.

Till slugs have ceased to exist, I feel I shall never be able to know whether I can or cannot grow *Asplenia*.

That I cannot do it now, my rockeries bear ample witness; a miserable tuft of *fontanum* with half-naked rachis standing up like a ship under bare poles—three or four ragged fronds of *lanceolatum*—perhaps half a dozen spikes of *septentrionale*—here and there the wretched remains of *ruta-muraria*—patches of dead *viride*, with only one promising living specimen left out of a score of roots;—all tell of failures repeated over and over again, till hope of future success has well-nigh dwindled away to the same state as that of my poor ferns.

But there are two sides to every shield, and this refractory genus gets on very well where slugs cannot intrude; and I would advise all fern growers to keep duplicate plants in a cool green-house, to cover their retreat when the unlearned in the mysteries of fern culture ask reprovingly, 'What, cannot you grow such common ferns as *ruta-muraria* or *marinum*?'

The British species belonging to *Asplenium* are divided into two divisions; the first, which embraces *fontanum*, *lanceolatum*, *adiantum-nigrum*, *marinum*, *trichomanes*, and *viride*, having a 'distinct mid-vein' in every pinnule; and the second, which includes *ruta-muraria*, *germanicum*, and *septentrionale*, having 'flabellately furcate veins' without any mid-vein.

In speaking of the sori of *Athyrium*, as evidenced by its only British species *filix-fœmina*, I mentioned that they were disposed in short rows, which were to a certain extent crescent-shaped.

Now, the sori of the genus *Asplenium* is placed in long, narrow, lateral lines, and the indusium which covers them has even, instead of jagged or fringed edges; and when this 'shirt' first opens to let the fructification appear, it looks very like a jam 'turn over' from which the preserve is escaping. As the frond matures (and this is particularly observable in *A. adiantum-nigrum* and *A. trichomanes* and *viride*) the sori become confluent, and sometimes cover all but the extreme outer edge of the pinnule; while in *A. filix-fœmina* the more dot-like form of the fructification is seldom, if ever, lost.

As a genus, all the British species of *Asplenium* are very easily recognized; they are a Lilliputian race amongst Brobdignags, and they interest you as all small and beautifully-formed things do; their very shy and retiring habits only adding an extra charm. They look upon

Nature in her most grand and beautiful aspects, and dwell amidst scenes that reflect upon them their own poetical associations.

Nodding at the wailing sea-bird, *marinum* peeps out from its home on the ocean-girt crag, and mocks at the thundering billows as they break and die at its feet.

In the sunniest crannies of snow-capped mountains some of these little ferns pitch their tent; they endure the extremes of heat and cold, and keep their vitality through all the vicissitudes of an Alpine climate.

Amidst the cawing of rooks and the hooting of owls, the tiny *ruta-muraria* climbs up to the old church-tower, telling never a one how it accomplished the daring feat. How? Ah, how do the lonely coral-reefs rising up from the blue waves of the Pacific Ocean get peopled by the floras of far-off lands? How do the fairy-like mosses spread their soft covering over the fallen rock? alien species travelling weary miles to dwell side by side with some homely sister.

Perchance the little brown spores of *ruta-muraria* may have fallen on the floating seed of an *Antirrhinum*, and a sudden gust may have landed both on the old tower, there to live for many a century to come.

If only it could speak, what tales the fern might tell! How many a merry marriage peal has it heard turned into a funeral knell; how many bright hopes has it seen laid low, as it kept watch in the lonely tower.

Some will tell you that the wall-rue is the 'hyssop that springeth out of the wall,' spoken of in Scripture; but *A. ruta-muraria* is not reckoned amongst the ferns of Palestine.

The habitats of *Asplenium septentrionale* and *germanicum* are but little known to the generality of fern collectors; they dwell, for the most part, on almost inaccessible rocks, and are only found by the steady-headed and sure-footed, after diligent search.

But I will leave each species to speak for itself in turn.

And first amongst the Spleenworts, I find *Asplenium fontanum*, the smooth rock Spleenwort; a fern which has given rise to a great deal of writing, its claims to be considered British having been much disputed.

It is asserted—and seemingly upon good authority—that *fontanum* has been found in stray patches here and there in Britain; but it is a remarkable fact that during the last ten or fifteen years, in which the study of ferns has become a science, and fern-hunting an occupation with many, there have been no additions made to the British habitats of *fontanum;* and we may, I think, fairly suppose that the species, if ever it had a firm footing in our islands, has become extinct; and yet there is no apparent cause for its dying out; the supposed localities are too rare and disputed for the fern to have become the prey of collectors; and although the love of slugs towards its juicy fronds is very great, I hardly think this could account for the extinction of an entire species: the more simple explanation of the matter seems to be, that in the rare instances in which *A. fontanum* has been found in Britain, its presence might be attributed to accidental causes.

The late Sir W. Hooker, and other pteridologists, accept *A. fontanum* as a British species, and therefore I follow their learned example.

The 'world distribution' of *A. fontanum* is extremely eccentric, and it will be found that a like eccentricity of movement may be observed in *A. lanceolatum* and *marinum;* pointing, as it seems to me, to a very close relationship between these species.

A. fontanum has been found in *temperate* Europe, North Africa, and Asia; and in *tropical* America. *A. marinum* in *temperate* Europe, North Africa, North America; and in *tropical* America. *A. lanceolatum* in *temperate* Europe, North Africa; and in *tropical* Africa. I know of no other British ferns that present so eccentric a range of distribution.

Under the happiest auspices *A. fontanum* only grows to the height of a few inches; it is green-stalked, with a very short stipes, and a narrowly-winged rachis: the pinnæ are of a stunted, oblong shape, and the pinnules are armed with sharp teeth; the fronds are glabrous.

I know that a respectable list of the British habitats of *A. fontanum* is given, but on a near acquaintance many, at least, of these have a suspicious look. One (Matlock) bears date 1826; another (Wharncliffe Wood, Yorkshire) 1838, and this specimen has been strongly suspected; while the latest discovery (Petersfield) with which I am acquainted bears date 1852. The only happy *wild* specimen I have ever seen is one *planted* by Mr. Wentworth Buller by the river side, in the romantic grounds of Beckey Fall, in Devonshire; which, slugs permitting, may perhaps some day figure as an indigenous fern.

Of the British varieties of *fontanum* I need say nothing.

Asplenium lanceolatum comes to us as a more genial species, and every fern collector of moderate hunting capabilities may gather it, and speculate about it for himself. It has been called the green-stalked *adiantum-nigrum*, but I have never been able to find out any reason for this name; for, in the first place, the stipes of *lanceolatum* is not necessarily green, and in the second, its form is invariably lanceolate and not triangular, as is generally the case with *adiantum-nigrum*. The stipes and rachis of *lanceolatum* are usually a bright chocolate colour on the back, while on the face they are green; but its lanceolate shape, its ovate pinnæ, and neat compact little pinnules, with its lax and drooping habit, would show the most unpractised eye that it rested on no form of *adiantum-nigrum*.

In 1841, Mr. Thwaites thus writes of *lanceolatum*: 'I have observed in all the fronds of this fern which I have gathered, that the rachis is throughout its entire length furnished with linear scales, a character which best distinguishes it in all its forms, and even in its very young state, from *A. adiantum-nigrum*.' I have only noticed these scales in the older fronds. *A. lanceolatum* is an elegant little evergreen fern; it grows, when under happy conditions, to about a foot, or even a foot and a half, in length. Mr. Fraser gives to it five varieties, viz., *Claphami* (called by Mr. Lowe an accidental seedling); *crispatum* (found in

Guernsey); *elegans*; *laciniatum* (found in the Channel Islands); and *microdon* (found in Guernsey and Penzance); other varieties are being added to these. *Microdon* is extremely interesting; a figure of it is given in Mr. Moore's hand-book, and I cannot but regard it as an intermediate form connecting *lanceolatum* with *marinum*; intermediate varieties between *microdon* and *lanceolatum* have been discovered, or the relationship existing between these two latter might have been doubted, so nearly does *microdon* seem to approach to *A. marinum*.

I have already given the world-distribution of *A. lanceolatum*; to its well-known habitats, that of the Forest of Fontainebleau may be added. Mr. Joseph Woods, writing in The Phytologist, in 1843, mentions gathering the Lanceolate Spleenwort on some rocks opposite the well-known *Rocher qui pleure:* and in April, 1867, Mr. George Hay, accompanied by some Parisian botanists, found it in the Forest, and probably in the same locality, as it is said to grow 'only in one place within forty leagues of Paris.' Its British habitats are generally towards the coast in England, Wales, and Ireland, and perhaps in Scotland.

I have found it growing in profusion in the neighbourhood of Penzance, where it abounds on old walls and beneath the shadow of rocks; but the most beautiful specimens I have ever seen, were some I gathered beneath jutting-out portions of the huge crags of Dartmoor, several miles inland. The fern is very local, and you may hunt for days in vain, and then suddenly find quite a carpet of the pretty fronds revelling in the damp shade beneath some rock.

As to the out-door cultivation of *lanceolatum*, I can only say, (and that very modestly, knowing my own failures), 'Beware of slugs; beware of stagnant moisture; give it the shadow of rocks, and don't expect success.'

Of the nine British species commonly given to *Asplenium*, we shall see that the honoured name of Linnæus is attached to four; *Asplenium adiantum-nigrum*, or the Black Maiden-hair Spleenwort (the fern I am about to speak of), being one.

Whenever we see the name of Linnæus, we may take it for granted that the species has been subjected to the most critical examination, and is not likely to turn out to be only a variety, or an intermediate form. I am afraid that Linnæus—like many another man of science—would have despised our pretty varieties *as such*, though, loving the beautiful, as he most assuredly did, his eye must have rested with satisfaction on the many varied forms under which the different species appeared.

Amongst the varied and intensely interesting flora of the favourite Lapland of Linnæus, *A. adiantum-nigrum* was not to be seen, for it does not grow within the Arctic Circle; he must have studied it nearer home, for it eschews the extremes of heat and cold, and chooses warm and sheltered situations, in which it thrives with wonderful luxuriance, making many a ditch-side a bank of vivid green.

To the three British Maiden-hair ferns, viz., the Black Maiden-hair Spleenwort (*A. adiantum-nigrum*); the Common Maiden-hair Spleen-

wort (*A. trichomanes*); and the Common Maiden-hair (*Adiantum capillus-Veneris*); have been attributed medicinal powers; and they have all, at one time or another, been used in decoctions for diseases of the chest; but the day of 'simples' is nearly past in England; and though it may linger here and there, it is only amongst those who cannot afford to pay for the less simple poisons of the chemist. In some parts of South Wales, I have read that the Harts-tongue (*Scolopendrium vulgare*), under the name of '*Dail llosg y tân*,' is used as a remedy for burns, but how it was applied I do not know.

A. adiantum-nigrum is so well known and so widely distributed in Britain, that I feel any description of it to be unnecessary. Mr. Fraser accords to it twenty-seven varieties, and this does not include many new forms lately added to the list. There is considerable difficulty about varieties of *adiantum-nigrum*, caused by the varied shape (owing to soil and situation) assumed by the fern in its normal state, and which disappears after it has been a few years in cultivation. I have found *variegatum* (the fronds beautifully striped with white), *intermedium*, and 'near *acutum*,' amongst these non-permanent forms; yet they all appeared well-marked varieties, and were named by competent authority. Of veritable *acutum* (said to be found in Devonshire and Wales, as well as in Ireland) Mr. Wollaston thus writes: 'I differ from Mr. Moore that *acutum* is a *variety* of *A. adiantum-nigrum; I* believe it to be certainly the *species Asplenium acutum* of Madeira, &c.; and, as far as the British Isles are concerned, it has only been found in Ireland; at least, I have never seen it from any other locality. There are acute forms of *A. adiantum-nigrum* (for the most part inconstant) nearly approaching *A. acutum*, but it cannot be mistaken by anyone who is unprejudiced.'

I myself have found a form of this fern in Italy answering in every particular to Mr. Moore's description of *acutum:* it grew on the face of a rock on which a good depth of soil had accumulated, and in a more exposed situation than is usually chosen by the species.

A very curious form, named by Mr. Moore 'Bellairsiæ,' has lately been found in Devonshire, which will be figured in the next edition of the Nature Printed Ferns: but about one and all of the varieties of *adiantum-nigrum* with which I am acquainted, there is an uncertainty of development, a want of fixity of purpose, that makes me doubtful as to their permanent character.

Mr. Baker gives as the world-distribution of *A. adiantum-nigrum:* temperate Europe, North Africa, Asia, and South Africa, together with tropical Africa, Asia, and Polynesia; the whole continent of America being excluded.

Asplenium marinum (Linnæus), the Sea Spleenwort, is a general favourite, and, though necessarily local in its habitats, is so eagerly sought after by all sea-side frequenters, that it has become, perhaps, as generally well known as any species.

The long waving pinnate fronds—so brightly green from constant

exposure to the spray of the sea—with their rich brown fructification 'forming two series of oblique lines along each pinna,' are a beautiful object in themselves, which—growing as they generally do, on rocks and crags far removed from all grasp but that of the most venturesome hands—at once attract and baffle us.

How many a joyous pic-nic has been formed to search for this bold dweller on the storm-beaten coast; how many a tale of love has been breathed within its hearing! Ferns, and pic-nics, and love tales, go so well together, that perhaps the fact may account for some of the 'pteridomania' now so common a complaint.

To *A. marinum* Mr. Fraser gives seventeen varieties; several of these are true and very good; but owing to the difficulty of cultivating the fern out of doors, they are not likely to become generally well known. From amongst the varieties, I would single out *ramosum* (found in Dorsetshire by Mr. Wollaston); *incisum* (found in Wales); the giant *parallelum* (found in Guernsey); and a modified form of *acutum*, which is to be met with rather commonly on the Cornish coast, and is by some called simply the Cornish variety of *marinum*. This variety is known by its narrow and somewhat crenated pinnæ.

My personal experience of the out-of-door cultivation of *A. marinum*, consists of the yearly immolation of one plant on the rockery to the miserable slugs.

For the in-door cultivation, in which it flourishes with the greatest luxuriance, I would suggest the following plan, which I have tried with great success. I plant the fern in peat earth, in a moderate-sized pot half filled with drainage, and plunge the smaller pot in a large one, filling up the intervening space with small bits of rock and cocoa-nut refuse (this latter I only put at the sides). I water the outside rim profusely, even when I abstain from watering roots and fronds.

With the exception of the eastern side of England, *A. marinum* occurs all round our coasts. I have found it in Devonshire, Wales, and literally covering the rocks in some parts of Cornwall. Mr. Lowe mentions a variety *(cuneatum)* which was found, away from the sea, in a stone-quarry near Warrington. The species is found only in temperate Europe, North Africa, North America; and in tropical America.

The little *Asplenium trichomanes* (Linnæus), the Common Maiden-hair Spleenwort, next demands our attention. It is a happy-looking, free-growing fern, with its black shining stipes, and rachis, from which the little round, crenated pinnæ grow out, attached by a tiny, scarcely perceptible stalk. The fructification spreads out, like a fan, on either side of the mid-vein of the pinnæ. But there is no mistaking this pretty fern—'the 'maiden-hair' of so many young collectors—it is like no other British species excepting *A. viride*, and from that, the black, wiry stipes and rachis distinctly separates it.

So far as is known, *Asplenium trichomanes* does not occur within the Arctic circle, nor yet in temperate South America, nor in tropical

Africa, but with these exceptions it may be found in its own chosen localities all over the world; but not in all places: it is excluded from the flora of Palestine; in New Zealand it is rare, though it has been found (as far back as in 1861) between Nelson and Wairau; it occurs in Tasmania and India; and although Dr. Mueller does not mention it by name in his chapters on 'Australian Vegetation,' we may surely reckon it amongst the one hundred and sixty species he mentions as being 'harboured under the shade of jungle vegetation.'

In our own islands, abundantly as *trichomanes* grows in many localities, it is extremely rare in others. It revels in light porous earth, and soon takes to its assigned place in the rockery, spreading round the neighbouring stones in thick tufts, the fronds creeping up the face of the bare rock in most picturesque fashion. I have found many a hedge bank in Devonshire in which *A. trichomanes* grew so luxuriantly as to displace nearly all other vegetation.

Mr. Fraser gives twenty-nine varieties to the species; many of these are lovely forms, so delicate in outline, so fairy-like in proportion, that one is lost in admiration of their exquisite beauty.

One of the prettiest varieties is *Moulei* (the pinnæ of which are sharply serrated). It was exhibited in the International Horticultural Exhibition of 1866, but its history is unknown to me, and it may be, alas! a gardener's variety. But even as a gardener's variety, I am bound to respect this particular form, for I owe a beautiful plant of it to the kindness of Mr. Ivery, of Dorking. I also cultivate *ramosum* (a prettily-crested variety, found in Devonshire and other places); *cristatum* (of unknown parentage); *Harrovii* (also doubtful); and a crested, tiny form found on Exmoor, but which has not yet been named: the fronds of this last variety hardly exceed two inches in height, and the crest, at the apex of the frond, consists of a very small tuft. Of *A. trichomanes* var. *incisum* (said to be the most rare of the varieties), I have never seen a plant. The species is varied in growth, and I have found specimens in which the pinnæ were so large and deeply auricled, as to make them appear deserving of a distinctive name; but after a few years' cultivation I have been puzzled to know one plant from another, so much have the supposed variations toned down.

Asplenium viride, the Green Spleenwort, is so like *A. trichomanes* in all but its green rachis and stipes, that it might pass for the same species, *if* the difference in the colouring of the stalk could be satisfactorily accounted for.

In *A. filix-fœmina*, the colouring of the stipes makes no specific difference, but then the two forms may be observed growing side by side; the same locality, the same conditions of soil and temperature, giving birth to both. But in *A. viride* and *trichomanes* these same conditions are not kept. *A. trichomanes* requires little moisture, shade, and an even temperature. *A. viride* grows and flourishes on exposed hills whose sides are covered with snow in winter, and bask beneath the rays of the

sun in summer, protecting its fronds from a *coup de soleil* by hiding behind a tiny bit of broken rock, and laving its roots in the trickling drops which reach them from the bed of the mountain water-course. These conditions would be death to *A. trichomanes*: yet, though they are not positively necessary to the actual life of *viride*, (for viride *has* been found growing on the road-side of an old brick bridge in Worcestershire, as well as in other uncongenial spots), they are the conditions most conducive to its well-being.

The world-distribution of *A. viride* is also very peculiar; it is confined to the Arctic circle (in which *trichomanes* is not to be found); to temperate Europe, North Africa, Asia, and North America, exclusive of Mexico. It grows in no tropical climate.

In out-of-door cultivation it is one of the most wayward of our British species. Out of about twenty healthy clumps which I brought with me from the Lake district six years ago, I have now but one plant left, and this is I fear in its last year of life, *because* it looks so very fine in the size of the frond and pinna, and in nearly every case of the plants I have lost, I have noticed this exuberance of growth to precede death; not death by gradual decay, but total extinction of life during the winter which follows this peculiar growth. So strange a transformation does the normal form undergo, that I sent a frond or two to Mr. Moore for inspection, only asking him what variety it appeared to be. Mr. Moore answered thus:—'Your specimen is not quite like any *viride* seen before, but the divided pinnæ is like *bipinnatum*' (a variety found on Whitbarrow in Westmoreland). When I thus appealed to Mr. Moore, I did not understand that this excess of growth was but the flickering of the lamp 'that flashes to die,' and I hoped I had a new variety; but the plant in question was dead the next spring, and others have followed in its wake.

Mr. Fraser gives twelve varieties to *A. viride*. I have no great faith in the permanent character of any.

The six foregoing species of *Asplenium* belong to the group called *Euasplenium*, of which all the species have a distinct mid-vein.

In the second or *Acropteris* group, with no mid-vein, we have, first—*Asplenium ruta-muraria* (Linnæus), the Rue-leaved Spleenwort, commonly called 'Wall Rue.'

And what can I say of this ill-natured little fellow? that grows so profusely when it is left to its own devices, but *will not* be happy and contented when it does not choose. How much I have tried to please it, I could never tell! I have planted it in pots and out of pots; on rocks, and by rocks, and under rocks; in the eye of the sun, and in shade; and all I can say is that I just manage to keep it alive.

It is essentially, as far as I have observed it, a wall fern; throwing out its moss-like tufts from every crevice of old walls, especially in lime-stone districts. In some of the villages in Nottinghamshire, I have seen it making a dull green fringe beneath the coping-stones of a wall of considerable length, while the entire surface was dotted over with the rosette-like tufts.

The world-distribution of *A. ruta-muraria* includes the Arctic Circle, temperate Europe, North Africa, Asia, North America, and also temperate South Africa. New Zealand, Australia, South America, and all tropical climates, are excluded.

It is freely distributed about Britain, though it is very local in the choice of its habitats. In Warwickshire I have only found it on the old bridge at Stoneleigh. In Devonshire it grows freely here and there. In Scotland I discovered a large and beautiful variety at Dunkeld.

Mr. Fraser gives sixteen varieties to *ruta-muraria*; one of these (*cæsatum*) Mr. Moore tells us, is the form often mistaken for *Asplenium germanicum*; it grows with *A. septentrionale* on Stenton Rock, Dunkeld. Mr. Wollaston has found a form near Tunbridge Wells, which he has called *cristatum*, and of which there is a proliferous variety. Another form (*unilaterale*) has the pinnæ curiously placed on one side of the rachis only. At present I believe there are no gardeners' varieties of this little evergreen fern, and if there are, why—the gardeners may have them, and welcome, for me!

The second species of this mid-veinless group is *Asplenium germanicum*, the Alternate-leaved Spleenwort.

I should describe *A. germanicum* as like *ruta-muraria*, only having pointed instead of rounded lobes to the pinnæ, and a longer stipes.

It is to be found only in temperate Europe and North Africa. Mr. Moore states that it 'is found sparingly in most of the countries of Europe.' I believe that I have found it, for the first and only time, on a sunny rock at St. Michel in France; but I have failed to keep the plant alive.

Mr. Lowe gives as the British habitats of *A. germanicum*, Helvellyn and Borrowdale, Cumberland; Kyloe Rocks, Northumberland; near Culborne, Somersetshire; near Llanrwst and Capel Curig, in Denbighshire; at Llanberis, in Carnarvonshire; near Kelso, and near Hassendeen, in Roxburghshire; near Dumferline, Fifeshire; and near Dunkeld and Perth, Perthshire. Mr. Lowe also mentions that Mr. Fraser gathered this rare British species within two miles of Edinburgh in 1857. It is said to grow abundantly on almost inaccessible rocks near Airlie Castle, Forfarshire. I have been careful to mention all the known localities, because it would be a great triumph to any fern hunter to find a true specimen of the true species.

The only known variety of *A. germanicum* owes its origin to the garden and not to the rocks.

The third and last species of the second group is *Asplenium septentrionale*, the Forked Spleenwort, which bears a certain amount of resemblance to *A. ruta-muraria* and *germanicum*. There is the same small green stipes, the end of which is developed into forks, instead of into pinnæ, as in *ruta-muraria*; or into tridents, as in *germanicum*.

A. septentrionale is found within the area of temperate Europe, North Africa, Asia, and North America. In common with the two preceding species, it avoids all tropical climates; it is not to be found in Ireland, and

occurs sparingly in the south of England. In the Lake districts and in Scotland, *septentrionale* is comparatively speaking common. I have gathered it in Borrowdale, and had it gathered for me on Stenton Rock, Dunkeld.

These three last-named ferns can endure a considerable amount of drought, and can live on the most sparing allowance of earth. I have seen large rocks in the Pyrenees carpeted with *septentrionale*, and on plucking up a handful of roots I have found only a morsel of earth between them and the bare rock. *A. septentrionale* has no known variety.

How to cultivate it I cannot tell; I have kept a plant alive for six years, and that is all; I have tried it in various ways, but have not succeeded in any.

In addition to the species usually ascribed to *Asplenium* in Britain, Mr. Baker adds that of *Asplenium Petrarchæ*, as a *doubtful* British species.

Of this pretty plant, Mr. Moggridge in his 'Flora of Mentone' says, 'MM. Grenier and Godron treat this plant as a mere variety of *A. trichomanes*, but though both these ferns grow together at Mentone, I have been quite unable to trace any intermediates.'

Mr. Moggridge describes the specific character of *A. Petrarchæ* as follows: 'Fronds rarely three inches long. Rachis black in the greater part of its length, covered with glandular hairs, cylindrical (not channeled and winged as is the rachis in *A. trichomanes*). Indusia frequently placed below the branching of the nerves.' It has been found on the 'sunny rocks of Jurassic limestone' at Mentone, and also at Vaucluse and Toulon.

(To be continued.)

WORD STUDIES.

CRAFTY, CUNNING, SLY.

One of the greatest masters of language in our day—almost, of any day—says, 'The study of words may be tedious to the school-boy, as breaking of stones is to the way-side labourer; but to the thoughtful eye of the geologist these stones are full of interest; he sees miracles on the high-road, and reads chronicles in every ditch. Language, too, has marvels of her own, which she unveils to the inquiring glance of the patient student. There are chronicles below her surface; there are sermons in every word.'* Without aspiring to the revelation of 'marvels,' or to the reading of time-old chronicles, we may still perhaps attain to something that is not utterly 'tedious' in the way of a little bit of occasional word-study.

* Max Müller's 'Lectures on the Science of Language,' 1st Series, p. 2.

The three words which stand at the head of this notice all bear what may be called an invidious sense, and now-a-days bear no other. When they first stood as representatives of ideas, or did duty as words, it is rather more than just probable they bore no invidious sense at all, and knew only that which they have now quite lost. And this continued to be true for many generations of usage.

Thus, to instance in *sly*, taking two passages from the 'Pricke of Conscience:'—

> 'These hevens er oboven us heghe,
> Als clerkes says, that er wise and sleghe;'

and again—

> 'Tharfor me thynk he es unsleghe,
> That mas (makes) hym noght here redy to deghe:'

in both cases the meaning of the word is wise, knowing, or prudent. So again in the passage from Robert of Brunne, quoted in Sir F. Madden's Notes to Layamon's Brut, when the 'maistres' are the captains or 'masters' of ships:—

> 'And the (then) maistres, that were slie,
> Ilkone did ther maistrie.'

Certainly what I have called the invidious sense had crept in very early in the case of the word before us; for in a book of about 1230, those above quoted from being at least a century later, we meet with the expression, 'then (the) slehest deouel of helle:' and, to come a step or two lower in the degrees of time, Chaucer uses the word, in the form *slie*, in both senses—wise or knowing, and the ordinary modern one; the latter, however, being of most frequent occurrence with him. The noun corresponding to *sly* is *sleight*. Here again the invidious sense principally obtains. But if we try to keep the invidious sense of artifice, trickery, out of the way, so as to apprehend the true sense of the word in the expression *sleight of hand*, that is to say, dexterity, cleverness, skill in use, we have not only a meaning corresponding to the good sense of *sly*, but also a kind of hint as to the direction in which we may reasonably look for the origin of *sly*, *sleight*, and the correlative words in other northern tongues. 'Perhaps,' says Mr. Wedgwood, 'the ultimate origin may be found in the root *slag*, strike; from the use of the hammer being taken as the type of a handicraft.' Or perhaps, that the word which expresses the most marked and, in a sense, natural action of the hands, in the natural or early conditions of human life, and takes an infinite variety of application and meaning as those conditions expand and improve, may have naturally or necessarily come, when manual dexterity had attained to such a point as to require a special name, to supply the name that was so required. And so, with at least a passing glance at the quality implied in 'Be ye therefore wise as serpents,'—Old Norse shews us *slægr*, contriving, cunning; Norse, *slög*, dexterous, expert, clever, sly. Swedish, *slög*, dexterous, skilful; *slögd*, handicraft. We have already seen

above what Old English presents us with. A slight glance at what Provincial English does, and we will let *sly* go on its modern way. 'He wur a sly chap at fost fun oot thae sun-picturs,' is a sentence that was spoken in my hearing by a Cleveland man, not very long ago.

As to our other two words, Chaucer (Romaunt of the Rose, *l.* 6735.) is kind enough to present both to our observation in a single line and in a noteworthy manner. If a man, he says,

> 'Have of crafte conning,
> And strength also, and desiring
> For to worchin,'

but can find no work, then he may be allowed to beg. A few lines before the expression is 'science of craft.' This, of course—to leave *conning* for a moment or two—reminds us of handi*craft* and *craft*sman. The same author, in the Cant Erbury Tales, puts into the mouth of 'a certain Chanon,' who was imposing upon a simple priest by the assertion of superior knowledge and skill, the words—

> 'Tho I be pore, craftie thou shalt me finde;'

where we are quite sure he does not wish the word to be taken in our so-called invidious sense. Still it is a step in the direction of the invidious sense; for, as Molbech in defining the Danish word *kraft* observes; Anglo-Saxon *cræftig* (and Old English *crafty* as well) means ingenious, skilful, while the original meaning of the noun *craft* must surely have been, as with Germ. *kraft*, O. N. *kraptr*, Dan. *kraft*, might, vigour, power, and the word itself nearly related, no doubt, to the current English *cramp*. So just as the root which furnishes the words *sledge* (hammer,) *slay*, *slaughter*, vitalises also *sleight* and *sly*, with their gradations of sense; so does the root from which our *crafty* grows supply instances of gradation between bodily force or natural efficacy, through skill and dexterity in applying such powers, down to the simple meaning commonly implied as we use the words, *craft*, *crafty*, in our every-day talk with each other.

But again, what hints has Provincial English to give us in this case, if any? This: 'He wur a crafty yan as lit upon t' thowt o' t' telly-graff —he war.'

And there is the same ultimate reference to the idea of power, ability, might, in the case of *cunning*. It is very hard to distinguish between I *can* and I *con*—I am able, and I know. It is true, Old Norse recognises two different words in *kunna*, *kenna*, Swedish in *kunna*, *känna*, Danish in *kunne*, *kjende;* but Bosworth gives only the one form *connan* or *cunnan* for the two senses, to be able and to know; and the presumption certainly is that originally the words were one; first, to have power, to be able to do: thence, to know how to do, and next simply to know or ken. In Chaucer's expression, 'I can but smal grammer,' it is hard, at first sight, to decide which of the two senses is most fitting. In this, from the Man of Lawe's Tale,—

'Alla goth to his inn, and as him ought,
Arrayid for this feste in every wise,
Asferforth as his conning may suffice,'—

ability, means at his command, is the sense. In 'of crafte conning,' and the Bible expression, 'the cunning of my right hand,' it is practical skill, manual dexterity; thence the transition to the adjective and its sense, very frequent in the Bible, 'cunning hunter,' 'cunning workman,' 'cunning in knowledge,' 'cunning in playing on the harp,' &c., is simple and natural. And from the 'cunning charmer,' and the 'connyng' speaker (of Chaucer) how easy, or one may rather say, how necessary, the transition from the idea of simple knowledge, or skill, or expertness, to the invidious sense the word always bears in modern usage, an idea of knowledge or skill, if not of both combined, but put to a mean or deceiving purpose.

(To be continued.)

THE LADIES' HOME.

Hitherto the 'Ladies' Home,' 21, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood, has been very little known to the public. This has been partly owing to the foundress (the late Mrs. Greathed) having been so amply assisted with funds by her relations and her private friends, that she was able to commence her good work without a more general appeal for help; partly owing to the Home having so speedily filled with inmates, that much advertising was unnecessary, and partly because the Institution has been able to keep entirely free from debt, without other aid than the subscriptions and donations of those who were personally acquainted with the undertaking, and whose liberality covers more than one-third of the annual expenses.

The time has now come when the President (Lady de Grey) and the Committee are anxious to give the Institution more publicity, in the hope of obtaining help towards carrying out their cherished plan of enlarging and improving the building.

The Institution was opened in 1859, for the benefit of a very suffering, uncomplaining, and unfortunately a numerous class; namely, ladies who have been reduced by reverses of fortune to a state of penury and privation; and who, unfitted by early habits and education to cope with hardship and trials, are yet more unwilling than any other class to make their distresses known. The aim of the foundress was to assist ladies thus situated, without subjecting them to receiving charity, by providing them, for a small weekly payment, with those comforts which to them are necessities; and above all, to give them the advantage of a quiet well-ordered home, instead of the numberless discomforts and annoyances attendant upon the grade of lodging-houses alone accessible to very scanty means.

The 'Ladies' Home' at present contains twenty-six ladies, who on the payment of ten, twelve, or fourteen shillings a week (according to the situation of their rooms,) are provided with board, lodging, and medical attendance; each lady having a small separate bed-room, the sitting-rooms being common to all. For the last two years there have never been less than thirteen or fourteen candidates on the books awaiting admission. In consequence of these numerous applications, every available space has been occupied; and the house is now most inconveniently crowded.

The whole expense of a new wing containing the requisite additional rooms would amount to £1000. The committee would not feel themselves justified in commencing work, until they had collected at least £800; at present they have only £600 in hand, but they have the gratification of saying that a large portion of this sum is due to the kind advocacy of the Lord Bishop of Oxford, and the Dean of Norwich, the latter having preached two sermons, and the former one, in behalf of the building fund of the Ladies' Home.

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ADVENTURE OFF ANTIGUA.

BY MR. W. SMITH.

ON the 26th August, 1838, a party of us left the Seringapatam—Capt. Jh. Leith—then moored in English Harbour. We obtained leave for the pinnace, a fourteen oared boat with a peculiar rig; square sails as brig rigged forward. A large lateen main-sail with a 'shoulder of mutton' mizen; this last, however, was not set during our cruise. The party consisted of myself, the senior mate on board; W. E. A. Gordon, mate; J. P. Palms, mate; Lodridge, second master; H. T. Briggs, midshipman; G. W. Digby, midshipman; F. Collins, clerk; G. Naghten, Volunteer, first class; Mr. Byam, a resident in Antigua; John Stains, the coxswain of the boat, and one of the boat's crew; in all eleven persons.

We left the ship about 2 p.m., and with a fresh breeze soon ran down to Falmouth Bay. After strolling about for a short time, we commenced our beat back against a fresh trade-wind and high sea. (In fact, the usual allowance of sea to the fresh trade of the West Indies in places where there is no shelter.) We had tacked twice; and though the boat, from having no after-sail, did not come round very easily, still when once trimmed she behaved very well, and I lay down at the bottom of the boat to be out of the spray, and lit my cigar, little dreaming of what was soon to follow. At about a quarter to four a squall struck the boat and heeled her over so much, that she took in much water. I immediately called out to one of the midshipmen steering to put the helm down and shake the sails, but from the want of the mizen she would not obey the rudder, and settled gradually over. A pig of iron ballast which we had in the boat shifted, and eventually fell overboard. The boat lay with the sails in the water, on her broadside or beam ends. She went over so easily that I kept my cigar alight, and had it so for some time, supposing we should be easily able to right the boat again; but on endeavouring to do so I found she would only roll over on the other side, and so smother those who could not swim well under the sail.

The case then began to assume a desperate appearance, so we (the swimmers) stripped to be more at ease in the water, and swam to collect the oars and small casks with which the boat was partly ballasted; these we lashed to the boat's gunwale, emptying the casks first, to make all more buoyant, and managed after some hard work to form a sort of protection against the sea, as well as the sharks, which we knew too well abounded in these seas. The coast along here is quite iron-bound, and as we saw no houses, there was no probability of our being seen except from the Ridge Hill, and we anxiously listened for the sound of some signal gun, or looked for some telegraph by which we should know that our misfortune had been observed. We had now been half an hour in the water, and were drifting off shore fast, and had given up all hopes of being seen, and there appeared nothing but inevitable death before us all. In this trying time, with three boys, Briggs, Digby, and Naghten, not more than fourteen years old, it gave me the most heartfelt satisfaction that not a murmur nor any expression of terror escaped their lips; they were all quite resigned, even though deep anxiety was depicted on the faces of all. Mr. Byam was married, and resided at Falmouth Bay. As we were drifting past, his house gradually was shut in by a point of land; he had been watching it intently, and when he could no longer see it exclaimed 'My hopes are all over now!' and said nothing further.

I had been revolving in my own mind ever since our capsize, different projects of obtaining relief, or how to exist as long as possible with the chance of being picked up by some coaster at sea; but the only satisfactory way appeared to be, trying to swim on shore and to obtain aid for the rest, but the distance being great (by the bearing of the land and other circumstances, I estimated it afterwards as nearly two miles and a

half) deterred anyone else from making the attempt with me for some while; and I positively refused to go alone, for I told them there was so little chance of their being saved, even should I reach the shore, that I could not bear that the idea should attach to me of leaving them to shift for themselves, and trust to my own powers of swimming. At last Palms, a valued friend, offered to make the trial with me. We made mutual agreements of sticking by each other, and at quarter past four started on our rather trying adventure. We swam boldly on, and made great progress towards the land, in spite of the sea which ran high, for about half an hour; when I experienced a blow on my right leg. I thought it was Palms who had kicked me, but on looking back I perceived him some three or four yards off. I was thinking of the affair when I was lifted partly up and pushed by the same leg nearly round to the contrary direction to that in which I had been swimming; I need not say that my blood ran cold to my heart when I felt, and on dipping under water saw, that it was a shark, happily a small one, but still large enough to inflict a most miserable death upon the pair of us. I beat the water, and called on Palms to do the same; when he said to me, 'Good God, how you look! what's the matter?' I said that there were worse things than those of drowning, when he immediately divined that there was a shark in company. After splashing for a few seconds, I dipped under to look around again, and saw him some distance off. For about an hour this fellow followed us; and I could, by dipping my head under water, clear of the spray, distinctly watch him in the water the whole of the time, sometimes on either side, sometimes before or behind; whenever he ranged close we splashed and kicked about in the water, which always frightened him off to some distance. It is curious at this distance of time to think of one's feelings then; I don't know that I ever felt for a few seconds such a horrible sensation of terror and despair as I did when I first felt and saw this shark; and I cannot account for these sudden changes, for in a very short time I recovered most perfect composure—I am afraid to say carelessness or indifference; but it seemed that having had a close stare with death face to face, one cared no more as to what might follow, and I thought of the danger then much more composedly than I do at this present moment. After we had been in the water about an hour or a little more, Palms began to complain of being fatigued, and not very long after stopped and said he could go on no further. I encouraged and assisted him with one arm, for being a more powerful swimmer I had as yet experienced no fatigue; but frequently, whilst we were swimming in this manner, he begged and prayed I would let him go, as it would be better for him to sink at once than to struggle on. It was most distressing, for he had done his part well, and it was hard to be sacrificed for mere want of strength, and sickness caused by an over-dose of salt water; so with some little reasoning, a little force, and an obstinate resolution on my part not to leave him, induced him to struggle on until about twenty minutes after the sunset gun had fired from the Ridge Hill. When,

after being upwards of two hours and a half in the water, we landed on some rocks close to Falmouth Harbour, poor Palms was much done up, and lay down for a short time on the rocks, faint and sick. I left him to his fate, knowing he was safe, and ran towards the village, having procured some articles of dress from an old negro. I told the circumstances to someone, who immediately conveyed the news to the frigate, when her boats were instantly despatched in quest of the wrecked boat. I myself, after sending off intelligence to the frigate, got a boat manned by four negroes; and as I had watched carefully how we had drifted during our swim, intended to pull out in the direction I supposed them to be; but my crew, after pulling an hour, resolved that the pinnace could not be so far off, and neither for love nor money would they go on farther. It was now dark night; and on returning, heart-broken with my bad success, I met a pilot boat beating up from St. John's; I got into this, and stated the case, wishing the master to run well down to leeward, and then to beat back, traversing the course well over; he persisted, however, that there was a contrary current running to the one I described, and in a most unfeeling manner said, 'Even if we found the boat, the people are all taken off by sharks by this time,' and he pursued his course towards English Harbour. Shortly after, we fell in with one of the frigate's boats, the sister one to the pinnace; to my great joy I found the gunner in command of her, and immediately directed she should be kept in the course they were already steering. Every now and then we rested on the oars, and gave a loud cheer along the water in hopes of being responded to: it was now pitch dark and blowing hard, altogether a bad night; we still kept on to leeward, as I wished to make certain that we had gone round them, intending to zig-zag the course well over where I supposed them to be. At last, after every one in the boat fancied that we must be much too far down, I gave orders to keep her into the land, (we had pulled nearly parallel with it,) and not five minutes after we had altered course, pulled nearly on top of the unfortunate boat. It was now twenty minutes past nine; they had been upwards of five hours and a half in the water; on inquiring if all were right, we found to our dismay that Gordon, Briggs, and Digby had left the boat ten minutes ago with the intention of trying to swim on shore, five miles off; we directly pulled after them, and came up to them all but exhausted, and in a sinking state. On asking Gordon why he left the pinnace, he replied that he thought it better to die making a struggle, than to linger on by the boat; the second master could not swim, but had got two oars lashed to him by the men in the boat, and had also left for the shore; but as he could not make any progress, he was vainly endeavouring to get back again; and at even that time some jokes were made upon his most ridiculous situation, with his arms lashed to the oars, sputtering and spouting, and trying all in his power to regain the boat. We found that sharks had been round her, but fortunately had not attacked anyone.

Having a long way to pull back, with the other boat in tow, it was past

three in the morning when we got back; all the other boats had returned by a little after midnight. Palms had soon recovered, and had taken a small boat from Falmouth Harbour to aid in searching for the unfortunates, but had been picked up by one of the frigate's boats and taken on board; it is curious that the idea prevailed that there was a strong weather current running, and all the boats, except the barge and the one which took Palms up, pulled away from the pinnace. Of course our arrival on board without one loss caused much sensation; for when the rest of the boats returned, they gave us up entirely. Altogether, it is a case without many parallels.

Our safe arrival on shore after so many chances against it; my falling in with our own barge after being so unfortunate in my own endeavours with the other two boats; pulling upon them so directly as we did, some eight miles beyond where they were capsized, and at the time too when the party had so shortly left the pinnace, and were even then all but exhausted. All these things were most providential, and we all offered up our humble and sincere thanks to God for His merciful and gracious protection.

LIFE'S WORK.

BY ONE WHO HAS NEGLECTED IT.

VERY overpowering are my thoughts of life, as, looking back through a long vista of years, I take my stand at the various turning-points which have decided my life's history, and, as it were, 'take stock' of opportunities given, and lost for ever—of friends who have passed me in life's race, and have reached long since the goal which is still hidden from my wistful eyes—of my own work wilfully neglected, and the work of others officiously meddled with; and the question comes to me again and again, 'What *is* Life's Work? and how may each one best perform his allotted portion?'

How often have I watched, with an almost painful interest, a little child trying to adjust in their proper places the separate pieces of a puzzle. Now the child will use her strength to make a large bit accommodate itself to a small space, hammering at it with clenched fist; now it will be a small piece that will not fill its supposed place, and the child will try and close the puzzle round it; but it will not do, the portion of the puzzle *made* for its own particular place can alone fill it—can alone perfectly harmonize with the surroundings: it may be only a tiny space, but without it the puzzle would be ruined; the whole plan would be a distorted deformity.

Sometimes—when the child, wearied with its vain efforts, has just been giving up the attempt—I have seen the mother go, and with a smile of tender encouragement adjust the pieces with a touch, spreading out the fair and perfect picture before the child's delighted gaze.

From the child's puzzle, my mind passes on to the great puzzle of life, where each individual soul has its own appointed place—a place which no other life could fill, and in which no other life could harmonize so well with the surroundings.

I think this is one of the most helpful thoughts we get of ourselves;—we are not solitary specks of sand on the great Sahara of the world; we are portions of a vast and glorious plan, to the beauty and fitness of which we are absolutely necessary; without us, the perfect symmetry would be destroyed, the puzzle incomplete.

There is, then, a place for each one of us in life; a place, only fitted for our very selves—a greater soul would be too large, a lesser could not fill it.

It is a blessed thing to know that we are *wanted* in life by Him Who knows the needs of our appointed place, and our own peculiar capabilities of fitness for it. It is a happy thing to feel that all the lives surrounding ours would be less complete, less beautiful, without us.

To keep ourselves in perfect fitness for the place *given us to fill*—whether in our eyes or in the eyes of others it seems great or small—is, as it appears to me, Life's Work.

If, in doing this work, we help in carrying out God's Design, it cannot be reckoned as small or ignoble—to be done, as it were, anyhow, because we must do it, or because we have nothing better to do; a work that may be lightly set aside for some other that seems to us more noble, or more fitted to our capabilities. Nothing but God's distinct voice, calling us to some other sphere of duty, should cause us to set aside that which He sends to us as the consequences of our natural position upon earth.

When we look at the world of nature, and contemplate the Divine Care and Thought bestowed on even the most minute forms of the Creation—when we listen to the melodious voices of the birds, or note the sweet blending of the colouring of the flowers, and mark how admirably each separate organism is adapted to the very place which has been assigned to it—when we see how every minute atom in nature is dependent on the forces which are in operation around it—we shall cease to call anything ignoble or mean that fulfils its own destiny and the great Creator's Will: our own lives will assume a dignity they did not appear to have before, and our 'Life's Work' will shape itself naturally to our hands, in a harmonious blending of itself with the Will of God for us.

Life's puzzle is a growing and a progressive one. Year by year, as we live, the space allotted to us widens out, and the forces in operation around us adapt themselves to our expanding capabilities and strength.

To each of us God has entrusted talents, to be improved by cultivation and care; nothing that comes from Him can be worthless, nothing ignoble or small, if cultivated as His gift, to be used in accordance with His Will. The nightingales gather the food for their families none the

less assiduously because their voices fill the listening air with harmony. The cat catches never a mouse the less because she so sedulously keeps her coat bright and clean. In all nature there is beauty, harmony, and fitness; and should then man alone, to whom God has entrusted a *choice* as well *as a will*, leave his body uncultivated and uncared for? his talents unused and unimproved?

'The intellect of man is the breath of God,'—the higher a man's intellect, the higher will be his capacity for happiness, the more exquisite will be his enjoyment of life. It is man's noblest heritage; it makes him but 'a little lower than the angels;' but it brings with it responsibilities of the gravest character; for man—being free to choose evil or good—may make use of this great engine to evil purposes; therefore, there is something to be desired more earnestly than even a powerful intellect; something, too, that we may always obtain by entreaty and diligent search, for it is a gift (apart from our birth-right) of which I speak. So radiant is this gift, that when compared with sun and stars and light itself, it is before them in brightness and beauty. It can compensate for the absence of intellect, which it is unlike in this respect—that whereas intellect can be turned to evil, this gift can only enter into holy souls, and when once possessed, *must* lead us on to the very gates of Heaven.

Nearly three thousand years ago, a wise and great king thus described the beautiful gift to which I refer. 'She is,' he writes, 'the breath of the *power* of God, and a pure influence flowing from the glory of the Almighty; therefore, can no defiled thing fall into her; for she is the brightness of the everlasting light, the unspotted mirror of the power of God, and the image of His Goodness. And being but one, she can do all things: and remaining in herself, she maketh all things new: and in all ages, entering into *holy* souls, she maketh them friends of God.'

A greater work than even the cultivation of the intellect is the diligent search for 'Wisdom,' which God alone can give. Intellect will make us great as this world counts greatness, but Wisdom—which Solomon says is 'the *worker* of all things'—will help us to be good, and to fill worthily the place assigned to us on earth; she will teach us how to make our intellect subservient to that great end; she will not let us fulfil one duty to the detriment of others, but with a beautiful harmony she will teach us to be 'ready to do good,' and to 'be kind to man,' as well as to search out the 'knowledge of the things that be;' she will allow us to neglect no talent entrusted to us, as mean or useless; she will be at hand to assist us in finding out the 'diversities of plants' and the 'virtues of roots,' as well as to seek into the mysteries of the 'change of seasons' and the 'position of the stars.' Following her guidance, we shall be 'steadfast' and 'free from care;' 'overseeing all things,' we shall neglect nothing, but be 'temperate,' 'prudent,' and 'just;' and on all the treasures that she brings with her in her right hand to aid us in our daily work, there will be the stamp of immortality.

And so, after all, 'Life's Work' seems no very laborious thing. It will unfold itself to us day by day and hour by hour—we must not go out of our place to seek for it; each labourer will be called to the portion of the vineyard in which he is to work, if only he will listen for the Master's voice, and watch for the first indication of His Will. No man will be called to a work for which he has had no opportunity to fit himself.

How often do we hear elderly people make some such remarks as these: 'I used to grumble when I was made to practise singing, or to learn languages, yet how little did I then think I should have to gain my bread by it!' Or perhaps it may be, 'My mother used to like me to know how to do all sorts of household work; and I could never tell how great a help it has been to me during my residence in the Colonies.' And yet another: 'I always had a great taste for nursing sick people; and, see, I am a "Nursing Sister of the Poor."'

Sad beyond all words is it when a voice says, 'I would not study as a child, and so I am in want of daily bread now;' or, 'I had nothing to interest me at home, so I tried to be a "Sister;" but I was not fit for it, and gave it up.'

We must not—if I may use the term with all reverence—forestal God's Will in our daily work; we should lean on His guidance, and listen for His directing voice; and so Life's Work, however little it may appear to the outward eye—whether it be bright with gladness, or tinged with sorrow,—when sent to us direct from God, must bear an impress of dignity far greater than a usurped monarchy could give; and it will bring to our inmost hearts peace, tranquillity, and rest.

Like the listening Samuel, we may not at once feel sure whether the voice which we hear be the voice of Eli or the voice of God; but if only we are listening, we shall not go far wrong—the prophet will lead us to God.

Sometimes we may mistake the nature of our work. From out of by-gone days, one summer's afternoon stands clear in my memory.

I had been lately reading various books on 'Woman's Mission,' 'Woman's Work,' &c., the very titles of which now send a thrill of pain through me, knowing, by sad experience, what mental agony they presage; how my dear pleasant life is to be taken from me, and beaten into new shape (something after the inverse fashion of the 'spears' beaten 'into pruning-hooks'), or turned, as it were, into a certain amount of capital, given me to invest so as to ensure the highest amount of interest hereafter, instead of coming to me day by day, fresh from the Creator's Hand—each morning like a new birth to an inheritance of love and hope and strength.

But I must tell my little tale.

It was Sunday, the seventh day of August. Instead of going to the afternoon service, I went to read to a blind old lady, the mother of a small farmer near my home. I felt this dear old woman was indeed a

'Mission:' she was blind, she *must* be read to. Both mission and work seemed clear. I found my old friend looking sorrowful and ill at ease; but I came to read, and must make the most of a short time, so my inquiries were not very minute. I began the Psalms for the day: 'Fret not thyself—' My friend moved impatiently. I continued reading, but at the reiterated command, 'Fret not,' she could listen no longer. 'How can I help but fret, Miss?' she said; 'for the cows have got into my bit of barley and spoilt it all!' I can at this moment recal the scene as if it were before me now, though twenty years have passed since that day. I see the old farm-kitchen—the roses peeping in at the open door—the pool beyond, in which ducks and geese were waddling; and above all, I see my friend with her sightless eyes, and the wistful hankering look, that seems almost to speak 'That my eyes might be opened.'

What was my Mission, then?

I remember what I *did*. I uttered one or two common-place expressions of sorrow, and read on to the end of the Psalms.

Oh! how often and often since that day have I wished that instead of this I had gone out to look at the barley-field, and the exact amount of the damage which had been done; and instead of performing my self-imposed mission, had accepted that which was *sent* to me, and by kindly sympathy borne, as far as I could, the burden of my neighbour.

Sometimes it may be that two works, each seeming to be equally important, are presented to us. We must use our wisdom; and if we have asked for Wisdom aright, we shall find that she brings with her a 'quick conceit in judgment.'

And should (alas! it may be so) a great failure come, we know that 'a Christian works for the only Master Who takes the will for the deed,' and Wisdom, shining brightly through the dark cloud of disappointment, will read to our hearts deeper lessons of Humility and Trust.

We cannot all do, so-called, great works. It is not the largest pieces of marble that give the beauty to the mosaic, but rather the tiny morsels—tiny, but perfect in themselves—that, fitting in here and there, give grace and finish to the whole.

God's *intention* in the Creation, He Himself has declared, is, that man should be in His Image and Likeness; and this intention seems to me to be the key-stone of Life's Work: to help the Great Worker to restore, and build up, what the Fall ruined in ourselves and others—to live, and help others to live, the blessed, happy life, originally designed for us.

This Work may—for us—lie within the sacred precincts of Home, there to cultivate our talents, and shed brightness and joy on our nearest and dearest, lightening the load of sorrow, and adding any innocent pleasure we can, to all who live within our influence, be they rich or poor. This seems to be the gladdest, peacefullest life given to man; it is like the polishing of the picture, and it is the life that many are *called* to lead.

The Work of others lies in a field of rougher labour: many are called to cope with sin and misery in their most awful forms; to leave their happy homes, where they have shone with no doubtful light, and become workers in districts where the Likeness of the Creator seems well-nigh obliterated by the great crust of sin which covers it.

Wherever there is sin and sorrow, *there* is Work. Wherever there is a talent lying hidden away and neglected—a loveless life—a sorrow unsoothed—a joy unsympathized with—a wrong unredressed—a marring of the Glorious Image in which we were created—*there* is Work; noble, blessed Work for God: Work, to which He is every moment calling workers. That many have refused to listen to the call, is proved by the vast accumulation of sin and want lying at our doors. Are we very sure that God is not calling *us?* have we so accustomed ourselves to listen that we must hear the voice if God calls us? and if we are called, are we ready to obey?

Think what earth would be if *one* pervading 'idea' animated man—to *Restore* instead of to *Destroy*.

And *so* for each to take his place in the great puzzle of life; and lo! it is a puzzle no longer. The Universal Father taking up the component parts, and fitting them, with a touch, one by one into their proper spheres, the fair picture lies spread before us, *perfect* in beauty, in harmony, and in Truth.

A VISIT TO PORT ROYAL DES CHAMPS.

AN ACCOUNT OF A BRIEF VISIT TO PORT ROYAL DES CHAMPS, IN THE SUMMER OF 1863; BEING A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

———, 8th July, 1863.

My dear ——,

Knowing what pleasure you take in anything connected with Port Royal, I will try and give you some account of a visit I have lately made to the ruins of the old monastery of Port Royal des Champs.

Being detained in Paris for a few days on my return from a tour in Switzerland and Savoy, I took the opportunity of paying a long-wished-for visit to the spot, which the memoirs of Mrs. Schimmelpenninck have invested with almost (one might say) an air of romance. For this purpose I left Paris for Versailles by an early train on the morning of the 23rd ultimo. As you know how fond I am of bringing away from interesting places something or other in the way of relics to remind me of them, I supplied myself in the first place with a leather satchel, which I purchased for a few francs before I left Paris, and strapped it round my shoulder; it proved exceedingly useful. In three quarters of an hour I

was at Versailles; at the railway station I found plenty of voitures, and selecting one I engaged it for the day, and under a brilliant sky and burning sun drove off for Port Royal. Mrs. Schimmelpenninck describes the roads as being exceedingly bad in her time. A change must have since taken place—they are now in admirable condition. The distance from Versailles is about eight English miles; but at the slow speed at which the French cabmen drive, it took an hour and a half to reach our destination. The road for the whole distance appeared to be unfenced, and was lined on either side with fruit-trees, consisting of apple, pear, and cherry, and the never-failing poplar, which meets the eye at every step. I observed abundance of the mistletoe in the trees, occasionally in a poplar, but more frequently in the apple-trees. The coach at length stopped at a little road-side inn, situated at the edge of a gentle declivity. Here I alighted, and descending the narrow path which winds its way through a thick growth of underwood, in a few minutes I reached the old grey walls still remaining, which formerly enclosed the monastic buildings of Port Royal des Champs. The situation is very secluded. It can hardly be termed a valley, but perhaps might be more correctly described as a depression in the otherwise very flat surface of the country, surrounded by a low ridge of elevated land covered with a thick growth of timber. The land below is very marshy, abounding with water-plants and rushes, affording a most interesting field for the lover of botany. I particularly noticed a tall species of campanula, which grew from three to four feet in height; the bells were white and blue, and very beautiful. I put a few specimens in my satchel. Within the enclosure stands a small farm-house, built of the old stones of the monastery. An old woman came out as soon as she saw me looking about, and showed me the way to the various points of interest among the ruins. The first was the remains of the Church, into which I descended by a few stone steps from the west end; the floor is now a carpet of the greenest grass, the lower part of the walls are still standing, and are overhung with bushes of hawthorn and the wild rose; the latter were full of blossom. The bases only of the clustered columns remain, emerging from the grass, all that is left of them standing about four feet in height, and many loose stones lie scattered about.

The dimensions of the interior of the Church I found by stepping across to be as follows:—The length fifty yards, breadth twenty. Upon the site of the great Altar, a little chapel has been built. It bore the following inscription beneath a simple cross—

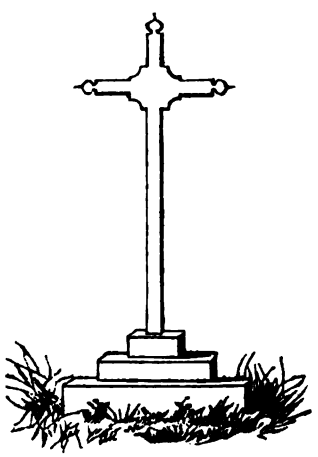
Entrez dans un profond & saint recueilment
Chrétiens qui visitez la place en ce moment,
L'un autel où Jésus immolé pour nos crimes
S'offrit à Son Père entouré de victimes
Qu'avec Lui l'Esprit Saint embrasoit de Son feu;
Figurez vous présents ces prêtres vénérables,
Ces humbles penitents, ces docteurs admirables,
Lumière de leur siècle et l'honneur de ce lieu

Retracez vous ce chœur où s'assemblaient des anges
Du Seigneur nuit et jour célébrant les louanges.
Et de ces souvenirs recueillez quelques fruits
Dans ce vallon désert où l'homme a tout détruit.

This chapel I was told was not used, and anything it once contained has been removed to Paris.

My aged friend here withdrew, and left me alone to my musings. I stood on the site of the great Altar, upon ground hallowed by the feet of saints, indeed that once contained, if it does not still contain, their remains. Trees of large growth had sprung up around the ruins, and interposed a thick canopy of leaves, which formed a cool shade from the glare of a burning sun: and here in this beautiful and very peaceful solitude, sacred to holy memories, I felt it a great privilege to be permitted to pass a short time in meditation and prayer. Here, day and night, the praises of God had once been sung; and on this very spot the Holy Eucharist had, during a period of one hundred years, been celebrated without intermission, until the enemies of Port Royal threw down its Altars, and profaned the bodies of its saints interred within its precincts.

The cemetery from which the remains of the dead had been thrown out at the time of the dissolution of this monastery, is now cultivated as a fruit garden, and contained a good number of red-currant bushes, upon which the fruit was just ripening. The only relic remaining to indicate that it had once been used for interments, was a large iron cross in the centre of the ground, six feet in height, and firmly imbedded in a stone base. The following is a sketch of it.



Two fine cypress trees grew on either side of this cross. No tombstones of any kind are to be seen. From the cemetery I turned my steps towards the woods upon the north-western slope in the immediate vicinity

of the ruins. The trees consist chiefly of oak, poplar, and acacia, with a thick growth of underwood, interspersed with pleasant walks under the cool shade. It was a perfect solitude; not a sound of human life to be heard, nothing but the songs of birds and the hum of insects; occasionally a lizard would dart across the path. I now found my leather bag very useful; and unstrapping it, filled it with specimens of wild flowers, and some roots of the ivy that clothed the old grey walls of the enclosure. These walls embrace a considerable area of ground; they are grown over with plants of various kinds. I noticed abundance of the wild vine, and many of the old acquaintances we are so familiar with at home—such as the ruta-muraria fern, which had inserted itself between the crevices of the grey stones, and dotted them with its dark green tufts. I noticed also the trichomanes and polypodium, which was very abundant, the yellow stone-crop, woody nightshade, and old familiar blackberry. Some of the outbuildings connected with the monastery still remain intact. One of them is a barn; another is a round tower of ample dimensions; this had been the dovecot, the old nests were still remaining, but the birds had long since departed; the building was in excellent preservation, but unused. A few paces from the barn is the old well. I peeped into it; it was lined with a rich growth of the harts-tongue fern down to the water's level. There was no pump, or any other means of getting at the water, or I should have ventured to taste it, for I was very thirsty. My old friend, who I supposed had observed me peering into the well, came forward, and I told her how much I wished for a draught of water. She led the way to a very interesting locality at some distance off; and in a green retreat, trickling from the yellow porous limestone, issued a spring of the purest water, filling a hollow cavity scooped out of the rock beneath. Above the spring a stone tablet had been placed, bearing the following inscription:—

FONTAINE
DE LA
MÈRE ANGÉLIQUE.

Two little children belonging to some of the neighbouring peasants had preceded us thither, and brought their water-jars to replenish. Borrowing one of them, I filled it to the brim, and drank a long and refreshing draught of delicious water. The day was very hot, and I was exceedingly thirsty. I felt very thankful for such an unexpected treat, and inwardly blessed the good mother, to whom I could not help feeling in a secondary sense indebted, for the refreshment it afforded me. This little nook was her favourite place of retirement, where she used to sit and meditate; and a sweeter spot in the summer time could not be found. Close to this little fountain is an arched passage, constructed of the porous but other-

wise strong and enduring limestone, which has supplied the building material of the monastery and churches around. This underground passage used formerly to lead to the residence of the celebrated Duchess de Longueville, but no vestige of it now remains.

I next drove to the little village of St. Lambert, distant about a mile, and knocked at the door of the curé. I had the good fortune to find him at home; he received me very courteously. I explained to him the object of my visit. He took me into the Church, which was neat, simple, and unadorned. Here Tillemont once officiated. The date upon the stone over the entrance was 1539. The polite curé made a kind of apology (as he took me into his little sacristy) for the smallness of its dimensions, and modest furniture. I opened his calendar, which was rather bulky, as compared with that of our S. P. C. K., which I carried in my pocket. I remarked to him that his appeared to contain more feasts and festivals than mine, (the Churchman's Almanac,) which I handed to him. He was interested with it. I asked him to be kind enough to show me the grave marked by four stones, in which the exhumed bodies of the Port Royalists had been thrown.

The only indication of its locality now remaining is one solitary stone, marking one of the corners; the curé, however, knew the other three points, and I measured the size of the square and found it to be twenty-one feet by fifteen. My kind entertainer now invited me into his house, and showed me his library, and conversed about his books, of which he appeared very fond. I understood that besides his ecclesiastical duties, his time was also occupied with the tuition of youth. On one of his shelves I observed the works of Bossuet and Fénélon side by side. I was pleased to find his sentiments and mine accorded when we spoke of Fénélon.

* * * * * *

The curé told me of the Church of Magny, about three miles distant, in which the chief relics of Port Royal had been deposited. He also informed me where, among the old book-stalls in Paris, I should be most likely to meet with old Port Royal books. Glad should I have been to have prolonged my stay at the instance of my kind friend; but the day was waning, and I wished to visit Magny, so shook hands and bade adieu, hoping we might some day meet again.

I now drove to Magny, a plain little village Church very similar to that of Saint Lambert. The first thing which arrested my attention on entering the Church was the long array of Port Royal tomb-stones, which had been conveyed here as to a place of refuge from the ancient cemetery of the monastery, and were placed upright all round the Church against the walls. They are of a much larger size than those we are familiar with in England, and are inscribed with very long Latin inscriptions, which occupy the whole surface; these are very neatly and distinctly cut in small capital letters. Those who are acquainted with the history of Port Royal, will be aware that the composition of these epitaphs or

histories proceeded chiefly from the pen of the good physician Hamon. These tomb-stones on the north side of the Church belong exclusively to the Arnauld family; one of them commenced thus—'Sub sole vanitas; supra solem veritas. Hic jacet Robertus Arnauld Dandilly,' &c. I regretted I had not time to copy some of these inscriptions.

Over the altar of this Church, against the wall, was placed the old altar-piece which used to stand in the Church of Port Royal; it occupies a good deal of space, and is in excellent preservation. It seems to be a carving in stone in very high relief; in the centre is a triangle, containing the tetragramaton, surrounded by a group of little children's heads, each issuing from a pair of wings. On one side is a figure of St. Peter; on the other, one that I took for St. John the Baptist. These figures were a very little short of life-size. Beneath these was a lamb in nearly full relief, reposing upon a cross; on either side a youthful male and female figure in the posture of devotion. I could not help feeling the deepest interest as I gazed upon this beautiful assemblage of symbols, when I considered that beneath it, in the Church of Port Royal, the Holy Eucharist had been unceasingly celebrated; and that kneeling before the Altar over which it once stood, so many holy children of God had consecrated themselves to His service. This work had been recently brushed over with a coat of white paint, which had quite spoiled it. At the west end of the Church was situated the 'baptistry.' This was formed by a little recess closed by two iron gates; within this lay another very interesting relic. This was the baptismal font that was used at Port Royal. It was very small, composed of black marble, oval in form, without ornament, but extremely elegant in shape; it stood upon a pedestal, and had a brass cover of two lids, both of which were locked. It was apparently quite perfect and unaltered since it stood in the Church of Port Royal des Champs. The Church and church-yard of Magny, so I am informed, are filled with the bodies—I should say the bones—of the Port Royal worthies, brought hither for safety. The floor of the Church has recently been laid over with a thick coating of bitumen. I noticed a circumstance which struck me as somewhat remarkable in a Roman Catholic Church. It was full of pews, though they did not certainly stand so high as in many of our churches at home.

I had yet one more place of interest to see in the vicinity of Port Royal des Champs before returning to Versailles; this was the old farm-house of Les Granges, situated on the high ground overlooking the ruins of the monastery, and about half a mile distant. It is in excellent preservation, and is now the residence of a French country gentleman, proprietor of the adjacent lands. It is a strong and substantially built house, and contains a number of very small rooms. On each room door is a tablet containing the name of its celebrated occupant in the days of Louis Quatorze. I noticed the names of Pascal, Singlin, Nicole, De Saçi, Hamon, Le Maistre, Claude, Lancelot, and Racine. In these little rooms the floors and rafters are just the same as when these worthies tenanted

them; the only difference being some simple furniture, all in snow-white covers, and some fresh papering on the walls. The stairs and balustrades have undergone no alteration since the days of La Mère Angélique.

In one of these rooms hung engraved portraits of La Mère Angélique, La Mère Agnès, St. Cyran, Singlin, and Antoine Arnauld.

The day was now drawing to a close, it was time to return to Paris. I bade farewell to Port Royal des Champs with much regret, for I had spent some very pleasant hours among its ruins, and I could well have occupied a day or two more in taking sketches and making further explorations.

Perhaps on some future occasion I may have an opportunity of making some further researches in that interesting spot; and if so, you shall be duly informed.

* * * * *

Yours very affectionately,

L.

THE SHEPHERD BOY OF MÜHLDORF, AND HIS WORK AMONG THE IDIOTS.

(FROM THE GERMAN.—DAHEIM.)

On the high-road between Munich and Vienna, close to the banks of the stately Inn, there stood, some years ago, a solitary pilgrimage church, which, with a neighbouring convent, had suffered much during the war with the French, and was in a sad state of dilapidation. The roof was destroyed or grown over with moss, the windows shattered, the walls threatening to fall in. The view, however, from Ecksberg—the name of this spot—is one of the most beautiful in that part of Bavaria. At its foot rushes the clear green river; opposite extends the battle-plain of Ampfing, now a blooming garden, among whose green fields and woods, cheerful and well-built farm houses peep out everywhere. To the left lies the old town of Mühldorf, whose peculiar oriental looking houses, with their flat roofs, proclaim that its founders were Italian colonists. Further to the left, rise the two spires of the celebrated Church of Altötting, the most frequented of all Bavarian shrines of pilgrimage; in the chapel of the Black Virgin here, for three centuries, the hearts of the Bavarian kings have been interred. And behind this smiling plain, with its towns and villages, the snowy chain of the Alps, from the Zugspitz to the Watzmann and the green mountains of Berchtesgaden, forms a magnificent background.

The lonely pilgrimage church, with the beautiful view, and the ruined house close by, were, more than thirty years ago, the spots to which a poor boy of Mühldorf named Probst drove his father's cows and goats

almost every day for pasture. He loved his animals, and enjoyed himself with them, but they were as dumb and stupid as the church was bare and forsaken. Then, gradually, more and more a desire was excited in the boy to become something else than a shepherd, and to be associated with children whom he could tell how God loved them, and whom he could teach to love God in return. Actuated by this desire, he set off one day on the road towards Munich, and knocked at the door of a monastery, with the urgent request, that for God's sake, they would instruct him and help him, that he might become a teacher or a priest. The boy was not dismayed by any work or self-denial; he was sent to school, and afterwards to the University, and entered on his first curacy in a village at the foot of the Bavarian Alps. One of the first tasks with which his vicar entrusted him was that of instructing a poor idiot girl, of eleven years of age, who could not be taught with the other children in the school, and appeared incapable of receiving any mental impression. Now the man had obtained what the boy had longed for. With real joy he began to try and make the idiot child sensible of the love of God. He says himself, that 'By the quick development of the deeply slumbering powers of the mind in this poor child, I was quite convinced that a regular plan of systematic care and instruction would not be in vain with such children; and consequently, soon several other similar cases were entrusted to me.' His little dwelling soon became too small; and the question was raised, which office must he give up, that of the cure of souls in the parish, or that of instruction of idiot children. Love to the poor idiots won the victory.

When Pastor Probst reflected how he could arrange to devote himself entirely to these children, he thought of the old ruined church and the deserted house on the Ecksberg. The Archbishop, to whom he applied, gave his consent, that the former place of pilgrimage should become a home for idiot children.

So in April, 1852, Probst took possession of the ruined Ecksberg. Two idiots accompanied him. A few friends in Mühldorf provided him with necessaries. He had not a single florin in his pocket, but all the more love to his children, and the cheerful confidence in his heart, that God loves the idiots, and keeps all His promises. And indeed, good people brought him every day just as much as he needed. The house was built up again, quite by degrees, one part after the other; but at the end of half a year it supplied a refuge to sixteen Cretin children.

Since then fifteen years have passed away. The view is just as beautiful as ever—more beautiful indeed, for the whole hill, down to the shores of the Inn, is clothed with a blooming garden. But the church and the house look quite different. The house has become a large three-storied building, forming a square, round a spacious court-yard. In its seventy rooms there were, last year, ninety-seven idiots, with their attendants and nurses. Wash-houses and outbuildings are grouped around the central institution. In the midst, surrounded by gardens and

corn-fields, stands the church, in which God is again daily worshipped and His praises sung. In the whole manner of life, in this house of mercy, in that of each of the children, in their games, in their work, in their instruction, in their kind teachers and nurses, and above all, in that man, whose faith and love has been so blessed by God, we observe at the first glance, how God loves *all* His children, and the most wretched seem the dearest to Him of all; and how nothing on earth can make them happier than to love Him in return. Those persons who assist Pastor Probst in the care of the children, are all volunteers. They have, as may easily be imagined, very hard work, and receive very small wages. In 1863, for twenty-seven attendants, only eight hundred florins were dispensed as wages; and yet five have been in the institution ten years, eight more than five, and four more than three years. The most faithful friend and assistant of the pastor is the physician of the Institution, Dr. Medicus, who, from the beginning, has worked with him in the same spirit, and with the same love.

Every two or three years the friends of the Institution, who are now very numerous, assemble at Ecksberg, and a general meeting takes place. Early in the evening a service is held in the church, which all the children attend. Then an examination takes place in religious instruction, reading, writing, arithmetic, and singing. Next in work. In one of the rooms is exhibited the needle-work of the girls, and a list of articles which they have made, and either sold or used, since the last examination. It is thus shown how the children work. Some knit, others sew, others spin. The boys take the visitors out of doors, and show them that they know how to use the spade, saw, and other tools. Meanwhile one of the pupils takes out a violin, and accompanied by it, seven or eight sing together the beautiful hymn, 'Jesus, der kinder freund,'—Jesus, the children's friend;' and the song, in which everyone joins, 'Hail unserne König,'—'God save the King,' is never omitted at the end.

All this proves how much the poor idiot children can learn and do, how the slumbering powers of the mind are awakened in many, and how many of these little ones, who were given up as hopeless in school, have now by their industry and docility, by their knowledge of the love of God, which even the most idiotic can receive, by their good memory in Biblical history, their beautiful handwriting and neat work, put to shame many other children who are not thus afflicted. It is not, indeed, the same with all. Whilst many are completely cured, and are discharged as useful and capable; others can be directed to work and employment, but cannot act at all alone or independently; others still are not even capable of learning to work. They must be waited upon like little children, though there are some among them of twenty years of age. They are the heaviest charge to the Institution; but Pastor Probst says of them with truth, 'They too are our fellow creatures, they least of all can be attended to in their homes, and cause us a fresh feeling of sadness whenever we look at them; but they most of all remind us of our

Saviour's loving words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."'

Thus three divisions have been formed at Ecksberg. The first, for those who can be completely cured, contained last year thirty-four patients, principally composed of the youngest and most recent arrivals. In the second, for those who were to work under superintendence, there were twenty-seven. For them, there are at Ecksberg not only fields, gardens, meadows, to work in, and workshops of all kinds, but for the best of them a sort of branch establishment in a neighbouring place, where together they cultivate a small farm. Fifteen of them can entirely maintain themselves here by their work alone, and six of them can receive very small wages. In the third division, which consists of those who must constantly be attended to, there were then thirty-one of the most miserable idiots, who, for the most part, were suffering more or less from epilepsy.

To show the extent and variety of the misery, and also the successful treatment, we must mention the cases of a few idiots who found a home at Ecksberg. One is of a girl ten years of age, with a boy's head and red eyes. She was always jumping about, with wild shrieks, was always dirty, and would eat rags, mud, and stones; she was, in short, a terrible object. After seven years she became a tall ordinary looking girl, without any of these disgusting habits; diligent in her work, quiet in church, no longer a burden to anyone. Another is of a boy contracted in his limbs, savage and furious in temper, often foaming at the mouth, unable to do any work by himself. After five years he is quite changed, and though still stiff in his limbs, yet capable of working in the fields, very persevering and fond of work, faithful and trustworthy, not able to read and write, but still sufficiently taught as to be confirmed. A girl, almost speechless, idiotic, can neither move nor eat without help, her hands being crippled. In seven years time she has learned to read and write perfectly, has been confirmed, and would be completely cured if she could only use her hands. A young man, of twenty-seven, was brought here by the police, as considered dangerous to be at large; he was idiotic, deaf and dumb, very violent, and without feet. He has become a quiet industrious man, a favourite with everyone. He works in the garden, with the stumps of his feet standing in a hole till he has finished the work all round him, then a fellow patient comes and helps him on further.

Such is the Idiot's Home in Ecksberg. It is wonderful how much misery and how much happiness there are in that house! Pastor Probst, with his beaming eyes, beloved by all as a father, was right. There is nothing in this world more blessed than to tell others of the love of God, and to teach them to love God.

J. F. C.

INSTITUTION FOR TRAINED NURSES, LINCOLN.

Madam,

If you think the following will be interesting to your readers, may I request you to insert it in The Monthly Packet.

I have always from a child cared for the sick, and have tried to help them. In my father's house, and in the village, I was always the one applied to. Since I married, I have been grieved to hear over and over again from medical men, 'We are so badly off for sick nurses in this neighbourhood.' Some little time ago I was on a visit to Bath, when I heard accidentally of the great good Miss Soden was doing there to rich and poor by her Institution for Nurses. I soon obtained an introduction to her, and was most kindly shown all over her Institution, saw her rules and regulations, and more than all, I heard from her how she had begun, which was the chief thing I wished to know.

Two ladies and myself have now undertaken the management of an Institution for Nurses. We hire out our trained nurses on the usual terms, £1 a week, to private families; but to the sick poor we send nurses gratis. None are so utterly helpless in time of sickness as the poor; they cannot command the services of the paid nurse, and of the very elements of sick nursing they are themselves altogether ignorant. Never having more than they can just do with of sheets and body-linen, they are mostly unprepared for the frequent changes which sickness in the house entails, while of other comforts, water-cushions, horse-shoe pillows, extra pillows, which serve so much to lighten the sufferings of those who have the means to procure them, they are altogether destitute. To meet these wants, we have a stock of things for lending out—water-beds, cradles for bad legs, cup-feeders, night-lamps to keep food warm during the night, &c. Our nurses, when not employed by the rich, go out amongst the poor, by whom they are most warmly received. We have only as yet helped one clergyman; but we propose, if our subscriptions are only equal to the demand, to send a nurse to any clergyman requiring one for his parish, he being responsible for her board and lodging. We are most fortunate in the nurses we have engaged; wherever we have sent them to private families, they have been much liked; and we are training more nurses at the first hospitals in London. May God bless our endeavours!

At this time three poor women are dependent on the daily visits of the nurse for their comfort during the day. The nurse makes the bed without disturbing the poor sufferer, and leaves her clean and tidy; and, if necessary, lends her body-linen, sheets, and pillow-cases—sees the children go off clean to school. The husband comes home to a tidy house, finding the poor helpless wife as comfortable as the circumstances will permit. Another's bad leg is properly bound up, with an even pressure. And

here let me say how thankful we always are for any gifts of old linen and calico; and any gifts to the lending stock will be most gratefully received. I have lately had a present of twenty sacks of oat chaff; with this we have made pillows, and horse-shoe pillows, (for tender backs,) and beds, for lending out: old coloured dresses have been given me, and we have made of them night-caps for the poor.

There is very much to be done; always bearing in mind, that sickness is everywhere—neither rich nor poor can escape. We cannot help the poor *gratis*, without begging for the help of subscriptions.

For the last three years I have had a convalescent and sea-side fund going on, by means of which I have sent many a poor patient recovering from illness principally to the Royal Sea Bathing Infirmary at Scarborough, an establishment which need only be seen to be appreciated, so well is it managed. No patient ever has been there without the chance of returning a better man, always full of gratitude, and generally with a stock of health. One little boy, too young to be taken in at Scarborough, I sent to Miss Freeman's Convalescent Home for Children, at Brighton; and one poor girl, of seventeen, whom I found here this winter, who had not walked for four years, I sent to Buxton. She is just returned, able to walk a little: I do not mean to lose sight of her.

If your readers are interested in this account, at some future time I shall like to tell you more.

Believe me, Madam,

Yours very sincerely,

ANNE F. BROMHEAD,

Lady Superintendent of the Institution for Nurses.

Lincoln, April 18, 1867.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TWO DAYS AT WINDSOR;

OR,

THE PRINCESSES AND THE SULTAN.

Windsor, July, 1867.

My dear Geraldine,

Although you are so terribly out of the way of things down in Northumberland, a rumour may have reached you that the Sultan is in England. So now I am going to tell you about his short visit to Windsor, and also about a distribution of prizes over which some of our English Royal Family presided a few days before.

And first then for the distribution.

It was an extraordinarily fine day; the sky was of that splendid grey blue all over which comes with a dry wind; and the sun shone as it ought to shine in July.

Directly after our early dinner, Uncle William drove Mamma and me to the Home Park, where on an open space were several tents. In one of these the poor people were to have dinner; in another there was a flower show; in a third the needle-work was exhibited, and in a fourth was the band of the Fusileers in their grand dresses. Finally, there was a covered and raised platform, surrounded at a respectful distance by innumerable chairs: here it was that the prizes were to be given. As we were in excellent time, and scarcely any of the chairs occupied, Mamma and I went off to see the flowers, and very slowly and lingeringly walked round and round. The soil about Windsor must be particularly favourable to the growth of flowers; certainly I have never seen any so beautiful as these. The geraniums were quite perfect in form, in colour, and in quantity of bloom. The roses were of such noble colour and scent! the angry red of some of them might well make 'the rash gazer wipe his eye.' But what struck me (as often one is struck by what is not the chief thing) still more than these flowers of gorgeous colouring, was a frond of a golden fern. It was in form like a jewel spattered all over with gold-dust.

The boys joined us as we walked round; and a cousin of Mamma's, an officer lately returned on sick leave from India, with his pretty little wife. It was now time to secure our places, and we took those immediately in front of the dais and about ten or twelve feet from it. The heat was excessive; but if we had sat in the shade, (only there was none) we should not have had so good a view. Mamma, I, and Major —— sat in front, Frank and Harry just behind. We made tents of our parasols, and luckily the boys had an umbrella.

How entirely, now that it is over, and I look back to that time, has the inconvenience of the great heat passed away, leaving only the impression of its having been such a most delightful hour! In the intervals of watching the seats around us gradually filling up, Mamma was talking to Major ——, and the rest of us were listening. You know Mamma's way of drawing out people on the most interesting or remarkable events of their lives, and so she speedily led her cousin to tell some of his own experiences in the Indian Mutiny. And one or two of the incidents were of such interest that I think they will never be forgotten by any one of us. I should like to tell you more of this, but I think I must wait until we meet.

When we took our seats at three o'clock, I thought to myself, 'Will the next hour ever come to an end?' but Cousin Tom's stories were so interesting, that I was quite taken by surprise when at four o'clock precisely the band of the Life Guards began to play 'God save the Queen,' and then we knew that the Royal party were come.

'Oh refreshing and Royal punctuality!' said Mamma, rising with everyone else, and looking at her watch; 'they are come to a moment!'

Then in the distance among the crowd we saw hats waving, and policemen making a passage towards the dais, followed by a train of ladies and gentlemen.

Oh happy we to have such good places! And nothing but a little turf between us and where the Royal party were to sit! In another minute there they were. First came the Princess of Hesse, leading her little girl, the Princess Victoria; then Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, and the Prince of Hesse; and these were followed by several gentlemen and ladies in waiting. The Princesses took their places under the canopy, and with a table in front of them; the two Princes were on either side. They were all in slight mourning for the poor Emperor Maximilian. The Princesses wore pretty little bonnets, white burnouse, and black silk dresses; on the whole their dress was far more simple than that of many girls whom I had seen at the Oxford Commemoration not long before. But what struck me far more was the sweetness and grace of their manner, and the prettiness, not to say beauty, of their faces.

Then the business began. One of the committee of management, General Seymour, read out a delightfully short report of past proceedings, which only lasted half a

minute or so, and then the names of the poor people, while each in turn came up the steps and received their gifts from the Princesses. It was beautifully managed.

There were two lords in waiting: one handed the Princess of Hesse (our Princess Alice) a little parcel containing money, while the other lord handed to Princess Louise a savings bank book, in which half a crown was entered as already deposited in the savings bank. And to Prince Leopold was handed a framed card, six or eight inches square, with the name of the recipient, what they had deserved a prize for, when received, &c., and signed at the bottom in the Queen's own hand.

It was very amusing to watch the poor people, and I kept wondering whether, if I had had to go up and receive a prize, I should have done it worse or better than they did themselves. Some of them were old fathers and mothers, who were rewarded because they had brought up a large family respectably on very small means, and without help from the parish. Some of these went hobbling up, dropped their curtseys, and made their little nodding bows, as simply as if it was to some country squire. In order to avoid confusion, they all approached by one side, went up, passed from one to the other of the Royal party, and then came down the other side. Should I, I wonder, have invariably made a dash to return by the way I came? and should I have required the help of the two or three clergymen who, with outstretched arms, caught at the helpless folk, and led them away in triumph? I think the Princesses were amused by such little incidents, for now and then a delightful merry laugh reached us.

After the good old householders had received their prizes, came sundry others. Servants who had long kept their places: some of these were such delightful-looking old grooms or farm-servants; some old women, the very patterns of old-world housekeepers, such as Mrs. Sherwood would have delighted in. One dear little woman, in a black silk bonnet, who dropped three profound curtseys, so profound, that Prince Leopold, who had looked very grave all the time, as if fearing to make some blunder or other, was obliged to look quite amused and pleased.

Then came the children, and others, who had won prizes for needlework; among these, not a few were old soldiers, who had worked pincushions or chair-covers, quilts, or anything.

By this time the Princesses were getting used to their work of perpetually handing, nodding, and smiling; and there was a general relaxing of etiquette. The Princess of Hesse sat down; and her little girl, who had walked about just wherever she liked on the dais, came and leaned against her Aunt Louise, who drew her close to herself; and then her mother stretched out her hand, and just stroked for a moment the child's pale yellow hair. Of course, you and I know that Princesses love their little children just as much as common people do; still I *did* like to see that little caressing touch very much indeed.

And now I am certain they were all getting tired, for I heard General Seymour saying, 'Now then, come on, make haste!' and the rest of the people came flocking on pretty fast. So must I, for it is nearly dinner time.

Nothing else happened at all remarkable, except indeed one thing, which, like that frond of the golden fern, was the best thing of all—and that was one smile of the Princess Louise, as she gave a prize to a very small child. I don't think the child saw—I don't think many others saw. I did, I am happy to say. It was a smile that broke over her whole face, with a suddenness which immediately made that sweet face of hers quite beautiful.

Soon after this it was all over. The Princess of Hesse took her little girl by the hand, and came down the steps, followed by the rest. And then the grand crowd of ladies and gentlemen closed in, and followed them through the flower tent, and through the tent where the needlework was exhibited; and then saw them into another, where tea was laid out, and quantities of cakes and fruits; and finally we saw them come out, and go bowing and smiling to their carriage; while again the

National Anthem was played by the band, and the common people outside broke into shouts and hurrahs!

Now then for the Sultan.

He had arrived in England the day before; and we were full of excitement and interest about him, having read in the morning papers the account of his reception at Dover. Two or three things made the boys and me very indignant. First, that the Sultan had kept on his fez, when the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge took off their hats to him; and still more, that he had turned them out of the carriage, in order that he might go to sleep. Another thing which we all thought highly entertaining, was the theory by which he gets over the objection, hitherto insuperable, of leaving his own country—namely, that every place he visits, or sets foot upon, becomes immediately part of his own dominions. Notwithstanding, or perhaps *because* of all this, we were intensely longing to see him. A lady, whom we knew a little, offered us seats in her balcony, in a most favourable situation in the town, and of course Mamma would take little Hugh and me. The boys were so desperately absorbed in the Eton and Harrow match, that when it came to the point, they decided to cut the Sultan, and go up to Lord's. Papa, I am sorry to say, had a baddish cold and cough, and thought there would be a crowd of ladies in the balcony, and dangerous draughts, and that on the whole he would be safer at home; so Mamma sorrowfully acquiesced, and Papa was left all alone in the house.

The thought of this was the only drawback to our enjoyment. As we walked up, Mamma, Aunt Mary, Hugh, and I, we were received very kindly by the lady and her daughter. We were the only guests. The balcony was a very nice one. We reached it through a pretty little bed-room, and took our places: the ladies, after seeing us comfortably established, went to another similar balcony at another bed-room window.

Mamma had the 'Times,' and amused us by reading out whatever she could about the Sultan, while we watched with interest the gradual filling of the streets, and an occasional detachment of Life Guards marching past, when suddenly Mamma dropped the paper, and said, in a lamentable voice, 'Alas, I am in despair!'

'What is the matter?' cried Aunt Mary.

'If we had but known how nice it all is, Charles might have come!'

'Now, Janet,' said Aunt Mary, 'that is exactly like you. Do not say another word: you see he is *not* here, so don't teaze yourself!'

'Oh, but he *might* have been! If he had known how nice and safe it all is! and nobody but ourselves—no wind—and so warm—oh, alas! and plenty of time! the train is not due for fifty minutes.'

Up jumped Aunt Mary.

'I'll go—there, I'm gone!

And before Mamma could look round, she had sprung through the open window into the bed-room, and away.

Mamma looked after her in mute surprise, and then turning to us children with a beaming smile, said,

'*There's* an aunt! There's chivalry! take a lesson, dear children. Dear dear Mary! won't I remember her in my will!'

During the next twenty minutes we continued to watch the streets filling. There were an immense number of flags hanging down, and somewhat obstructing the view without much adding to its beauty, especially as they hung lifeless for want of wind. The royal carriages had now all filed down empty to the station, as well as the detachment of mounted guards, who were to accompany the Sultan's carriage. While Hugh and I were noting all this, Mamma's eyes were fixed on the point in the distance where she expected to see Papa and Aunt Mary turn the corner in the pony-carriage; so that after all we were taken by surprise, when suddenly there they were stepping on to the little balcony through the window behind us!

'Actually are you there!' cried Mamma; and then, in presence of the whole town of Windsor, she threw her two arms round Aunt Mary's neck, and gave her a great kiss.

'How *did* you get here so soon?'

'Oh!' said Aunt Mary, 'I knew all the short cuts; and here we are!'

'And here is the Sultan!' said Papa.

It was true indeed. There was the beginning of the procession. Two officers of the Life Guards caracolling on their great beautiful black horses. With the exception of the church bells there was not a sound. Next came the soldiers four abreast, all splendidly mounted; and then, drawn by four greys in an open carriage, came the great Sultan; at his left was Prince Arthur in a Hussar's uniform, and opposite to them was the Grand Vizier and the Prince of Hesse.

The Sultan wore a dark uniform, richly covered with gold lace, and with a broad green ribbon across his breast. On his head he wore that immoveable institution, the fez. I wonder if they *ever* take it off! It is of very dark red cloth, absolutely without ornament. Its very plainness, as worn by these great men, gave the impression of its being of texture and quality beyond price. But what am I doing to spend so much time on his fez, when I have not yet described the intelligent calm face that looked up from under it! He appeared immediately to notice Papa, who was the only gentleman in the balcony, and who took off his hat as he passed. To him the Sultan bowed in return. It was a very short time, though they went so slowly, to take in all I wanted to see in that first carriage. But I had time to notice the Grand Vizier. As I write that word, what visions come before me of my early childhood, and the deep delight of reading the Arabian Nights, with all those stories in which Sultans and Grand Viziers play so large a part. And there, before my eyes, was a Grand Vizier! What was he like? He was thinner and taller than the Sultan—older, his hair was grey. He was handsome; his expression was melancholy and thoughtful. I thought I had seldom seen a finer face. His dress was much the same as the Sultan's, and he looked altogether a very great man. After this carriage followed a second detachment of Life Guards, and then ten or twelve carriages containing the son and nephews and great officers of the Imperial household. They were mostly dressed in uniform like the Sultan, and every one with the same unornamented fez. I was struck by the intelligent faces as they looked up, some so full of interest and curiosity. They were all large broad men, with comfortable slouching figures, and contented amused smile. One of the nephews seemed altogether carried away at sight of the ladies in the next balcony to ours. It was, I suspect, a school; and a crowd of these girls, with their fair faces and light hair, were bending down: such a sight can never be seen in the East—and no wonder the Prince threw up his hands with a shout. He said something, but if even the bells had not been ringing I should not have understood. After this impertinent Prince had passed, came some Albanians and others, whose dresses were one more splendid than another. But that of one who, I think, must have been the chief physician, struck me more than any. He wore a velvet coat, with very long pointed sleeves, which were covered with the most exquisite gold embroidery; and over this coat a tunic of cambric, so white and glittering, that it eclipsed everything else. On his lap lay his insignia of office, a pouch containing what appeared to me short daggers, but I think they must have been surgical instruments. It looked very curious and barbaric. I wished that they could have gone much slower, there was so much to wonder over and to admire; though after all, their keen black eyes, with that interested surprised scrutinizing expression, was the most remarkable thing of all.

When they were all passed, and the rear brought up by carriages containing English officers, a rumour passed about that their visit would be but a very short one, and that they would return by the Castle Hill in less than an hour. We therefore bid our kind hostess good-bye, and went to the Castle Hill. Here

everything was grander and better than in the town, which, I must own, had but a poor effect, with only a rabble of street people below, loaded balconies above, and long flags and pennants drooping. Here, at all events, there was a regal air about everything. The Castle looked as it always does—magnificent; the great round tower crowning the height. From the great gateway of the Castle to the station there were double rows on each side of the way, of Life Guards in their full dress, and with shining steel cuirasses. These men stood a few feet apart, as upright and immoveable as rocks. Aunt Mary, Mamma, Hugh, and I, stood near these grand fellows, and I thought we looked very little beside them.

And presently the whole procession of mounted guards and of carriages defiled slowly down the broad gravel path in the same order as before in the town; again I was struck by the keen intelligent faces, the slouching comfortable attitudes. Having observed the physician's dress, I thought that this time I would look at his face. Quite young, quite pale, very black hair and eyes. He was looking as if something had disgusted and annoyed him; indeed, on reflection, it strikes me that the absence of all etiquette of expression, all stony impassiveness, was the most remarkable feature of the show.

Then we came home.

But the day was not yet over. The Queen was going to Osborne with all the Royal family, and Mamma was bent on seeing them off. Unluckily, a visitor detained us, and we were late in reaching the station. We got into a crowd, which is a dreadful state to be in. At last, we were hustled and jostled to a spot where we were allowed to stand, a short distance from the little waiting-room where the Queen would alight. Again, punctual to a moment, the Royal carriage drew up, and there sat the Queen. As she rose and stepped down from the carriage, although she is so short and—well, a little fat—I was literally taken aback by the regal movement. She was as upright as one of her own life-guards, and looked like the great Commander-in-chief of her country. The Princesses followed—all three, the Princess of Hesse, Princess Louise, and even little Princess Beatrice, smiling and bowing with sweet lavishness. The Princess of Hesse reminded Mamma of the Prince Consort her father, in her way of bowing—an upward throwing of the head, rather than an inclination of it. Little Hugh, the moment they were in the waiting-room, caught Mamma's hand, and said, 'Now, now let us run and see the train start.'

This we immediately did; but as everyone else did the same, we found ourselves driven on quite as far as to the engine. There, however, the crowd was not so dense, and we wedged ourselves without difficulty close on to the red cord, which lined the way all along; and beyond which there was room only for the policemen and guards. As these were in close attendance round the Royal carriage, we had a splendid uninterrupted view of the engine, which I suspect satisfied Hugh a good deal more than it satisfied Mamma and me. Just then a little Eton boy, one of the very few who had not got leave to go up to Lord's, was seen inside the cord, and therefore in the way of the spectators, who each of them as they stood against the cord insisted on his 'moving on.' This he did until at last he found himself precisely in front of our party. He looked timidly at Mamma, and then stood with his back to us, and his black hat dreadfully in the way. Then it was that the train began to move so gently and noiselessly.

'Hugh,' said Mamma, 'take your hat off;' and then leaning forward she said to the Eton boy, 'Don't you mean to take off your hat?'

'Yes, Ma'am, when it's time.'

'Oh, but,' said Mamma, 'suppose you take it off at once, then we shall see better.'

In a moment he had not only snatched off his hat, but with a slight exclamation he had crouched down, almost kneeling on the platform. The train advanced.

There was the Queen's saloon, such a beauty! there sat all the lovely Princesses, there sat the Princes, there sat the Queen—all gone in a moment. There knelt still the little Eton boy. What he could see, kneeling there, but the axles of the wheels, I hardly know.

'Eton for ever!' said Mamma, looking down with a smile; and then we were all again caught in the crowd, and saw no more.

Said Hugh as we walked along, 'How uncommonly short a sight is!'

'That is true,' said Mamma; 'not even long enough to tell that nice boy he need not crouch down; never mind,' she added, 'that little trait of gentlemanly politeness was worth all the rest.'

Hugh looked attentively at Mamma. 'You always notice those kind of things, Mamma,' said he.

'Perhaps I do,' she answered. 'Pageants such as we have seen to-day are the body; but little acts like this of the boy's are the soul.'

I think, dear Geraldine, you will be glad to see that I have got nearly to the end of my long letter. But I must tell you, in case you do not know, that the Sultan remains for some days in this country, during which he is to be fêted immensely. The sights he will see will, I expect, open his eyes. The Opera; the party afterwards at the Duchess of Sutherland's; the Naval Review; oh, how grand that will be! the Review at Wimbledon; and ever so much besides.

But one sight he cannot see, which I think would have struck that remarkable and intelligent man almost more than any. It is true he saw a magnificent distribution of prizes at the Paris Exhibition. But those prizes were all given to successful, perhaps to rich, inventors, painters, artists of various kinds. Oh! that he could have seen our two darling Princesses and the little Prince sitting under that unornamented shed, and giving away prizes to the poor, the lame, and the blind! I think it would have struck him more than anything else. It would have been to him perhaps what the gold frond was to me, or the Eton boy's politeness to Mamma—it would have explained to him the secret of all the grandeur and success which he saw on all sides, and which is due in so large a measure to what our great and dear Queen is to her country.

HINTS ON READING.

We wish our contemporary *The Vineyard* (Rivingtons) every success, though we are always a little doubtful of the wisdom of writing for women entirely—it is apt to produce a certain wateriness and weakness. Well managed, the magazine may be useful in enabling workers to exchange ideas and take counsel together; and a first number may be hardly a fair sample. But this first has scarcely risen above the very obvious matters that are known to most people: there is rather a silly sensational story by way of sugaring the cup; and we are most especially puzzled by the principles the book proclaims. What in the name of wonder is the Protestant Bible? Is it Luther's translation?—and if so, how does it differ from other Bibles, except in being from the Vulgate? We thought at least that the Bible could be mentioned without our being put in mind of our unhappy divisions.

Home in South Africa (S. P. C. K.) is a capital emigrant story, by 'The Plain Woman,' who, when '*Alone among the Zulus*' excited so much interest by her resolution in strange and terrible circumstances, and her truthful and quaintly humorous descriptions. The present is equally true to nature, though of course the *dramatis personæ* are imaginary. It would be a most useful book to lend in parishes where emigration would be desirable.

The Rev. W. Whiting's *Edgar Thorpe* (Simpkin and Marshall) is a well-intentioned blank-verse history of a respectable and well-educated youth.

Messrs. Warne have put forth a charming fat book, under the able editorship of Mrs. Valentine, entitled '*The Home Book:*' a manual for young ladies of all the games, pursuits, handiworks, and studies most in vogue, with really good directions from experienced hands, and no nonsense of any sort. It is a thoroughly lady-like book in every way, and sensible in all its counsels, with an under-current of higher principle, never obtruded, but here and there revealing itself. It would be a capital present in any household containing a girl of any age above ten. If she had a taste for anything, she could hardly fail to find it assisted; and if she were so unhappy as to have a taste for nothing, there is a fair hope that one might be thus developed. The only point we regret is, that the botanical chapters are arranged on the old Linnéan system, which is a mere dictionary, and does not teach more of the science of botany than it can help; but this is a very slight flaw, and the book in general is most useful and charming.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

M. A. H.—*We know of no better answer than the foregoing paper on the Ladies' Home.*

Christiana.—*Was it not a dream?*

M. M.—*An Ipswich correspondent replies that the author of the hymn,*

'Eternal Father, strong to save,'

is the Rev. W. Whiting; and that

'Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all!'

is by the late Rev. F. Faber, not the Rev. H. Collins.

Etheldreda.—*Can you kindly inform me what tune is used for the hymn by S. Baring Gould, beginning—*

'When my tongue can no more utter
Either prayer or psalm,'

No. 582, *in the* People's Hymnal.—*Also, where can I procure an inexpensive copy of* Pearson on the Creed?

E. G. E.—*Can any of your correspondents kindly inform us why Spade-ace Guineas are so termed, and what is the date of their coinage?*

St. Luke's Mission, Burdett Road, Stepney.—*The Rev. William Wallace thankfully acknowledges the following Donations:*—C. E., Wellington, 2s. 6d.; Louisa C. H., 2s. 6d.; E. Bell, Bradford, (*Second Donation,*) £1; H. P. S., Devizes, 4s.; Rebecca B. E., 5s.

We are not at liberty to divulge authors' names.

H. G. Y.—*We ought to have sooner acknowledged* 15*s. for the Clewer Fields Mission.*

Effie.—*We should recommend the* Kings of England *for History. Perhaps some Correspondent would kindly suggest the best books for Geography, Spelling, and Reading, for young children—not the books of the National Society.—We would suggest, however, that* Mary's Grammar (*S. P. C. K.*) *is fitter for a lady's child than a poor child, and is one of the very best in its line.*

If E. L. *will give her address to the Editor of the Monthly Packet, the Authoress of 'A Peep at a Deaconess Home' will be very glad indeed to answer any inquiries she may wish to make.*

L. L. *wishes to know the author of*

'Our Shepherd good, our Shepherd true.'

Thankfully accepted.—A Day with the Curé of Saas.

S. A. N.—*Thanks for your* Two Dreams, *but the subject must not be over much dwelt on with the fear of Dr. Watts's sluggard before our eyes.*

Sister Alice.—The sun is sinking fast, (Sol præceps rapitur,)—*translated by E. Caswall.* Come, let us praise the Name of God, (Dei canamus gloriam.)—*Paris Breviary Hymn for Nocturns, translated by the Compilers of 'Hymns Ancient and Modern.* Creator of the world, to Thee, (Te lœta mundi Conditor,)—*Paris Breviary Hymn, translated J. M. Neale.* Jesus lives, (Jesus lebt, mit Ihm auch ich,)—*perhaps by C. F. Gelbert.* Eternal Father, strong to save—*William Whiting.* O Word of God above, (Patris, Æterni Soboles coœva,)—*translated by J. Williams.*——*Would not the Committee of Clergy's* Catechism on Confirmation *(published by Palmer) suit* A. O. R.?——*Can any of your Correspondents give any information about the hymn*—'Forty days and forty nights'?—M. P.

E. B.—*The Hon. Mrs. Norton has written a pretty little poem, of which* 'Not lost, but gone before' *is at once title and refrain.*—S. A. N.

Curiosity.—*Jean Ingelow's poem,* 'Divided,' *seems to describe a sad, but none the less common, incident—the gradual separation of dear friends. The dividing circumstance seems slight at first; but Time widens the division, until at length the former friends are startled to find themselves too widely separate for sympathy.*—S. A. N.

H. A. J. *would be glad to know the names of some inexpensive books on wood-carving.—There is an excellent chapter on this head in Mrs. Valentine's* Home Book. *We believe Hotzapfel's is the approved manual.*

Louisa.—*A translation of* I Promessi Sposi *was published by Burns, Portman Square. We do not know if it is out of print.*

The Mother Superior, House of Mercy, Clewer, Windsor, *gratefully acknowledges the receipt of some clothing and books for the use of the Mission in Clewer Fields from* C. R.

John and Charles Moxley, Printers, Derby.

THE MONTHLY PACKET

OF EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

PART 21. SEPTEMBER, 1867. PRICE 1s.

A HYMN FOR THE HOLY COMMUNION.

BY MRS. ECKLEY.

O FOREST cloisters, yield your flowers,
Consecrate these royal hours;
Prayer's sweet incense, upward rise,
With Love's faint whispers to the skies.

O Son of Mary, Jesu sweet,
Our hearts are yearning Thee to greet,
Come in Thy glory softly near,
Reveal Thy presence to us here.

O Son of Mary, Saviour mine,
Thou Who hast called Thyself 'The Vine;'
Poor withered branches though we be,
Incorporate with Thyself are we!

We come adoring—lowly kneel,
The chalice waits our lips to seal;
O Bread of Life! O mystic Wine,
Revive these withered branches, *Thine.*

Not wholly dead, if seared and dry,
O blessed *great* reality,
Still are we branches of that 'Vine,'
Through sacramental Feast divine.

O beatific vision blest,
O wondrous Love, O peaceful Rest,
O Thou, the Life, the Truth, the 'Vine,'
Revive these withered branches, *Thine.*

A SONG OF NATURE.

Methinks the world is like a great cathedral,
Adown whose transept notes of nature sweep,
And things inanimate, with living creatures
High festival for their Creator keep.
The little birds sing canticles supernal
To the Almighty, Who has given their joy;
And beasts, with solemner, graver, mightier music
Would their existence in Thy praise employ;
And little insects join their busy murmur,
Their undernotes to that great organ's Song;
While the air gathers to one gentle cadence
All the glad echoes of the grateful throng.
The wet grass and the fragrant flowers have off'rings,
That like the incense of that Church ascend
At eve and morning: this their daily service
Is changeless, and can never have an end.
Ah, who are they within that great cathedral
Who drag relentlessly rude human joys,
Who desecrate the earth's unearthly service
By notes unholy, and tumultuous noise?
Whose the dull ears, on whom that hallow'd anthem
Can wake no echo from the choirs above?
Whose the dim eyes, to whom that image holy
Cannot to tears of trembling ardour move?
Whose the hard hearts, who read not in Thy creatures
Lessons of gratitude, and peace, and love?

May.

THE CANTICLES IN MATINS AND EVENSONG.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CANTICLES IN MORNING PRAYER.

THE TE DEUM AND THE BENEDICITE.

After what was said in the last chapter in explanation of the Te Deum, no one can be at a loss to understand why it alone of all our Canticles and Psalms is sung without the Doxology. They all, without exception, were composed before Christianity was revealed; whereas the Te Deum

is essentially a Christian Hymn and the offspring of the Christian Church. It is in itself one great Doxology, addressed to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. To append the Doxology to it, as we do to other Psalms and Canticles, would be entirely superfluous. Indeed we may almost describe the TE DEUM as being the Church's thanksgiving that GOD has completed His earlier revelation by expanding it into the Christian. Moreover, it is a hymn on which the Christian dwells with an almost mysterious sense of awe as well as of love. All our other Canticles are of Jewish origin; and, as coming to us through Holy Scripture, they bear upon them the stamp of Divine Inspiration.* They form a regular series; beginning from the MAGNIFICAT and the old Jewish Psalms, they come down to the very latest utterances of Jewish Inspiration, and they only end with the NUNC DIMITTIS, when HE to whom the Jewish Church had witnessed had now, in the fullness of time, come at last to visit His Temple. Still, even when Christ was now come, when the Jewish system in the person of Symeon was even now singing *its* 'Nunc Dimittis;' —even then the fuller light of the Christian Faith was still beneath the horizon; 'the Day-spring from on high' was rising but not risen; Christ, in His victorious Divinity, was not yet known or manifested; the Holy Spirit, as a Divine Person, was neither known nor given. What the Second Person of the Trinity was to achieve for mankind, what He was to be to His Church, was still in the mists of the future: the Third Person of the Trinity, as the Divine Comforter and as the special Gift of the Second, was as yet even more unknown and unimagined. Thus the Evangelical Canticles bring us up to the very verge of the Faith, but they do not explicitly reveal it; they bring us to the vestibule of the Church, but they leave us at the porch, and do not enter in. The TE DEUM could not yet be sung:—not until the Christian Revelation was complete, and the Christian Church was fully launched.

Thus then, looking at our Canticle system as a whole, the TE DEUM fills a position of peculiar interest. It is no longer a beautiful hymn, of however surpassing excellence. It becomes the natural, we might almost say the necessary, sequel to those which had gone before—a sequel without which the series would have shewn a touch of incompleteness, but which, now that it is added, is bound together into a perfect wholeness. It is the key-stone of the arch which the Church of Christ has added to the imperfect fabric of the elder Covenant, the last perfect note which was wanted to complete the harmony. Then too the very date of its composition adds a still further point of interest which we cannot fail to recognize. The full and perfect doctrine of the Holy Trinity was not to prevail at once until it had stood the shocks of many a generation of the Church's life and warfare. True—it was *contained* in the Old Testament Scriptures, and it was plainly manifested in the New:—every child in the Christian Church was baptized into the Threefold Name, and the Apostles' Creed confessed

* It must not be forgotten, however, that the Church of England has placed the Benedicite in the Apocrypha.

it in its full integrity. But the doctrine was not yet victorious, until at the Council of Nicæa the attacks of opposing *theories* of the Trinity were finally overcome by the adoption of the Nicene statement of the *doctrine* of the Trinity. Then, and not till then, might the Church be said to be in complete possession of her heritage of the Faith, inasmuch as not till then were fatally inconsistent notions about it finally cast out.

Accordingly, the TE DEUM, whatever mists envelope its origin, belongs unquestionably to the period immediately following the Nicene Confession. We have already pointed out that it seems to be a re-moulding, and perhaps a combination, of formularies or hymns already long in use in the Christian East. This is most probably the case; but however this may be, there can be no doubt that in its present form, and in its present completeness, it belongs to some date in the fifty or sixty years next following the Nicene Council, A. D. 325. Not until the Christian Doctrine was fully vindicated was the TE DEUM completed: not until the great victory over heresy was won did the Church add *her* Canticle to the great series which the elder Covenant had commenced. Viewed in this light, the TE DEUM comes before us with a surpassing claim on our interest and our affections. We have already pointed out that it is the one sole Canticle in the whole system which is not a direct extract from Holy Writ. And yet the Church has ever placed it side by side with forms derived from Scripture itself;—nay, even more, it is the very central point towards which they all converge, it is as the capital of the column, it is as the key-stone of the arch. We may not claim a direct inspiration for any human formulary, but we may say that whatever gift of illumination resides in Holy Church would seem to have been concerned in this one sole Christian Canticle. In it the CHURCH, and not any one individual, would seem to speak. From the East—so it would seem—arise *many* of the elements of which it is composed; then a scrap which looks like part of it turns up in the West in a treatise of St. Cyprian's; and then, unknown like Melchizedeck in its parentage, it has started into complete life in the Western Church sometime after the middle of the fourth century. And the whole Church welcomes it everywhere. As in its scattered portions it seems to have been the utterance of the scattered members of the Church, so in its completeness it is accepted universally, as the fitting voice of the Church universal, giving thanks to GOD for the fullness of the Christian Faith.

And thus from time immemorial it has been sung in the Church of Christ as the great Festal Canticle;—the peculiarly *Christian* Canticle;—the voice of the CHURCH'S thanksgiving, over and above, and coming after, those which had been transmitted to her in the books of Scripture from the Church of the Jews. As to its use in the Church Services, the following points are interesting. In our own pre-Reformation Services it was a Sunday or Festal Canticle, and was appointed for all Sundays, and for many festivals, as part of the Matin Service.

It was *not* to be sung in Advent, in Lent, on Vigils, or in Ember Seasons generally. But for the Ember Season of Pentecost this exception was done away with, because of the connection of the doctrines of the Holy Ghost and of the Trinity with the commemoration of Pentecost. A like exception was made in favour of the Vigil of Epiphany. The TE DEUM was sung on that Vigil (if a Sunday)—an arrangement worth noticing, because it shews how careful our pre-Reformation Church was to mark the high Christian meaning of the season of Epiphany. During Advent its place was supplied by one of the Responses appointed to be sung after one of the regular Lessons; but at other times it was simply omitted without anything being put into its place. One very beautiful custom connected with the use of the TE DEUM we cannot forbear to mention; both on its own account, and as shewing how thoroughly the Mediæval Church entered into the mind of Holy Scripture, and brought out its meaning by its devotional use of it. All our readers are doubtless familiar with the distinction between St. Matthew's Gospel as written for Jewish, and St. Luke's as written for Gentile, Christians. They will remember also how this distinction of purpose shews itself in the Genealogies:—that in St. Matthew tracing our Lord's descent through the *royal* line from David, so as to shew Him as the legal heir to David's throne, and so up to Abraham, shewing Him to be the Seed of *Abraham* in whom the Jews are to recognize their Messiah:—that in St. Luke tracing His descent through the *natural* line up to Adam, so as to shew Him as the Brother of mankind at large, the Seed of the *Woman*, the Second Adam, in whom universal humanity is to recognize its Saviour. Such being the case then, we are specially interested to observe that in the Paris Breviary the Genealogy of St. Matthew is ordered to be read before the TE DEUM at Matins on Christmas Day, and that of St. Luke on the Feast of Epiphany. This surely is a most perfect example of the delicate accuracy of the mediæval Church in its use of Holy Scripture. Christmas Day, the day which commemorates the birth of Christ in Bethlehem, 'in the city of David,' where He was sought of the shepherds, and announced by the Angels in His capacity of Messiah, as 'CHRIST the LORD,' *i.e.* as Messiah and Divine:—Epiphany, as it has been well called the Christmas Day of the Gentiles, when He was sought of the Eastern Magi according to the prophecy—'the Gentiles shall come to Thy light, and kings to the brightness of Thy rising.' According to the Roman Use, TE DEUM is said *every* day from Easter Day to Ascension with the sole exception of Rogation Monday, and the Benedictine Use does not omit it in Lent or Advent. One curious circumstance may be named respecting the Roman Use, namely, that it is omitted on the Feast of the Holy Innocents, although ordered for all Festivals of equal rank—a fact which Dr. J. M. Neale remarks is akin to the custom of ringing a muffled peal on that day in some village churches—*e.g.* at St. Giles, Leigh-upon-Mendip, Somersetshire. This will perhaps suffice as to the Church usages connected with the TE

DEUM. We come now to the Canticle which in our English Prayer Book is ordered as an alternative for the TE DEUM;—namely, the

BENEDICITE
OR
SONG OF THE THREE CHILDREN.

Just as the TE DEUM may be regarded as an expansion of the Seraphic Hymn and of the 'New Song' of the Redeemed, so the BENEDICITE is a kind of paraphrase or expansion of Psalm cxlviii. And as the TE DEUM called upon all GOD's *rational* beings—angels, the just in Paradise, and men on earth—to praise Him; so the BENEDICITE summons *all* GOD's works, whether rational or unreasoning, whether animate or inanimate, to join in His adoration. Thus it is absolutely universal in its scope, and works upwards, beginning from GOD's lower works, and rising step by step to His higher creation. Thus at the beginning it dwells largely on the 'works of *nature*,' as we call them—*i.e.* the material creation of GOD—Sun and Stars, Mountains, Seas, and Floods. Then it appeals to the '*powers* of nature,' as we call them—*i.e.* the forces by which GOD has chosen to regulate the works of nature, and all the varying phenomena of the material world—heat and cold, the changing seasons, the winds and showers and dew. Then from these it rises to the living things which occupy the earth and sea and air, the cattle, the fish, the fowl. Then from the brute creation it comes to *man*—*i.e.* to mankind viewed as a whole: and next to *Israel*—*i.e.* to that portion of mankind who are GOD's chosen people, answering to GOD's Church as cited in the TE DEUM. And here we notice that it *divides* the Church into its two divisions, as consisting (1) of GOD's priests, and (2) of His Servants, thus far limiting itself to GOD's Church *on earth*. Then from the Church on earth it ascends to the Church of the departed—'O ye Spirits and Souls of the righteous,'—just as the TE DEUM had taken count of them under the threefold designations of Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs. And we must not forget that in its second verse it began by calling on GOD's noblest servants the Angels to begin the Song. Thus it is absolutely universal in its range, and comprises *all* GOD's whole creation, according to its opening words—'O *all* ye works of the LORD:'—All—from brute matter as we call it, up through the *powers* of nature, through man the 'lord' of this creation, through the departed who are at rest, up to the Angels who worship Him in Heaven:—It is the Psalm of Universal Creation to its Maker.

One word as to the comparison of the BENEDICITE and the TE DEUM. And first as to their resemblances. There are two points of resemblance between it and the TE DEUM. Verses 2 and 3 of the BENEDICITE answer to verse 3 of the TE DEUM. In these opening verses the BENEDICITE calls upon the 'Angels of the Lord,' and upon the 'Heavens' to bless the Lord; just as the TE DEUM says in verse 3, 'To Thee all *Angels* cry aloud, the *Heavens* and all the powers therein.' This is the first point.

And then, towards the end, just as the TE DEUM comes down to our own individual share in the worship of GOD—'*we* magnify Thee'—'*we* worship Thy Name,' &c., so in the BENEDICITE the 'Three Children' call upon themselves by name—'O Ananias, Azarias, and Misael, bless *ye* the Lord; praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.' On the other hand, the difference between the BENEDICITE and the TE DEUM lies chiefly in the two following particulars:—first, that whereas the TE DEUM worships GOD as our Redeemer, the BENEDICITE is a call to praise GOD simply as Creator; all, whether Angels, men, the living creatures, brute matter, or the powers of nature, being appealed to simply as so many of the 'Works of the Lord.' There is no mention of any other ground or reason for praise; whereas the TE DEUM recognizes the Redemption of Christ, the Fatherhood of GOD, and the office of the Comforter. Then, secondly, the BENEDICITE is all pure praise, without any *petitions* accompanying the praise. There is no supplication of any kind interwoven with it, whereas supplication enters so largely towards the end of the TE DEUM. And lastly, as being an Old Testament Hymn adopted into Christian worship, it is concluded with the Christian Doxology, as is the common rule with all other Psalms and Canticles except the TE DEUM.

The following tabular Analysis of the BENEDICITE may be useful.

ALL the works of GOD called to join in PRAISE . . verse 1

I. Those in HEAVEN.

(1) The Angels who inhabit Heaven . . . . . „ 2
(2) The Heavens themselves, where the Angels abide . „ 3

II. Those on EARTH.

(1) *Inanimate* things:—
  (α.) the powers of nature, and
  (β.) the works of nature . } . . . . . „ 4—22

(2) *Living* things:—
  (α.) in sea . . . . . „ 23
  (β.) in air . . . . . „ 24
  (γ.) in land . . . . . „ 25

(3) The race of *Man*:—
  (α.) as a whole—'Children of Men' . . . . „ 26
  (β.) those in covenant with GOD—'Israel, &c.' „ 27—29
  (γ.) those departed—'Souls of the Righteous'. „ 30
  (δ.) those individuals yet serving GOD on earth „ 31, 32

III.
DOXOLOGY.

Perhaps the most delicately beautiful portion of the whole Canticle is where we come to the race of man viewed in its successive divisions.

First we have mankind as a whole—*all* the children of men, whether those who are, or those who are not, included in the 'Israel of GOD.' Then next that *portion* of mankind who have been called to the knowledge of His Name and faith in Him—*i.e.* the covenanted people—at that time the Jews, now the Church of Christ, the spiritual 'Israel of God.' Next those who have been called to minister in His Name as His priests and officers. After them we come to the residue of His people who serve Him in the offices of common life. Then those who having served Him righteously in this life, are now removed from earth, and are no longer in the body—the spirits and souls of the righteous. And then finally, like the TE DEUM, it comes last of all to the case of the actual worshippers:—the 'holy and humble men of heart' in general, and the individual utterers of the Canticle in particular.

With regard to the Doxology, it may be added that in the pre-Reformation Services the BENEDICITE had a Doxology peculiar to itself, as follows:—

> Bless we the Father, and the Son, with the Holy Ghost: let us praise Him and magnify Him for ever.
> Blessed be Thou, O Lord, in the firmament of Heaven: Worthy to be praised, and glorious and exalted for ever.

This Doxology was exchanged for the customary one, which is now appended to it, at the first review, A. D. 1549;—*i.e.* in King Edward the Sixth's first Prayer Book.

We cannot help alluding to the large and Catholic spirit which this Canticle shows in calling not upon Israel only, but upon all mankind, to join in the praises of GOD. To us this seems in some measure to mark its date, and the age of Jewish history when it was composed. Grievous as had been the troubles inflicted upon the Jewish nation by the invaders who had desolated Jerusalem and carried the people into captivity, still the result of that captivity must have been to modify some of their old notions as to the peoples who lay beyond the pale of 'Israel.' Doubtless there were many who then learned to feel that GOD did not restrict His approbation to those whom He had blessed with His privileges—'but that in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him:' and that there was such a thing among the heathen as men being 'a law unto themselves,' even though not blessed with the revelation of the Law of GOD. So too in the call upon the 'Spirits and Souls of the Righteous' we recognize the growth of a hopeful recognition of the future state and occupation of the departed—that growing faith and hope in the future which on other grounds we know to have marked this period of the Jewish history. One almost feels as if again in presence of the freshness and vigour of hope which characterizes the utterances of the Book of Job, as contrasted with such passages—even of the Psalms—as 'The dead cannot praise Thee, O God; neither all they that go down into silence.'

For the rest, the BENEDICITE is to be regarded as a magnificent acknowledgement of the Lordship of GOD over Nature and over the powers of Nature. HE is the GOD of Nature as well as of Man, Creator of the world as well as the Father of Spirits, the Supreme Controller of all natural forces and natural powers as well as the moral Governor and righteous Judge. So the BENEDICITE is the TE DEUM of Creation, as the TE DEUM is the BENEDICITE of Revelation and Redemption. The one contemplates GOD in His capacity of Creator of the world; the other contemplates Him in His capacity of Father, Redeemer, Sanctifier of the Redeemed. The two together complete the aspect in which the Church worships GOD, *i.e. both* as Creator and as Redeemer. Thus then it was by a true instinct that the Church had always appointed *both* these two Canticles to be sung at her Sunday Services. For on *Sunday* the Church commemorates the completion of GOD'S *two* great works:—(1) of Creation, (2) of Redemption. The Christian *Lord's Day* fulfils a double office. In the first place, it is kept as a fulfilment of the original Law, which ordained that *all* living creatures—Man *and* Beast—should observe a seventh day's holy rest to commemorate the conclusion of GOD'S great work of the natural creation. In the second place, it is kept to commemorate the conclusion of CHRIST'S great work of the *re*-creation of the world fallen through sin. Thus the Christian LORD'S DAY has respect to GOD'S twin works of Creation and Redemption;—the rest of GOD after Creation, the Resurrection of Christ after Redemption. And so from time immemorial the Church has used *both* these Canticles as Sunday Canticles. She did not *so* fix her mind upon the spiritual blessings of the Gospel as to forget that GOD was Lord of the visible creation as well as the Father of our souls and spirits. Still less did she look upon Him so exclusively as the 'Artificer of the Universe' as to forget Him as the loving Saviour, the present Sanctifier, and the future Joy of redeemed souls. In these days of a spurious spirituality on the one hand, and of a blind worship of the POWERS OF NATURE on the other, such a testimony as this, imbedded in the very structure of the Church's immemorial worship, is not without its interest, or without its value. The TE DEUM *and* the BENEDICITE, not the TE DEUM alone, made up the Church's Sunday Song of worship and thanksgiving to her Lord: and she saw His power and presence as truly in the winds and storms, the lightnings, the seasons, the frost and snow—as truly, though after a different manner, as in the fortunes of the Church, or in the movements of the individual soul.

For turning next to the use of the BENEDICITE in the public worship of the Christian Church, we find that it is spoken of almost as far back as we have any records at all. St. Chrysostom mentions it as having 'been sung everywhere throughout the world, and shall yet be sung in future generations.' Rufinus also speaks of its use in Divine

Service, even arguing thence for its Canonical character. In the time of St. Athanasius it was sung as one of the Lauds Psalms, and so it continued to be throughout the West, and in our own Services up to the time of the Reformation. Our own arrangement, by which the TE DEUM *or* the BENEDICITE is to be sung, but not *both* on the same day, is entirely a novelty, and people may fairly doubt if it be an improvement. It arose from the fact that our Morning Prayer was formed by compressing into a single Office the *three* Mediæval Offices of Matins, Lauds, and Prime. The TE DEUM was sung in Matins, the BENEDICITE followed in the next consecutive Office of Lauds, and preceded the singing of Psalm cxlviii., of which it is a kind of paraphrastic expansion. When therefore our present Service was formed by grouping together what had formerly been three separate * Services, our compilers thought it superfluous to continue the use of both, but (in 1549) ordered the BENEDICITE to be used in Lent, and the TE DEUM on all other days. But we must observe that this arrangement was altogether at variance with *all* earlier usage throughout the Christian world. The BENEDICITE had had nothing to do with Lent according to the old Church Services. According to them the BENEDICITE had been quite as much a Festal Canticle as the TE DEUM. This arrangement of 1549 was given up in 1552, and the choice left perfectly free between the two, thus restoring them to an equal level. But the other novelty in our Prayer Book was still retained. The novelty—we mean—whereby these two Canticles were left as the *only* Canticles, not merely for Sundays, but for every day in the year, and for every Season in the year, whatever their varying object of commemoration or contemplation. Of old the use of the BENEDICITE had been confined to the *Sunday* Lauds, thus bringing out its special meaning as we have explained it, and the special sense in which the Christian Church had adopted it. Our pre-Reformation Services never used the BENEDICITE on a week-day, and only used the TE DEUM on week-days when certain special Festivals occurred on them. To use either of them on days which were not only not festal, but the reverse of festal, would have seemed (as indeed it is) a great incongruity. And there seems to be even *less* ground for using the BENEDICITE on penitential days than for using the TE DEUM, since the BENEDICITE is all pure praise, whereas the TE DEUM is dashed by the thought of man's infirmity, which introduces the pathetic sentences which are interwoven with its close. On these grounds we cannot help rejoicing that the Rubric which prescribed it for Lent has been expunged. The 1549 arrangement seems to us

* Practically, the three 'Hours,' Matins, Lauds, Prime, had long been used as a single Service, being said altogether in succession without a break. The 'Matins' therefore, of 1549, were in reality only a more convenient method of doing what had long been done inconveniently,—*i. e.* reciting the Hours consecutively,—and either omitting, or using alternatively, such portions as it was thought superfluous to use together. Unfortunately it was thought superfluous to use *both* TE DEUM and BENEDICITE.

equally opposed to precedent and to sound sense. And there was really no reason for it, since there was abundant choice of suitable forms for substitution on special occasions.

Thus, we observe, the pre-Reformation Services used to substitute for the TE DEUM, in Advent, the last Responsory to the Lessons of the Sunday. As for instance, on Advent Sunday, they sang the following,* based evidently on Psalms xcvi. 11;—lxxii. 7.

R. Let the Heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad:
Let the mountains rejoice with praise.
For our Lord cometh:
And He will have pity upon His poor.

V. In His days shall arise righteousness and abundance of peace.

Choir. And He will have pity upon His poor.

The Boys. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

Choir. And He will have pity upon His poor.

On week-days (certain Festivals excepted) the TE DEUM was simply omitted, and nothing put in its place. But there were no less than six different Canticles in weekly use to take the place of the BENEDICITE. The 'Song of the Three Children' being purely a Festal Canticle, was sung only on Sundays. But each week-day had its own special Canticle, which filled the same place as the BENEDICITE on Sundays; and it is to these week-day Canticles that we would now specially direct our readers' notice. It is by looking at these, and contrasting them with the BENEDICITE, by observing what *it* expresses and what they do *not* express, and then by asking *why* it was taken for the Sunday Services while they were left for week-day use, that we come to see so clearly the meaning and purpose of the Canticle which we have been trying to explain. Moreover, it is not without its use to show how large a store of 'Canticles' we are supplied with by the Old Testament Scriptures;—Canticles which have been for ages hallowed by Christian usage, and which may yet again furnish us with alternative Canticles for Lent or Advent, or other special use.

Thus, in our pre-Reformation Services, the Week's Canticles for Lauds ran as follow, each as in the case of the BENEDICITE preceding Psalm cxlviii.:—

Sunday ..... The Benedicite.
Monday ..... The Song of Isaiah. Isaiah, xii. 1–6.
Tuesday ..... The Song of Hezekiah. Isaiah, xxxviii. 10–20.

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* The original ran as under:—

R. Lætentur cœli, et exultet terra: jubilate montes laudem: quia Dominus noster veniet. Et pauperum suorum miserebitur.

V. Orietur in diebus ejus justitia, et abundantia pacis. Et pauperum suorum miserebitur. Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto:
Et pauperum suorum miserebitur.

Wednesday .... The Song of Hannah. 1 Samuel, ii. 1–10.
Thursday ..... The Song of Moses. Exodus, xv. 1–19.
Friday ..... The Song of Habakkuk. Habakkuk, iii. 2–19.
Saturday ..... The Song of Moses. Deuteronomy, xxxii. 1–43.

If our readers will take the trouble to look out these passages, and to read them through one by one, they cannot but be struck with their marvellous fertility of meaning, regarded as devotional expressions of Christian feeling, praise, and prayer. All of them, moreover, dwelling upon Old Testament subjects, and being more or less connected with the hopes which are fulfilled in the New, are especially suited to stand (as our Office places the TE DEUM and BENEDICITE) *between* the Lessons from the two Testaments.

Take first the Song of Isaiah: giving thanks for the *turning away* of GOD's anger:—* 'O LORD, I will praise Thee: though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortedst me.' So from the Old Testament revelation of sin and of God's righteous displeasure, it looks onward to New Testament Faith and Hope. 'Behold, GOD is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid: for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my Song; He also is my strength and my salvation.' Then comes that grand prophecy of the gift of the SPIRIT, to which our Lord twice alludes, first in His conversation with the woman of Samaria, and then again at the Feast of Tabernacles.† 'Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.'

Look next to the Tuesday Canticle, the Song of Hezekiah, 'when he had been sick, and was recovered of his sickness.' See how exactly it lends itself to a Christian sense of the mortal sickness of sin:—a sickness incurable, unless 'the Lord undertake for us.' But it is a sickness from which He has provided a restoration. 'In love to my soul, Thou hast delivered it from the pit of corruption: Thou hast cast all my sins behind Thy back.' In its sense of sin, and of the connection between physical and spiritual evil, and in its Hopes and its Thanksgivings, it is not only exactly suited to stand between the Old and New Testament Lessons, but it would be the very thing to substitute for the TE DEUM in the season of Lent—rather than the BENEDICITE, which has no connection whatever with penitence and restoration.

The Wednesday Canticle, the Song of Hannah, is too well known as the very *fore-echo* of the MAGNIFICAT itself, to need any remark from us here.

* The English version is here used: though, as is the case with the Psalms, a literal rendering of the Vulgate would yield a more rhythmical and musical English: *e.g.* this first verse would run, 'I will give thanks to Thee, O Lord; for Thou wast angry with me: Thy wrath is turned away, and Thou hast comforted me.'

† Remember that it was part of the ritual of the Feast of Tabernacles to bear water to the Temple, in procession, singing this passage. It was doubtless then, in view of this observance, that our Lord uttered the words, 'If any man thirst, let him come to ME and drink,' which St. John explains to refer to the gift of the Holy Spirit. See St. John, vii. 37–39.

The Thursday Canticle, the Song of Moses after the passage of the Red Sea—looking backwards to that great deliverance—forwards to the yet greater triumphs which await GOD'S Israel—onwards yet further to their establishment 'in the mountain of GOD'S inheritance, in the place which Thou, O Lord, hast made for Thee to dwell in, in the Sanctuary, O Lord, which Thy hands have established,'—what is it but a very psalm of the Christian life, whether of the individual Christian during his probation, or of the Church yet militant on earth? We too have passed through our Red Sea, we by baptism have been rescued from the slavery of the Evil One. God 'has led us forth;' and we looking onward to our future course, have the like good hope that neither 'Edom' nor 'Moab' may be able to withstand our Christian course, but that we with all God's Militant Church may reach in safety the Heavenly Sanctuary, and enjoy the Beatific Vision. In the use of this Canticle, our minds are inevitably led to review the whole career of the Church in the wilderness in its typical relation to the career of the Church and of the Christian, remembering the great *dictum* of St. Paul, 'All these things happened unto them for examples, and they are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come.'

The Friday Canticle, the Song of Habakkuk, trembling at God's majesty, recalling His deliverances, looking onward to His salvation, is another *connecting* psalm between the history and feelings of the Elder Covenant and the glad hopes of the New, and would be an infinitely appropriate substitution for the TE DEUM in time of Advent, when we are looking at once backwards and forwards, backwards upon what GOD has done, forwards to the yet greater deliverances in store. The superb grandeur of this inspired hymn would indeed be a glorious preparation for the Christmas Services; though it makes it almost impossible for us to quote here from it without painfully spoiling the effect of what we quote, through the absence of the context. Here is a portion of its *retrospect*:—

'The mountains saw Thee, and they trembled: the overflowing of the water passed by: the deep uttered his voice, and lifted up his hands on high.

'The sun and moon stood still in their habitation: at the light of Thine arrows they went, and at the shining of Thy glittering spear.

'Thou didst march through the land in indignation, Thou didst thresh the heathen in anger.'

Then, as to the looking *forward* with the mingled awe and trust, which is the Christian's temper as he thinks of the great and terrible day of the Lord. First, the *awe*:—

'My belly trembled; my lips quivered at the voice:

'Rottenness entered my bones; and I trembled in myself,

'That I might rest in the day of trouble; when He cometh up unto the people, He will invade them with His troops.'

Next, as to the *hope* and *trust*.

'Though the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines;

'The labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat;' (What an exquisite anticipation of our Lord's words! 'When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find the Faith upon the earth?')

'Yet will I rejoice in the Lord: I will joy in the GOD of my salvation.'

Here it would be unpardonable if we did not notice that, in our pre-Reformation Service-book, the word 'Salvation' in this last verse is rendered by 'Jesus,' so that the clause runs,

'I will joy in GOD my JESUS.'

Just as also, in verse 13 of the chapter, it substitutes 'Christ' for 'anointed,' and makes the verse bear a still more pointed reference:

'Thou wentest forth for the salvation of Thy people:
'For salvation with Thy CHRIST.'

The Song of Moses, at the end of Deuteronomy, need not detain us longer than to notice how fittingly the Church had chosen it for a *Saturday* Canticle. It was the last great utterance of the leader of GOD'S people through the wilderness; the last utterance, when their wanderings were nearly over and Canaan nearly won, and the '*rest*' all but achieved. So the old English Church sang it every Saturday, when—the week's work closing—we are coming back again to our LORD'S DAY, type of our own future 'rest' in the Heavenly Canaan:—as St. Paul writes, 'There remaineth a *rest* to the people of GOD.'

Our space is waning fast, or we might continue this digression upon the other Canticles which our pre-Reformation Church had used as parallel Canticles in her *daily* Service to her *Sunday* use of the BENEDICITE. We hope our readers will not think the space has been wasted, as every one of these so clearly illustrates our general principle, that the Canticles are intended as the connecting links between the Lessons from the Old and New Testaments, and thereby a yet stronger light is thrown upon the *Christian* use of the Canticles which are still left to us in our English Common Prayer.

One word only need we add as to our use of the BENEDICITE as our Prayer Book stands at present. It is clearly *most* appropriate whenever either the First or the Second Lesson bears upon GOD'S power as seen in Creation, or over the works of nature. Moreover, as the BENEDICITE bears specially upon the glory of GOD, as seen in external nature, it could hardly be inappropriate as introductory to a Lesson, (as St. Matt. xiii.) in which our Lord is occupied in drawing lessons of GOD'S truth from the parables of which natural objects are full. But it has nothing whatever to do with Penitence, with Confession of Sin, or with deprecation of GOD'S anger. If it was ordered for Lent in the Prayer Book of 1549, it was an arbitrary, and only a temporary, innovation on all previous usage; it was given up again in 1552, and never reverted to in any of the

subsequent reviews. If we had such a thing as a Festival of Confessors, of those who in 'Fire and Heat,' in 'Frost and Cold,' had borne witness to Christ, as the 'Three Children' confessed GOD in the 'burning fiery furnace,' and so 'quenched the violence of fire,'—then too it would be singularly appropriate. But the difficulty is to see for what *ordinary Sunday* Service it could be *in*appropriate, excepting that, according to our present Use, you may not use it without suppressing the still stronger claims of the TE DEUM. The pity is, that on Sundays—the commemoration at once of Creation and Redemption—we may not, somehow, use them both.

A. R. A.

ENGLISH HYMNOLOGY.

III.

HYMNS FOR SEPTUAGESIMA, ETC.—FOR LENT, AND FOR HOLY WEEK.

THE commemoration of GOD'S creating the world in perfect beauty and purity, marred so soon after by the fall of man, occupies our hymns at Septuagesima. With the remembrance of our first parents' sin comes the necessity to suspend the joyous Alleluias of Christmas; and the Sequence of Godescalcus may fitly be used as a 'farewell to Alleluia.' It is admirably given, with easy and expressive music, in Hymns Ancient and Modern, where Dr. Neale's version has been adopted almost unaltered. It begins 'The strain upraise of joy and praise, Alleluia!'[1] Very familiar to us are those other words of the same translator, 'Alleluia, song of sweetness,'[2] which so beautifully contrast the often interrupted strains of earthly praise with the undying 'triumph song' of that 'true Jerusalem and free' which is 'the Mother of us all.'[3] To the same purpose, but with less poetry, speaks the Paris Breviary hymn,[4] known to us in the version based on J. Chandler's translation, 'Creator of the world, to Thee.' Isaac Williams has rendered very successfully another hymn from the same Breviary, 'O LORD, in perfect bliss above.'[5] The Septuagesima poem of the *Christian Year*, 'There is a book, who runs may read,' was written at least as early as 1819, eight years before its publication. For Sexagesima may be used several hymns on the Parable of the Sower, which forms the Gospel for this day:—perhaps the most popular of them is by the Rev. John Cawood;—'Almighty GOD, Thy Word is cast.' Heber's hymn on the same subject is so little known that it may be allowable to quote it entire.

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[1] 'Cantemus cuncti melodum nunc Alleluia!' It occurs in a Stuttgart Breviary.

[2] 'Alleluia, dulce carmen.'—Magdeburg Breviary. Author unknown.

[3] Gal. iv. 26.

[4] Te læta, mundi Conditor.

[5] Rebus creatis nil gens.

'O God! by Whom the seed is given;
By Whom the harvest blest;
Whose Word, like manna showered from heaven,
Is planted in our breast;

Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air;
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care!

Though buried deep, or thinly strewn,
Do Thou Thy Grace supply;
The hope in earthly furrows sown
Shall ripen in the sky.'

The Rev. Lewis Hensley's hymn for Sexagesima, 'How brief the story of man's first estate,' ends with a stanza descriptive of the 'better Eden,' which has some beauty;—

'The Tree of Life shall bear the whole year long,
And crystal founts with living water flow:
No note of sadness mingle with the song
Of saints who fear no curse, no death, no woe.'

For Quinquagesima we have a beautiful hymn by Archdeacon Wordsworth, 'Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost,' and Bishop Mant's hymn, 'Holy Spirit, in my breast,' besides I. Williams's translation from the Paris Breviary hymn,[1] 'Great Mover of all hearts, Whose Hand;'—all illustrating the Collect and the Epistle for the day.

Lent brings us a great mass of ancient hymns, of which our translators have, to speak generally, scarcely produced satisfactory renderings. The old Ambrosian Vespers Hymn[2] reads much better in Drummond's version than in Dr. Neale's, 'O Maker of the world, give ear,' improved in Hymns Ancient and Modern to 'O merciful Creator, hear,' which is the same as Drummond's first line. The second verse in Drummond is perhaps the best:—

'Thou mildest Searcher of the heart,
Who knowest the weakness of our strength,
To us forgiving Grace impart,
That we may seek Thy Face at length.'

Of the Sunday Matins Hymn by S. Ambrose,[3] Dr. Neale's altered version, 'By precepts taught of ages past,' is perhaps the most successful. Caswall's, 'Now with the slow revolving year,' is deficient in dignity;—Chambers's, 'In solemn course, as holy lore,' is spoilt by such stilted language as 'Curtail superfluous mirth.' The Sarum Breviary Vespers

[1] Supreme Motor cordium.

[2] 'Audi, benigne Conditor.' This hymn is also ascribed to Prudentius and Gregory.

[3] Ex more docti mystico.

Hymn for Midlent Sunday,[1] 'Behold the accepted time appear,' is much better rendered by the same translator. Dr. Neale's version begins Lo! now is our accepted day,' and is given with alterations in Hymns Ancient and Modern. Caswall's rendering of the Roman Breviary Hymn for Lauds,[2] 'When darkness fleets, and joyful earth,' is a beautiful morning hymn for Lent. Chandler's translation from the Paris Breviary Lent hymn for Lauds,[3] 'The solemn season calls us now,' is much improved in Hymns Ancient and Modern 73,—'Once more the solemn season calls.' One Greek hymn, 'Christian, dost thou see them,'[4] translated by Dr. Neale, is given with some alterations and the omission of the last verse in 'The People's Hymnal.' The Stuttgard Breviary contains a hymn[5] which the Rev. John William Hewett has well translated, 'O Thou Who dost to man accord.' Copeland's translation of the Quadragesima Vespers Hymn in the Sarum Breviary, 'O CHRIST, that art the Light and Day,'[6] deserves to be mentioned;—it is much altered, and on the whole improved, in Hymns Ancient and Modern. From the German we have one grand hymn of Crasselius,[7] 'Awake, O man, and from thee shake,' in Miss Winkworth's translation, but the peculiar metre in which it is written prevents its being widely adopted.

Of Lent Hymns originally written in English, one of the oldest is John Mardley's Humble Lamentation of a Sinner, 'O LORD, turn not Thy Face from me.'[8] Bishop Heber's altered version of it[9] lacks much of the fire and spirit of the original. A hymn by the Rev. J. D. Carlyle, 'LORD, when we bend before Thy Throne,' has lost much by the omission of two stanzas, which, though not of equal merit with the rest, are necessary to the plan of the hymn, which seeks for HOPE in answer to *confession*; for FAITH to assist our *prayers*, and to make us feel that they are heard, even though denied; and for LOVE to tell us that GOD is our FATHER, in answer to our *hymns*. The omitted verses are as follows:—

'When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful *hymns* to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And mount to Thee in praise.

Then, on Thy Glories while we dwell,
Thy mercies we'll review;—
Till LOVE Divine transported tell
Our GOD 's our FATHER too.'

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[1] 'Ecce tempus idoneum,' ascribed to Gregory. [2] O sol salutis, intimis.

[3] Solemne nos jejunii. [4] Οὐ γὰρ βίλτιος τοὺς ταράττοντας.

[5] 'Summi Largitor præmii.' In the Annotated Edition of Hymns Ancient and Modern, I have wrongly ascribed this hymn to Gregory.

[6] CHRISTE, Qui Lux es et Dies. [7] Erwach, O Mensch, erwache.

[8] It is now ascribed by Mr. Sedgwick to *Marchant*, on evidence which I hope shortly to examine.

[9] Given in Sir Roundell Palmer's Book of Praise.

This hymn was a favourite one, as it appears, of Lady Flora Hastings, and being found in her handwriting, was, after her death, wrongly ascribed to her. Heber has a beautiful Lent Hymn, 'LORD of mercy and of might.'[1] Some of the concluding stanzas of a poem in 'The Baptistery,' by I. Williams, have found a place in many of our hymn-books. They begin, 'LORD, in this Thy mercy's Day,' and are taken from 'Image the twentieth;—The Day of days, or the Great Manifestation.' The Canterbury Hymnal has an excellent emendation of the last line, '*Lest we never see* Thy Face.' The New Version of the Fifty-first Psalm has three stanzas (1, 2, and 10) which form a Lent Hymn in several collections. Other verses have been selected, but not very happily, by the S. P. C. K., and in 'Hymns Fitted to the Order of Common Prayer.' Anstice has a hymn on the Temptation of our LORD, which we may be surprised not to find more generally inserted in Hymn-books, 'LORD, in the desert bleak and bare.' A poem, of which the original appeared in 'The Penny Post,' Vol. VI., p. 60,[2] has supplied the material for the beautiful hymn, 'Forty days and forty nights.' Miss Ada Cambridge has written a hymn which promises to become popular, in spite of some blemishes of expression:—'Humbly now, with deep contrition.' We must only mention three more general Hymns for Lent:—'Thy Works, not mine, O CHRIST,' by Dr. Bonar,—'SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee,' by Sir R. Grant, (largely altered in most collections)—and, 'In sorrow and distress,' by Archdeacon Wordsworth. For the Fifth Sunday in Lent, regarded as 'Passion Sunday,' perhaps the most appropriate hymn is one varied from Cowper's 'The SAVIOUR! what a noble flame,' by W. J. Hall, 'Oh, what unbounded Zeal and Love.' It is, however, too much altered. The best known of our ancient hymns[3] for this day is due to Venantius Fortunatus; and its most popular translation is by Dr. Neale, 'The Royal Banners forward go.' A hymn given as No. 145 in the Salisbury Hymn Book, 'Take up thy cross, the SAVIOUR said,' may be used. The origin of this hymn is unknown, and Lord Nelson, the editor of the book, can give no assistance in tracing it. There is a somewhat similar hymn in Monsell's Parish Musings—'Take up thy cross, my soul, nor grieve.' Kelly's hymn, 'We sing the praise of Him Who died,' and Watts's magnificent lines, 'When I survey the wondrous Cross,' are also appropriate. Palm Sunday brings us the beautiful hymn[4] composed in the prison at Metz by S. Theodulph of Orleans, which gained liberty for its author from the emperor. 'Glory and laud and honour,' is Dr. Neale's translation, of which only the first line is changed, and, as he

[1] Two versions of it are given in his own collection, one for the Circumcision, the other for Quinquagesima.

[2] The initials there given are those of the Rev. George Hunt Smyttan.

[3] 'Vexilla Regis prodeunt.' In the third verse there is an allusion to the Italic Version of Psalm xcvi. 10, in which text Justin Martyr accuses the Jews of suppressing the words 'from the tree.'

[4] Gloria, laus et honor.

owns, improved, in Hymns Ancient and Modern. The Very Rev. H. H. Milman's hymn—'Ride on, ride on in majesty!' is given for this day in Heber's 'Hymns.'

For Holy Week we have innumerable hymns, many of them not entirely restricted of necessity to that solemn season. One part of S. Bernard's Hymn,[1] in the same metre as Gerhardt's German version,[2] is by Sir H. W. Baker—'O sacred Head, surrounded.' It must be distinguished from J. W. Alexander's translation from Gerhardt, 'O sacred Head, now wounded.' The '*Stabat Mater dolorosa*' of Jacopone da Todi is chiefly known to us in the translation of Bishop Mant,[3] 'By the Cross, sad vigil keeping.' Being mostly, in the original, addressed to the Blessed Virgin as a prayer, no very close rendering of it for English use is possible. Dr. Mant has imitated still more freely an ancient hymn (either by S. Ambrose or Venantius Fortunatus) in his lines beginning, 'See the destined day arise.'[4] A hymn, somewhat similar in the English, though widely different in the original, is, 'In the Lord's atoning Grief,'[5] Canon Oakeley's translation from S. Bonaventura, a Cardinal of Alba in the thirteenth century. This hymn would be more generally acceptable if one or two faults of taste had been corrected. S. Francis Xavier's hymn on love to GOD, inspired by the contemplation of the Passion,[6] rises almost too high in devotional fervour to be really sung from the heart by a congregation; nevertheless, Caswall's translation, 'My GOD, I love Thee;—not because,' is found in most new hymn-books. A Mozarabic Breviary hymn of the seventeenth century[7] has been translated by Dr. Neale, 'Raise, raise thine eyes a little way.' His version is given with alterations in 'Hymns Ancient and Modern,' where the metre and rhymes are slightly changed, coinciding in some verses with a rendering by the Rev. F. Pott. It may be interesting to compare the third verse in the two translations.

'But though upon Him many a smart
Its bitterness expendeth,
Yet more,—oh, how much more!—His Heart
Man's thankless spirit rendeth!
On the Cross, bewailed by none,
Mark, O MAN, how MARY'S SON
His life of sorrow endeth.'

J. M. Neale.

''Tis not alone those Limbs are racked,
But friends, too, are forsaking;
And more than all, for thankless man
The SAVIOUR'S Heart is aching;
Oh! fearful was the pain and scorn
By JESUS, SON of Mary, borne,
While He our bonds was breaking.'

F. Pott.

Of the same date with this hymn, or even later, are two Roman Breviary hymns, translated by Caswall—'He Who once in righteous vengeance,'[8] and 'O'erwhelmed in depths of woe;'[9] one by Sir H. W. Baker, 'Now,

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[1] Salve Caput cruentatum.

[2] O Haupt, voll Blut und Wunden.

[3] It was, by mistake, claimed by the Rev. E. Caswall as his, and hence is wrongly ascribed to him in Hymns Ancient and Modern, Annotated.

[4] From 'Lustra sex Qui jam peregit.'

[5] In Passione DOMINI.

[6] O DEUS, ego amo Te.

[7] Attolle paulum lumina.

[8] Ira justa Conditoris.

[9] Saevo dolorum turbine.

my soul, thy voice upraising,' from the Paris, and another, 'Sion's daughter, weep no more,'[1] from the Roman Breviary. 'Glory be to JESUS,' is Caswall's translation of an Italian indulgence-prayer.[2] Chandler's translation, 'His trial o'er, and now beneath,'[3] a Good Friday hymn, deserves especial mention. The hymn in the 'People's Hymnal,' by T. W. C., which embodies the seven Words on the Cross, 'Draw near, thou lowly Christian,' is less devotional than Miss Cox's translation, 'Seven times our blessed SAVIOUR spake.'[4] 'O come and mourn with me awhile,' is much improved for English use by the changes from Faber's original made in Hymns Ancient and Modern. 'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,' Toplady's world-renowned hymn, is founded on the marginal rendering of Isa. xxvi. 4. It first appeared in the 'Gospel Magazine' for March, 1776, entitled, 'A Living and Dying Prayer for the Holiest Believer in the World.' Mr. Bridges has evidently imitated it in his hymn, 'Soul of JESUS, once for me.' We owe chiefly to the Hon. and Rev. Walter Shirley the hymn, 'Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,' though he has evidently based his work on 'While my JESUS I'm possessing,' by Allen. Montgomery wrote 'Go to dark Gethsemane,' a hymn rendered appropriate to Holy Week by the omission of the last verse, which commemorates the Resurrection. 'Hark! the Voice of Love and Mercy,' is attributed to Jonathan Evans, but his claim to it is disputed. For Easter Eve we have a beautiful hymn by Dr. Neale, 'With CHRIST we share a mystic grave,' also appropriate for Baptisms. The somewhat rugged lines of Whytehead's 'Sabbath of the saints of old,' have been re-cast into a beautiful hymn, 'Resting from His Work to-day.' Wordsworth's, 'Upon the sixth day of the week,' would supply another if treated somewhat similarly.

For S. Matthias (Feb. 24) there is scarcely any hymn of high merit to be found. The best is perhaps by Gerard Moultrie, 'Bishop of the souls of men.' Dr. Wordsworth's, 'No longer Thou in human form,' is woefully below his usual standard of excellence. On the Annunciation (March 25th) may be sung 'Praise we the LORD this day,' a hymn published anonymously at Oxford in 1846; Dr. Neale's translation from Venantius Fortunatus, 'The GOD Whom earth, and sea, and sky;'[5] and W. W. How's 'JESUS! Name of wondrous Love!'

LOUIS COUTTER BIGGS.

(To be continued.)

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[1] Venit e cœlo Mediator alto. [2] Viva! Viva! GESU.

[3] Opprobriis, JESU, satur. (Par. Brev. Passion Sunday at Nocturns.)

[4] Da JESUS an des Kreuzes Stamm.

[5] Quem terra, pontus, æthera. (Rom. Brev.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO LXXXV.

THE CONGRESS OF ARRAS.

The coronation of Charles the Seventh was the great work of the Maid of Orleans, and the achievement brought about far more than a mere ceremony. Previously even his own supporters had only called him Dauphin; and while he was devoid of the 'sanctity that doth hedge a king,' it was in the minds of the most conscientious Frenchmen a matter of option whether they should devote their allegiance to him or to his little nephew and rival.

But when the holy oil had touched him he was as truly a consecrated King of France as any of his forefathers, and the whole of the kingdom felt either more devoted to his service or less justified in serving against him. The best remedy for the feeling thus excited was, in Bedford's opinion, the investing young Henry with the like claims; and he therefore sent directions to England, as soon as he had heard of the coronation at Rheims, that the little fellow should be crowned at Westminster—so that he might be king at home before he became king abroad.

The Duke of Glocester had declared, upon the appointment of Beaufort to the Cardinalate, that, as the servant of a foreign power, he could no longer be an English councillor, nor the Prelate of the Garter; but his readiness to divert the force he had raised against the Hussites to the service of his country, so satisfied the nobles that they re-admitted him to all his privileges, and he returned to the coronation. Little Henry was seven years old, and had just been removed from the care of Dame Alice Boteler and her ladies, and placed under the manly training of the stout Earl of Warwick, who seems to have tried too rude a discipline in the hope of giving the poor meek and timid boy some of the lion temper of his father, for Henry actually entreated his council to mitigate his governor's severity, and they interfered on his behalf.

On the 6th of November, 1429, he was crowned at Westminster, four months after his uncle's coronation at Rheims; and Glocester was then obliged to give up his title of Protector, and content himself with that of Prime Counsellor. The young King was to have been taken at once to France, but the ill-managed exchequer would not furnish the means, and he was not enabled to leave England till the April of 1430, just as La Pucelle was beginning her last campaign. Beaufort and Warwick both accompanied him, and brought him to Rouen, where he was lodged while awaiting the opening of the way to Rheims.

But Rheims was not inclined to admit the stranger king, and without assistance from Burgundy an entrance could hardly be gained. Nor was Duke Philippe the Good much disposed to attend to the interests of his

allies. He had been twice married, but had no legitimate son, when he chose for his third wife, Isabel, the daughter of King Joao IV. of Portugal, and of the admirable Philippa of Lancaster. She was brought over from Portugal by one of her gallant band of brothers, and conducted to Bruges, where the burghers went out to meet her, with a hundred and sixty-four trumpets, and all imaginable pomp. The Duke had a gallant company ready to meet her, his two sisters, the Duchess of Burgundy and Duchess of Cleves, and a great number of other noble ladies, as well as the most noble knights and gentlemen of the Low Countries, who each day during the festivities, clothed themselves and their horses in fresh and more brilliant liveries. The marriage took place on the 9th of January, 1430, and for eight days the pageants continued; rose-water, wines, and other liquors, flowed from the mouths of figures of unicorns and other monsters; and no pains or cost was spared in displaying the magnificence of the Duke of Burgundy, at the time when the King of France could not find means to pay for a pair of new gaiters, and the King of England could not raise money for his coronation. Philippe was truly the most splendid of sovereigns, and believed himself the head of the chivalry of Europe. On this occasion he instituted the celebrated order of knighthood called the Toison d'Or, or Golden Fleece, in imitation of the Garter, and surpassing even that in its requirements. St. Andrew was the patron saint of the knights, who were to count four generations of noble descent, and who could only be judged even for offences against the state by a chapter of their own Order. The name of the Order and its jewel, a fleece of gold such as the Argonauts went to seek, were an allusion both to the wondrous quests of chivalry, and to the special wealth of the Flemish cities. The Order was so exclusively Burgundian that even the Duke's brothers-in-law of Bedford and Portugal were not admitted to it.

The first exploits of the new Order were not in behalf of the English cause, but in a war with a French prince whose name was afterwards to be closely connected with the English. The Dukes of Anjou, who were descended from the second son of King Jean of France, had intermarried with that elder Angevin line of Kings of Sicily descended from the brother of St. Louis. They thus obtained his rights to the kingdom of Sicily and the county of Provence. The last of these Angevin Dukes had died early; but his daughter was the wife of Charles VII.; his widow, Queen Yolande of Sicily, was one of the few persons of any spirit at the court of Bourges; and though his eldest son, Louis II., was struggling for a precarious throne in Calabria, the second, René, Duke of Bar, a gallant, chivalrous, poetical prince, full of grace and talent for all that was artistic, and of aspiration after all that was noble, was warmly attached to the French cause.

He had, very early, married the beautiful Isabel, the only child of that Duke of Lorraine who tried to obtain a cure from Jeanne d'Arc. The disease had its course, and the Duke died of it on the 25th of January,

1431, leaving the dukedom to his daughter and her husband. The handsome young pair were acknowledged at Nancy on the 29th of January, when René was twenty-three years of age. He had already four children—Jean, Nicolas and Yolande, twins, and Marguerite—said to be the fairest children in France; but there was another claimant, Antoine Count de Vaudémont, who maintained that Lorraine was a male fief, and fell to him as the son of the late Duke's brother. The States General of Lorraine rejected his claim, but he obtained the aid of the Duke of Burgundy, and assembled an army to attack René, who on his side had the advice and counsel of the Sire de Barbazon, that excellent old knight, whom Henry V. himself had pronounced free of the guilt of the death of Jean Sans Peur. With an army of Lorrainers, René besieged the Castle of Vaudémont, but his enemy retaliated by ravaging Bar; and the kindly Duke, unable to bear to leave his original vassals to be plundered, insisted on raising the siege and going to their relief. Barbazon was much averse to this measure, and still more so to attacking the great entrenched camp at Bullègneville, near Vaudémont; but René, who had all the courage of a knight, without any of the skill of a general, fancied there was cowardice in the advice, and Barbazon at seventy-five was weak enough to feel his well-tried courage dishonoured by the taunts of the youths around him. It was the old story. He cried, 'I have hitherto lived without reproach. This day will shew whether I spoke from weakness or fear!' and rushed upon the enemy. He fell, mortally wounded; and Duke René, who fought like a lion, was at length blinded by blood from a blow on his forehead, and was forced to surrender to a knight of Brabant, who refused to deliver him up to his rival, and carried him to Burgundy, where he long remained a captive. He spent much of his time at Dijon, where he amused himself with writing poetry, illuminating, and painting on glass, and kept up a spirit of cheerful gaiety, which was somewhat despised by the fiercer and more worldly-wise tempers round him.

His wife, Isabelle of Lorraine, set off for the court of Charles VII., there to entreat for the succour that no one ever obtained; and with her she took Agnes Sorel,* the Demoiselle of Fromenteau in Touraine, a beautiful and highly gifted lady, whose charms for the first time caused Charles VII. to shew any animation. It is said that his languid nature had never before shewn any capacity for love to his wife or to any other woman, and that his wife Marie of Anjou, and her mother, Queen Yolande of Sicily, were so delighted to see him shew any spark of excitement, especially when lighted by a spirited woman who might be a counter influence to the hateful La Trimoille, that they begged the Duchess Isabelle to leave her with them, and gave her a place at court. And to her exhortations French tradition has always ascribed the tardy awakening of Charles to respect for his own honour and that of his

* Popular tradition placed Agnes's arrival at court much earlier, and thus misled the biographer of the Comte de Richemont, whom we had followed.

crown. The glorious and devoted Shepherdess of Domremy was too pure and high to inspire anything so base and selfish as his mind; it was by blandishments and by ministering to his pleasures that Agnes obtained influence over him.

The Battle of Bullègneville was considered as a great disaster to the French party, but the Duke of Burgundy was becoming more and more weary of taking part with the enemies of his country, and found the war pressing more and more heavily on him, as the English found it hard to supply the place of that army which Jeanne d'Arc had demolished. He visited Paris, and found that his popularity there had passed away; and he began to think that the reputation for magnanimity which he always coveted would best be secured by pardoning and restoring the King. Every imaginable offer was made to him by the Court of Bruges; and on the 8th of September, he signed a truce for two years with the French party.

This of course meant no more than that French and Burgundians were no longer to fight, nor to besiege one another's towns; it did not break off the English alliance; but the present loss of assistance and the augury for the future gave much concern and grief to the Duke of Bedford. All hope of taking the young King to Rheims was now at an end, and it was therefore decided that he should be crowned at Paris. He was brought from Pontoise to St. Denis in November, accompanied by his great-uncle Cardinal Beaufort, his uncle the Duke of Bedford, his cousin Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, his guardian the Earl of Warwick, and the Earl of Suffolk, now ransomed. Many French nobles were also present; but not the Duke of Burgundy, who held aloof from committing himself to the young foreigner.

The burghers of Paris had prepared grand pageants. They came out to meet the young king in crimson satin doublets and blue hoods, and brought the Nine Worthies represented in their train. At the gate of St. Denis, he was presented with three crimson hearts, one of them containing two doves, another, small birds which were let fly over the King's head, and the third, violets which were scattered over his dress and that of his lords. Then came a pageant of three fighting savages and a woman, a fountain of hypocras with three mermaids swimming in it—and in dumb show, tableaux of the Nativity of the Virgin, her marriage, the Adoration of the Magi, the Massacre of the Innocents, and the beheading of St. Denis! A real stag hunt was performed in a sham forest, and when the stag took refuge at the feet of the king's horse, he was allowed to save its life, which must have comforted his gentle spirit after the tragical scenes he had seen represented, His grandmother, Queen Isabeau, kissed her hand to him at the window.

After his public entry, he was lodged at Vincennes till the 17th of December, 1432, memorable as the day when the most unenterprising and innocent of all our monarchs became the only one of them who was crowned King of France. It was not, however, a French ecclesiastic who performed the ceremony. This was done by the Cardinal of Winchester,

who gave great offence to the Bishop of Paris by also singing Mass; and altogether, the English fashions followed in both coronation and banquet were far from conciliating the French spectators. The royal boy, now nine years old, seems to have gone through his part with meek docility, but no independent action or word of his is related save his saving the stag, and there was nothing about him to win the fancy of the populace either in his fair grave inanimate face, or in his words or manner. He was not deficient in book learning, but was timid, soft-hearted, and averse to all the exercises that became a knight; and it must have been evident to all who were about his person, that sweet and gentle as his nature was, the blight of feebleness that had descended from his frantic grandfather was on him. In truth, no one of the children or grandchildren of that poor king was exempt from either permanent weakness or early death, except Henry's half-brother, Jasper Tudor, and his cousin Louis XI. The Parisians must also have been amazed at the absence of their own princess, Queen Catherine; but she had remained with her husband, Owen Tudor, and was in failing health. The popularity of the English in Paris had also been much diminished by their necessities; they could not as before guard the convoys of provisions nor protect the neighbouring estates, and they levied the imposts with severity. No great nobles lived at Paris, as when the king was there, and the English court was soon removed to Rouen, as a safer residence for young Henry; the proud city was in danger of becoming a mere provincial town, and the burghers cast regretful eyes on the great hotels of their princes and dukes, now empty and deserted. Bedford began to perceive that he had little chance of preserving France for his nephew, but he hoped at least to secure Normandy, the original inheritance of his ancestors; he tried to attach the Normans to Henry's person by keeping him resident at Rouen; and he founded a university at Caen for jurisprudence and common law, making it independent of the University of Paris. The truce with Burgundy, however, enabled the French to threaten Normandy; and Rouen was very nearly lost, through the treachery of a Béarnese in the garrison, who offered the Marshal de Boussac to admit the French into the castle. Boussac advanced within a league of Rouen, and one hundred and twenty men were actually admitted by the Béarnese, so secretly and suddenly, that the governor, the Earl of Arundel, had to escape over the walls half dressed into the town; and the place could not have been saved if Boussac had advanced at once; but his band of adventurers fell to quarrelling so hotly over the distribution of the future plunder of the capital of Normandy, that they would not move forward, and at last actually broke up and dispersed, leaving their unfortunate comrades in the castle to be captured by the English, who cut off all their heads. How the captains must have missed the Maid who had been wont to shame the soldiery out of their baseness and licence!

The Parisians had specially entreated the Duke of Bedford to deliver them from the marauders of the garrison of Lagny, which was held by

Jean Foucault, and the Scotsman Kennedy. Several Kennedies fought in France, but this one was named Hugh, and was a younger brother of the House of Balgany. He had been intended for a monk, and was commonly called, as a nickname, Friar Hugh. He fought bravely under Jeanne d'Arc, and at Lagny harassed the travellers on the Paris roads so much, that the Earls of Arundel and Warwick attacked the place, but they could not succeed in taking it; and Kennedy secured so much booty, that on his return to Scotland, he bought the estate of Ardstinchar, and became known in the family annals as Hugh Come-with-the-penny.

The person who did most to maintain the English cause at Paris was Anne of Burgundy, Duchess of Bedford, who spent much time there, shewed herself kind, pious, and beneficent, and used her Burgundian popularity on behalf of her husband; and she also made the utmost efforts to keep the peace between Burgundy and England, softening away all difficulties, and going backwards and forwards between her husband and brother with peace-making messages. But there was a terrible epidemic in Paris in the autumn of 1432; Anne caught it, and died of it on the 13th of November, leaving no child.

Bedford seems to have thought it needful to try, as soon as possible, to bind some of the great vassals of France to him by marriage; and the Bishop of Theroueune, brother of the captor of Jeanne d'Arc, proposed to him his niece, Jaquette de Luxemburg, the daughter of the Count de St. Pol. She was very beautiful, and scarcely seventeen years old when Bedford married her in the Easter of 1433, only six months after his wife's death. He was charmed with her, but he soon found he had committed a great mistake; for the Duke of Burgundy expressed himself as greatly affronted, both with the slight to his sister's memory, and the want of respect to him shewn by not consulting him upon a Luxemburg marriage; and Bedford soon saw that his bride might as seriously damage English interests as his brother's, Dame Jake, had done.

Burgundy had already obliged the French party by going to make a friendly visit to the captive René at Dijon, by whom he was presented with his own portrait and that of his father, painted on glass, as an amusement for prison hours. The ransom was agreed upon, and René was released in order to raise the sum, but he was forced to give his two little sons, Jean and Nicolas, as hostages for his return, in case—as was but too probable—he should fail to obtain the amount, and to betroth his eldest daughter Yolande to Ferri, the son of the Count de Vaudémont, in whose keeping he left her. This marriage took effect, and from it sprang those princes of Lorraine and Guise whose splendid courage and talent played so remarkable a part in France in the ensuing century. Marguerite, the youngest child, was betrothed to the Count de St. Pol, but was for the present allowed to remain with her mother. Her character must have been already very marked, since the Lorraine chroniclers recorded the grief of the little three years old maiden on being parted from her brothers and sister.

Another event was favourable to the French cause, namely, the fall of

the ignoble favourite, Georges de la Trimoille. The Queen, her mother, Agnes Sorel, the Duke of Alençon, the Count of Clermont, and all who cared for the King's welfare, had tried to undermine his lazy habit of reliance on this minister of his pleasures, but in vain. At last, Alençon had a dispute with the Duke of Brittany about his mother's portion, and this quarrel led to a meeting between the Count of Clermont and the Constable de Richemont, who, instead of fighting, agreed to unite for the ruin of Trimoille. The Sire de Gaucourt, and Trimoille's own nephew, the Sire de Bueil, joined in it; and at the funeral of the Duchess of Brittany, Jeanne de Valois, sister to Charles VII., there was a general meeting and concerting of measures among the French princes.

Richemont undertook to dispose of Trimoille as he had done with his predecessors. He selected among his vassals a Breton gentleman named Rosnieven, who by favour of the French princes—especially of the Count of Maine, René's younger brother—was brought at night with fifty men-at-arms to the Castle of Chinon. Rosnieven, and De Bueil, with some other gentlemen, entered Trimoille's bed-chamber; and Rosnieven gave him a wound with a sword that would have been fatal, but for the voluptuous favourite's goodly casing of fat, his nephew saved him from a second stroke; and, on his swearing never to enter the King's presence again, was allowed to carry him off to his castle, and put him to ransom.

That strange person, Charles VII. heard the noise. He was told by his mother and brother-in-law that it was *only* the Bretons dealing with his favourite. He asked if the Constable were with them, and hearing that he was not, was so much relieved as to seem to care for nothing else. His brother-in-law, the Count de Maine, took the command of him, and though not reconciling him to the Constable, put a little more energy into the councils of France.

It was at a time when energy was waning in England. Bedford was stricken with the family disease, and was altered both in temper and spirit; supplies were withheld in England, and all parties were weary of the war. It was proposed to hold a great congress at Arras, of all the princes concerned for the amicable settlement of differences; and Cardinal Beaufort arranged that Bedford and Burgundy should meet at St. Omer to settle the preliminaries. Unfortunately, they were sufficiently offended with one another to stand punctiliously on etiquette; and Bedford, soured by sickness and disappointment, did not evince his old magnanimity and unselfishness; there was no gentle Anne to smoothe discords away; and as neither prince would make the first visit to the other, they actually left St. Omer without once meeting, and with the breach made wider than ever.

The Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon, who had been in captivity ever since the Battle of Agincourt, were to come to join in the conference, and were brought as far as Calais on their way; but with freedom dawning upon him, the Duke of Bourbon expired during his journey, in 1434; and this, for the time, broke up the plan of the Congress.

His son, the new Duke, hitherto called the Count of Clermont, was, however, a brother-in-law of Philippe of Burgundy; and was besides one of the truest-hearted of the princes of the court of Bourges. A meeting was held between them and the Constable, in which it was resolved that measures should be taken for the conference, and that the mediation of the Pope should be entreated.

Accordingly, the meeting was to take place at Arras, in the autumn of 1435. It was memorable as the first of the great Congresses, which have ever since been frequent in modern history. Bedford was too unwell to be present; and had, besides, little hope that the French princes were not about to make peace with one another at the expense of England; but he sent Cardinal Beaufort, with twenty-six colleagues, to guard his nephew's interests. The Cardinal of Santa Croce represented the Pope; Bourbon, the Constable; and twenty-nine more noblemen, the King of France; and there were also envoys from the Emperor Sigismund, and half the powers in Europe.

Probably the Duke of Burgundy had never been happier, or felt himself more entirely Philippe le Bon, than while playing the part of the magnificent host. He had at length a promising son; he was, though uncrowned, infinitely more a sovereign than any other prince in Europe; he had an inexhaustible treasury, when everyone else was beggared; he had fertile lands and flourishing cities, when his neighbours were exhausted by famine and misery; and the most splendid chivalry in Europe were devoted to his banner, when the rest of the princes hardly knew to whom to trust. He had had fourteen years of revenge for his father's death, and he was now about to assume the glory of pardon and peace-making. So he gave feasts, banquets, and tournaments, up to the almost fabulous splendour that was the delight of his heart, and glittered as the admired of all beholders.

Meanwhile, the same September sun that shone on the pageants of Arras, gleamed in Rouen on a wasted anxious face, with shortening breath and fading hopes, as John of Bedford lay in his dying chamber. Thirteen years before, he had stood by his brother Henry's death-bed, and received from him the charge to fulfil his crusade against corrupt France. The cares of two crowns, and of a half-fought-out aggressive war, had been thrust on him—crowns he had never coveted—the prizes of the crime of his father and the ambition of his brother, which he was to guard for a helpless child; a war, not of his seeking, was on his hands. Faithfully, gallantly, self-sacrificingly, had he done his best; faithful, when those who should have strengthened his hands weakened them by their petty dissensions; faithful, when disappointments thickened, and when, worst of all, he perceived that the nephew for whom he toiled, the only child of his beloved brother, had more of the sickly effete Valois than of the lordly Plantagenet. He had sent the boy home to England; and childless himself, with only the one peaceful certainty, that his utmost had been done in the evil cause that had been left

him, he lay awaiting the tidings whether his terms had been accepted—namely, that there should be a truce of twenty or thirty years, ratified by a marriage between Henry VI. and a daughter of the French king, and that England should retain Normandy and Paris—his brother's conquests.

But in a few days came tidings, that the French and Burgundians alike were resolved not to hear of such terms; and that Beaufort, thinking he could not continue longer present without dishonour to the crown he represented, was leaving Arras. Then the high heart broke: and this true and faithful guardian, scarcely forty-five years of age, died a worn-out man, on the 14th of September, 1435; and was buried beside the high altar in Rouen Cathedral, under a plain black marble slab, bearing a silver escutcheon, with his arms, and with the root, his device, carved on it. When, years after, it was proposed to Louis XI. to remove his remains as those of an enemy, the king angrily answered, 'I will not war with the remains of a prince who was once a match for your fathers and mine; and were he now alive, would make the proudest of us tremble. Leave his bones in peace; and God rest his soul.'

Burgundy professed that the death of Bedford broke his last link with the English; and a week later, on the 21st of September, 1435, he signed an agreement to make peace with the King of France. Charles confessed that it was by ill advice that Jean Sans Peur had been put to death; sent a deputy formally to ask Philippe's pardon, promised to found a chapel in expiation at Montereau; and not only yielded up many castles, but dispensed with all feudal service from Philippe in his own life-time. For these considerations, the Duke was to return to his natural position as friend and Prince of France.

A week later died the wretched Isabeau, Queen of France, the curse of her husband, country, and children; and her daughter Catherine did not survive her a year, but died at Bermondsey, after writing a piteous letter to her son Henry, to commend to him his three little half-brothers, Edmund, Owen, and Jasper Tudor.

At the Peace of Arras ended all reasonable hope for the English cause in France; but the guardians of a minor king had no choice, save to maintain the weary strife with due regard to the honour of his crown.

(To be continued.)

THE MYSTERY OF THE CAVERN.

CHAPTER IX.

It may be very striking, but it certainly is not very pleasant, to have arrived at the knowledge of a dreadful secret respecting a person who is seen every day. What Damaris underwent no words can tell, between her uncertainties, her terrors, and her horrors; the weight of the secret,

the sense of guilt in keeping it back, the perplexity about revealing it; her terror of the catastrophe, her shuddering dread of Miss Maynard, and her exceeding alarm lest this loathing fear should betray itself.

Even that first step of showing the bones to Baldwin Lebrun was not so very easy to take. They were not exactly things to be carried in the pocket and produced at a moment's notice; and she must further find an occasion when she could speak to him in private, since there was no one whose suspicion would be more dangerous than that of his master, Mr. Pigou. More than one good opportunity was first sought and then lost by sheer indecision to take any fresh step; and she never met the youth without a strange trepidation, a sort of haste in accosting him, then a faltering, and a furtive startled glance to see whether they were unobserved.

These manifestations had the effect of making Mr. Lebrun smarten himself up, play his flute with greater assiduity, give very grand hints of superiority to the other young men in the surgery at Rollesford, and imply that a beautiful young lady was dying for him; but of course Damaris was not aware of these consequences, and all the result she perceived was that he met half way all her attempts at privacy—at a private interview cannot be said, for nervousness always cut her off short when the opportunity arose; until at last, meeting him one day in the village, she said with a sort of desperation, 'I have something to show you—something on which I want your opinion.'

'Most happy—most flattered—most gratified—'

'How shall I bring it to you—to show it alone?'

'If I might presume to escort you home—'

'No; that will not do. I could not be sure of fetching it unobserved; and it is a matter that concerns others than myself, so that I must rely on your silence, Mr. Lebrun.'

He bowed, sighing, 'Ah! had it but been yourself—'

'It has nothing to do with me,' said Damaris; 'and that is the very reason for caution, or dreadful harm might be done,' she added mysteriously. 'I believe the best way,' she said, after some thought, 'will be for you to be kind enough to come at seven o'clock this evening to our garden gate that opens into the fields. Then I can give you the—the—the object—'

Baldwin Lebrun began expressing his extreme willingness and satisfaction; but at that moment the Priory carriage, with the two ladies in it, whirled round the corner, and Damaris, feeling as if her machinations were half betrayed, started aside with a guilty disturbed air. He would have followed her, but she hastily exclaimed, 'No, no, no! don't let anyone guess—' and hurried home with a sense of flight.

All that afternoon the nervous excitement of manner that had more than once puzzled Lady Maynard was growing upon Damaris. It was dreadful to her even to think of looking at and touching those poor little bones, apart from all the difficulties and the sense of plotting and of guilt

in her secret tryste; and there was something too in the youth's manner that for the first time revealed to her that he might presume upon the confidence she reposed in him. She must be so short and dry as to make him perceive that it was only professionally—at least, at present—that she applied to him. Nay, she would carefully abstain from in any way attracting the attentions that by all rules of justice and sentiment ought to fall to the lot of Jane, when Baldwin Lebrun should have cast his slough—for Damaris could not but feel that there *was* a good deal of slough to cast. With much trepidation she rolled up the bones, and put them deep in her pocket when she went out; and with a certain sense of treachery, she professed to wish to stay out of doors a little longer when it became prudent for Jane to go in. It was a raw unpleasant evening, and Lady Maynard advised her against it; but she was unpersuadable, and paced up and down in the fading light till the appointed hour.

The time struck, and trembling like a guilty thing, Damaris repaired to the gate which led into the meadows. Before she had time to do more than look up and look down the path on either side, she saw him looming in the mist.

'Miss Brockensha! Ah! this is kind—this is all that is gracious—' he began to exclaim.

'Not at all,' said Damaris bluntly; 'it is as a matter of justice—I don't know what it may lead to!' she added; and as his gasp of rejoicing reminded her that these might be dangerous words, she added hastily, 'I mean, what discovery may follow. Stay!' she cried, almost whispering, and with a nervous start, 'I hear someone coming. Here, come inside.'

She hastily signed him to come within the wicket under a large tree, and eager to conclude the business, proceeded, 'You medical men know anatomy, don't you? I wish, for particular reasons, to know what these human bones—I mean, whether these are human bones?'

But in the midst of Baldwin's pause of astonishment, ere yet his fingers had closed on the parcel Damaris held out to him, the click of the garden gate was heard. A shawled figure stood in the pathway, and Miss Maynard's voice said, 'Is anyone there?' It was plain that she could not see them in the dark shade of the tree; and as both stood still and breathless, she passed on towards the house, but neither dared to stir till there had been full time for her to enter it.

'Ah!' gasped Damaris, with terror in her sigh, 'that was an escape!'

'Did she come here—by an old maid's instinct—to act as spy?' exclaimed young Lebrun.

'Stay, Mr. Lebrun,' said Damaris, 'you must entertain no false expectations. It may be that this matter may affect you, but not in *that* way. For the present, what I need is the professional service of ascertaining what these bones really are.'

'And you will not tell me with what mystery they are connected?'

'You will know it soon enough. But mind—you must not consult Mr. Pigou—or anyone else. Mr. Pigou is the last person who must

hear of it. This place is not safe. Where can you give me the information?'

'Where could we meet so safely as in the haunted wood?' said Baldwin.

'Haunted! you don't mean that it is haunted?' cried Damaris, impressed.

'Merely by weird fancies,' he said; 'but it might by precious memories.'

She scarcely restrained her impatience. 'Nothing but horror will ever haunt that place,' she said. 'No, I cannot go there again. I shall go to the school to-morrow. Give the things to me as I come out. Now good-night!'

She escaped from him without giving him the opportunity of saying more, and fluttering, terrified, with burning face, and marble feet and hands, reached her own room, infinitely alarmed lest Miss Maynard had recognized her.

What would have been her feelings had she heard what was going on below-stairs, after, by a decided 'Jane, I wish to speak to your mother,' that young lady had been dismissed to dress for the evening.

'Aunt Mary, I suppose you are accountable in some way for this girl to her guardians? Do you know what is going on between her and that absurd Baldwin?'

'No; what do you mean, Eleanor?'

'Only this—that without meaning to act the spy, I have come on them under suspicious circumstances. Once I actually saw them confidentially walking together; once before that, I met him just outside the quarry wood, and her within it. How did she get there?'

'I sent her. There was a message for the Lodge, and it was too hot to let her go through the lane.'

'Umph! Well, I hope they had not been talking nonsense there. I would not send her out alone again!'

'But what do you mean?' repeated Lady Maynard, in much annoyance. 'You cannot have seen anything improper? I know Damaris well, and have perfect confidence in her.'

'A person in one class of life can no more know the mind of one in another than of a cow or a dog. A girl always reading novels—always idling, morbid with over-education, and her head turned by this unlucky fortune—what can she do but coin romances? and there's no one here but that miserable boy to serve as hero.'

'Eleanor, if you would only tell me what you have seen.'

'I have seen, as you might, plenty of blushes and conscious looks, and the boy is more of a coxcomb than ever. Then, as I tell you, I saw them, from the carriage, most affectionately walking together; and just now I am almost certain I saw them at the garden gate. Both darted under the shade of the great elm when they saw me, and I think I saw their figures under it, but I cannot be sure of this. I spoke, and had no answer.'

'I believe Fanny often goes there to talk to Joe after her work.'

'This was twice Fanny's height. No, no, Aunt Mary, you had better watch. For my part, it is no concern of mine as long as they do not infest the Park with their nonsense; and I should think the sooner the girl was married the better, but I should imagine her guardians would not approve of that unlucky boy; and he is so foolish, that I should expect her fortune would be the means of bringing them both to destruction.'

'She forfeits it if she marries without her guardians' consent.'

'I am afraid the lad is too ridiculous not to be all the more disinterested. But I'll ply Mr. Pigou with the fact, and tell him to keep the boy well employed and in sight.'

'Could not he be with some other— Are there no medical colleges?'

'I could not trust him. No, no, he is my permanent charge, and it is my duty to keep him out of harm's way. That's a fact not to be got rid of; but if you value your peace of mind, dear Aunt, get rid of such a charge as that girl. You can't tie her up, you can't set her to work, and nothing is more intolerable than to have to treat a woman as a lady who has none of the ladylike sense of honour.'

'That is exactly the quality I have often admired and wondered at in Damaris.'

'Yes, till it came to the test of courtship. The inseparable gulf between the servant's and the lady's code always shows there. A maid-servant may share your sorrows, be a help and sympathy at dreadful moments when no relation can be the same comfort, seem even to enter into the same religious feelings; but when sweet-hearting comes in her way, you find yourself poles asunder. You had better look to it before Jane becomes confidante.'

'That she certainly will not be,' said Lady Maynard. 'I will observe, Eleanor; and if I see anything myself to object to, I will speak to Damaris, when I am persuaded that I shall find there is some explanation.'

'Of course you will.'

'There may be some foolish romance about who the young man is,' said Lady Maynard; 'but that Damaris acts in it otherwise than as beneficent fairy I will not believe. Girls like that are not personally attracted by such lads.'

'In the absence of all others,' said Eleanor. 'However, I have told you, and my conscience is free.'

Lady Maynard remained terribly perplexed and vexed. Eleanor was no gossip, and though her prejudices were strong, her accuracy was quite trustworthy. With much confidence in Damaris, she was a little staggered by the truth there was in what Eleanor had observed of the different tone which the upper and lower classes hold regarding courtship. Sentiment might allure so novel-reading and inexperienced a girl into a little toying with a false romance, the essence of which could only be its mystery—and thus some entanglement might arise that would both be prejudicial to Damaris, and would be the effect of her own want of vigilance.

Lady Maynard and Eleanor were as much friends as strong mutual esteem and fearlessness could make them. Lady Maynard felt her niece's brusquerie and dictatorial tone, and never gave way to her; and Eleanor, on the other hand, seldom tried that tone with her. She felt and honoured Lady Maynard's independence, trusted her entirely with all that concerned her own present life, leaned on her in dealing with Lady Isabella's feebleness and low spirits, and loved her better than anyone else, even when thinking her weak, obstinate, or new-fangled. The aunt, on the other hand, had imbibed something of her husband's tenderness for his niece, as one whose joyous girlhood had suffered a terrible blight. Eleanor would have been greatly hurt had she guessed how often Aunt Mary was making allowances for her; but Lady Maynard really loved her sterling qualities, admired her energy and resolution, and gave her cordial and affectionate sympathy whenever it was possible.

But all that did not prevent Eleanor's exhortations from being exceedingly provoking, above all, when there was foundation enough for them to prevent her from entirely rebutting them. She did not care how angry Eleanor was with her for sending Walter to sea, for boarding Miss Brockenshaw, or for cosseting Jane—in all these she knew she was right, and Eleanor mistaken; but when, as now, convictions returned on her that Eleanor had some grounds for suspicion, she was much annoyed. She could not but recollect Damaris's changes of colour, her preoccupied nervous manner and anxious eyes, her wistful watchings, her starts when noticed, and endeavours to seem as usual; and she became more and more afraid that something was amiss, and that both duty to the guardians and affection to the ward made it needful that she should be on the watch, even though it was at Eleanor's behest.

Damaris came down in due time, looking very pale, and shivering nervously as she crouched over the evening fire. Lady Maynard expressed fears that she had been chilled by imprudently remaining out of doors; and the vehement denial, together with the rush of colour that this produced, were uncomfortable corroborations. It was more and more clear that the girl was not herself. She sat at the piano, playing airs that seemed to vibrate forth all her agitation of spirits, till Jane declared that they made her nervous, and rather petulantly entreated for a cessation, that they might go on with the book that was in course of reading.

Of course Damaris complied; but Lady Maynard perceived throughout that she was dreaming, and that far from pleasantly, all the time the book was going on; and that fluttered, almost terrified, manner was growing upon her. Lady Maynard followed her to her room at night, and with motherly kindness examined her on her health, hoping that this might lead to confidence; but the almost peevish reiteration with which Damaris professed to be perfectly well, further excited her anxiety. 'My dear child,' she said at last, 'I am sure there is something the matter. Had you not better tell me?'

'No—no—no!' exclaimed Damaris; 'you will hear it soon enough!'

'It?' said Lady Maynard, looking full at her.

'Oh! what have I said? Have I betrayed?' cried Damaris, with her hand to her forehead; and then recollecting herself, and a little speech she had rehearsed for such an occasion, she turned round—'Question me not, dear second Mother; I know nothing as yet, and I would not rend your heart before its time. Only trust your poor young friend, who loves you with all her heart.'

The set speech and tragical air half alarmed, half relieved, Lady Maynard, by confirming her former belief that Damaris had worked herself into a romance, and was acting a part in it; but as it was highly probable that that part, though innocent, might produce great inconveniences, she answered,

'It would be easier to trust my poor young friend if she were more natural.'

Then Damaris began to cry, quite naturally, and to assure Lady Maynard that 'it was nothing—at least, nothing that concerned herself—nothing of *that* kind—indeed, she did not know if it were anything at all. If it were, it would all be known soon enough—if not, it would be all right.'

No more would she say, and Lady Maynard was forced to bid her good-night; but how futile that wish had been was evident next morning, in the white cheeks and heavy eyes that came down to breakfast. However, she resisted all counsels to stay at home that morning, and set out for the school with a positive air of desperation. Lady Maynard chanced to have an account to settle at the village shop; and about half an hour after Damaris had left home, she wended her way thither, and to her surprise, encountered there a well-dressed young man, who touched his hat respectfully, and she then recollected him to be the young engineer, Mr. Newton. She spoke to him; and when he had inquired after Miss Brockensha, he explained that he had come to engage a lodging for himself and his assistant during his survey, but he found some difficulty in so doing. Lady Maynard looked in some surprise at the mistress of the house, who she knew had good rooms, which usually she was glad to let.

'Yes, my Lady; but you see my husband's cousin is in delicate health, and we had promised her the rooms for change of air.'

'But surely your sister, Mrs. Rowe, has rooms that would suit the gentleman.'

'Yes, my Lady; and if one knew whether it would be agreeable—but you see—' The good woman hesitated. 'If so be the gentleman be a friend of yours, my Lady, my sister would be very glad; but you see, Miss Maynard is particular.'

'I did not think references would be necessary in this unsophisticated place,' said Mr. Newton, smiling pleasantly.

'It is not quite that,' returned the lady, having taken her leave of the universal village dealer; 'but Miss Maynard's antipathy to railroads is so well known, that her tenants fancy that lodging you will disoblige

her. However, that is all nonsense; and if you like to walk with me as far as Mrs. Rowe's, I will make her understand that she will run no risk of Miss Maynard's displeasure.'

He thanked her warmly, and looked so intensely happy, as he enthusiastically admired the beauty of the place, that a thought came across her whether this might not be an antidote for Baldwin Lebrun. In the midst, however, they came towards the church; and as this, of course, received a share of Mr. Newton's admiration, they crossed the road, and looked over the gate. There they both beheld, full in the flagged path leading to the school, Miss Brockensha, looking with the utmost intensity into the face of young Lebrun, who was evidently placing a small parcel in her hand, and making some discourse.

Both looked up, and started asunder guiltily.

'We disturb—' said Mr. Newton hoarsely, and turned rapidly to pursue the walk, as though he had intruded on something never meant for him to see. Damaris did not follow, though she must have seen who it was. Lady Maynard's heart sank, and there was silence for a moment; then Mr. Newton said, (and how altered his tone!) 'Is that the clergyman's son?'

'No, a pupil of our old doctor, Mr. Pigou—a mere boy; Miss Brockensha is very good-natured to him.'

Little more was said till they had reached Mrs. Rowe's; and that respectable widow, being assured that Miss Maynard would have no objection, proved eager to welcome her lodger. Lady Maynard left him to make his own bargain; but as she took leave of him, she asked when he was to arrive, and hearing it was to be in three days time, she asked him to luncheon at her house on his first arrival, as his old friend would be glad to see him. At this he nearly shook his head, though thankfully accepting the invitation.

'If Eleanor disapproves, it cannot be helped,' said Lady Maynard to herself.

(To be continued.)

THE FAIRY OF THE SANDS.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.—PAUL FEVAL.)

PART II.—CHAPTER III.

WHAT JULIAN HAD LEARNT AT THE MARKET AT DOL.

The partizans of the good fairy, disconcerted by the question of Maitre Gueffès, did not expect this auxiliary, who came so suddenly to their aid.

Little Jeannin was rather tolerated than welcomed in the assembly

of the notables of the village of St. Jean; and usually he was not expected to speak. But the man who has an idea increases in importance immediately; and from the moment when Simon le Prioul had said, 'The good fairy gives all that is asked of her,' Jeannin had an idea.

Two or three times he had boldly looked the pretty Simonette in the face; and Simonette did not dislike it. Jeannin was now standing before the hearth, his brow red, but erect, and his eyes cast down. They all looked at him with astonishment.

'Ha! you have seen her, little one!' said Gueffès, with his scornful laugh.

'Yes, I have seen her,' Jeannin answered.

'He has seen her! he has seen her!' was repeated all round. And Simonette, without knowing why, felt quite proud of the attention bestowed upon the poor little cockle-picker.

'Where did you see her?' Gueffès demanded.

'Here, before the door.'

'When?'

'Yesterday.'

'At what time?'

'Midnight.'

All these answers were made frankly and confidently.

Maitre Gueffès lengthened his jaw by a malicious grin. 'Ah, ah, little one! what could you be doing at midnight, so far from your den, before Simon le Prioul's door?'

To lead away from the question, is the strong point of Norman diplomacy.

Simonette was in fear for little Jeannin; but this evening little Jeannin was a man. He stood up gallantly before Gueffès, and answered, 'There, or elsewhere, I do as I please. Remember the game that the Breton proposed to the Frenchman, at the sign of the Four Gold Besants. The game that is played without table or carpet, Master Vincent Gueffès, with two six-foot poles, firm foot, steady eye, quick hand, and trust in Heaven.'

Simon le Prioul could not help laughing; but not at Jeannin. Simonette was blushing with pleasure. Fanchon hid her mirth by drinking a cup of hypocras. The four Mathurins, in their delight, trod upon the toes of the four Gothons.

Maitre Gueffès did not give in. 'A six-foot pole does not prove that a lie is as true as the Gospel,' said he. 'What was the fairy doing when you saw her?'

'She was stooping to pick up a wheaten cake from the threshold.'

'That is truth,' said Fanchon; 'for I put a wheaten cake out at the door.'

'What was she like?' Gueffès asked.

Jeannin hesitated, and stole a glance towards Simonette. At last he

said, 'She is beautiful! beautiful as an angel! almost as beautiful as the daughter of Simon le Prioul!'

His voice trembled as he spoke the last words, which made Simonette's little heart beat violently.

Simon and his wife both frowned.

Maître Gueffès opened his huge mouth, to launch forth some envenomed dart to revenge his defeat—for he had been beaten—when the sound of a horse's hoofs was heard on the road.

They all rose up. 'Julian, Julian!' they cried; 'Julian le Prioul! we shall have news from the town!'

The horse stopped at the door, which opened, and Julian came in. He was a fine well-grown young man of twenty, with dark hair, and lively honest eyes; one who preferred the air of the sands to the heavy and close atmosphere of the marsh. He kissed his mother and Simonette.

'What news, my boy?' asked his father.

'Bad news,' replied Julian, as he threw on the table the scythe-blades that he had been to buy at Dol. 'Bad news. They are not malefactors who have pillaged the house of St. Jean; and it is not in mockery that they have placed at the foot of the stairs the staff of ducal justice. Monsieur Hugh de Maurever, our Seigneur, is accused of high treason.'

'High treason!' repeated Le Prioul, amazed.

In those days news did not travel fast. The hamlet of St. Jean, in sight of St. Michael's Mount, and no more than five or six leagues from Avranches, was still ignorant of what had taken place a fortnight before in the church of the convent.

One night, during the past week, invisible hands had dismantled the house. The frightened villagers had heard songs and cries: the next day there was not a servant left in the deserted dwelling; and a placard had been placed before the hall-door, with the arms of Brittany, and the words, which Vincent Gueffès had deciphered, 'Ducal justice.' The owners had been away for some time; and when the spoilers came, they found only servants. The next day, the villagers had looked into the castle, through the broken windows, where nothing was left but the bare walls.

Julian was seated between his father and mother: they all questioned him with their eyes; he had a sad and solemn expression of countenance, and began slowly:

'When Monsieur Hugh de Maurever took me to the Castle of Guilde, an apanage of Monsieur Gilles de Bretagne, Father and Mother, I saw great feasts. Monsieur Gilles was young, bold, and brilliant; and I told you before, how he leaped across the river Arguenon with one bound, when the falcon of Blanche Cawerley, the fairest of the fair, had escaped thither. Now, he is laid to rest in a leaden coffin, under the pavement of some chapel; and all the world knows that he was poisoned.'

'Son Julian,' said Simon le Prioul, 'we have prayed for the safety of his soul; what can Christians do more?'

'We,' replied the young man, casting a glance at his peasant's dress, 'nothing; but Monsieur Hugh de Maurever is a knight. That, Father and Mother, is what is said at the market of Dol. Our Seigneur Francis was jealous of his brother Gilles. He had him carried off by night from Guildo, by Jean Sieur de la Haye, and Oliver de Méel, who is a villain. Jean de la Haye imprisoned Monsieur Gilles in the tower of Dinan; and as the poor young lord made signals across the Rance, Robert Roussel, a fiend, took him to Chateaubriant, where the prisoners are under ground; but these dungeons did not seem deep enough. Jean de la Haye and Robert Roussel mounted their men-at-arms on a winter night, and conducted Monsieur Gilles to Moncontour. But at Moncontour there are men; and Monsieur Gilles was pitied. Then Jean de la Haye and Robert Roussel closed the gates of the fortress of Touffon upon him. Touffon was found to be too near a village; so they sought farther, and found the Castle of Hardouinays, in the midst of a wild forest; and there Monsieur Gilles gave up his soul. Father and Mother, though I am but a peasant, my heart rises at the thought of the sufferings that son of Brittany must have endured before his death. Jean de la Haye and Robert Roussel became tired of guarding the captive; first, they tried to starve him—'

'Oh!' interrupted Fanchon, who could not suppress a cry of horror; and all the company joined her. Maitre Gueffès alone kept a cold silence.

Julian resumed: 'Gilles de Bretagne was in a dungeon, with its air-hole opening on a level with the soil amongst the brushwood. They brought him no food for two days, then for three days, then for a whole week. At the end of that time, Jean de la Haye and Robert Roussel went down to the dungeon to give Christian burial to the corpse; but there was no corpse. Gilles de Bretagne was still alive. An angel had watched over the poor victim—an angel—and you have all seen her; that angel with fair hair and sweet smile, who brought help and charity so long amongst us.'

'Mademoiselle Reine,' murmured Simonette, her fine black eyes wet with tears.

'Our dear young lady! Heaven bless her!' they all cried out with one voice. Maitre Gueffès alone not joining in the concert.

'Reine de Maurever!' continued Julian enthusiastically. 'Yes, it was she—Reine de Maurever. Every evening she came to bring food to the prisoner; braving cross-bow bolts, and arquebus bullets. But when the two cruel jailors found that hunger did not not do its work fast enough, they bought three packets of poison from the Milanese, Marco Bastardi, the bravo of the Sire of Montauban. Oliver de Méel himself fled from the Castle of Hardouinays in horror at the thought of that crime. Robert Roussel and Jean de la Haye remained; the powers

of evil sustained those two accursed ones. One evening, Reine de Maurever came as usual, disguised as a peasant. She knocked at the bars—no answer. Monsieur Gilles was lying at length on the damp straw. Reine guessed how it was; and she went to fetch a priest, and her father, who was concealed in the neighbourhood. Monsieur Gilles was able to sit up, and make his confession through the air-hole. After he had confessed, the priest said, "Gilles de Bretagne, do you forgive your enemies?"

'"I pardon all, excepting Francis of Brittany, my brother," said the dying man, whose spirit flashed up once more. Abel never pardoned Cain: no pardon for fratricide—that would be impious." He rose, and his feeble limbs bore him to the air-hole, where he supported himself by the bars. "Priest," he said, "your brethren are without reproach; they have no fear. Go to Duke Francis—my brother, my sovereign, and my murderer—tell him that Gilles of Brittany, with his dying breath, cites him to appear before the Tribunal of Heaven! Will you do so?"

'The priest hesitated.

'"I will do it," pronounced Hugh de Maurever, amidst his sighs; for he loved Monsieur Gilles as if he had been his son.

'He put his hand through the bars, and Hugh de Maurever kissed it, and wept over it. Then Monsieur Gilles uttered "Thanks," and fell backward.

'Some say that Jean de la Haye and Robert Roussel, when they came in the evening to visit their prisoner, found only a corpse; others affirm that Gilles was still alive, and that the two wretches put an end to him by strangling him with their hands.'

Julian le Prioul paused; no one spoke; they were all too much shocked. Julian then told how Monsieur Hugh de Maurever fulfilled his promise to the dying man; how he went disguised as a monk to the Church of St. Michael, and stopped the Duke just as he was going to sprinkle the coffin with holy-water; how Hugh de Maurever had disappeared; how the young man-at-arms, Aubry de Kergariou, had broken his sword at the Duke's feet, and refused to pursue Maurever. He resumed: 'Now Monsieur Hugh is in concealment—no one knows where. The Duke has set the price of fifty crowns on his head. Mademoiselle Reine has disappeared, and Aubry is in the underground dungeon of the Mount. This, my Father and Mother, is what is said in the market-place of Dol.'

At the mention of fifty crowns, two persons had pricked up their ears: first, little Jeannin, whose great blue eyes glistened at the magic words; next, Maitre Gueffès, who scratched his long ears, and set himself to reflect deeply.

'Does no one know where our young Lady Reine has taken refuge?' Simon asked.

Julian shook his head. 'They say she went first to Roz, then to Aumône: the vassals were afraid, and sent her away.'

'Sent away our young lady!'

'They say she was afraid of being driven away from St. Jean; for the court heralds go about the country, sounding the trumpet day and night, and promising mishap to anyone who would shelter the blood of Maurever.'

'But where is she? where is she?'

Julian was a full minute before he answered; he then said, with effort, 'I met the old Vicar of Roz under the church porch; he was weeping! he was weeping! He said, "Julian, do not forget the daughter of your master, when you recite the *De Profundis*."'

Simonette's eyes were drowned in tears. Fanchon tried to rise, but fell back choked.

'Dead! dead!' was murmured round the fire. 'Reine de Maurever—beautiful, young, noble—dead, dead!'

'Dead,' repeated Julian le Prioul. He added, as he crossed himself, 'I think I have already seen her ghost!'

A vague terror took the place of the mournful expression that all the faces had worn.

'Just now, as I passed the Mansion-house,' said Julian, 'I looked at the windows, which have now no glass in them; the walls were lighted up by the moon, and each window looked like a black hole. In one of these black holes, I saw a white figure lean out; and I made my first prayer for our young lady's soul.'

There was profound silence; the cider-cup and drinking-mug stood neglected on the table; the gruel burnt on the fire, and no one perceived it. Big tears rolled down the cheeks of Simonette; all trace of the mirth, which had lately filled the farm-house, was gone. In this silence, only broken by sobs, a sudden noise was heard. It was the trumpet sounding the Duke's appeal.

'Listen!' cried the pale Julian, as he rose.

'What is it?' asked old Simon.

'It is the herald of Duke Francis, proclaiming the prize set on the head of Maurever.'

'At this hour of the night?'

'My Father, vengeance never sleeps; and Francis of Bretagne has already grown ten years older in ten days; he must make haste, if he means to kill another victim before he dies.'

CHAPTER IV.

THE FORTUNES OF WAR.

The evening party thought, Poor Lady Reine's ghost comes here, because she has been driven from her other estates! They were all good souls, from the four Gothons down to the little cockle-picker, including the four Mathurins. We are unable to say what were the

thoughts of old Gueffès, the Norman, whose forehead wrinkled under his low-growing coarse hair.

Before the churchyard, which served as a place of meeting to the poor villagers of St. Jean, there was a loud noise of horse-hoofs and of iron; lighted torches shook off fiery sparks; trumpets sounded, calling on the faithful subjects of Monseigneur Duke Francis.

It might be about eleven o'clock at night: farms and cottages all poured forth their inhabitants; no one rested in his bed, or by his fire-side. The guests of Simon le Prioul, and Simon le Prioul himself, with his wife, his son, and daughter, repaired to the place, because there was a fine for those who turned a deaf ear to the court proclamations.

The village of St. Jean numbered about sixty or eighty inhabitants, men, women, and children; and they all made a circle round the torches, which were stuck into the ground.

A knight, with six lances and a dozen soldiers, escorted the herald of the Breton Prince. The knight's armour was quite new; it glittered in the red torch-light; the vizor was closed. The trumpets sounded the last call, and the herald raised his ermine standard. The silence was only interrupted by the village dogs, which howled in emulation of each other, never having seen the like.

'Hearken, Bretons,' said the herald: 'on the part of our high and mighty Lord, Francis of Brittany, first of the name, be it known to all subjects of the duchy of Bretagne, vassals, vavasours, liege-men, citizens, and peasants, that Monsieur Hugh de Maurever, knight, Lord of Roz, of Aumône, and St. Jean des Grèves, has been guilty of high-treason; for which crime, the will of the said Duke Francis is, that the said Hugh de Maurever be beheaded by the executioner, and his lands and goods confiscated for the benefit of the state. Whosoever will deliver up the said traitor, shall receive the reward of fifty crowns of gold, paid out of the effects of the said lord. That none may be ignorant of the said sentence, it shall be proclaimed at the sound of the trumpet, in all the cities, towns, villages, and hamlets, in the Bishopric of Dol, and a copy nailed on the church doors.' The herald unfolded a small square of parchment, and a soldier was sent to nail it on the chapel door. All this frightened the poor inhabitants of the village of St. Jean.

When the soldiers took up the torches, and the escort moved away, everyone wished to go home as fast as possible. But that was not all. It was only the solemn preparation that was just finished.

The knight, who seemed very proud of his new armour, and who had sat stiffly on his great horse during the proclamation, now spoke in his turn. 'Hollo, my friends,' he said to the soldiers, 'make friends with these good people, who fly off like a flock of geese! They must give you hospitality for the night.'

Then each soldier ran after a peasant; the men-at-arms remained with the herald and their chief. He was already holding little Jeannin by the

ear. 'Boy,' said he, 'do you know the way to the mansion-house of St. Jean?'

Jeannin was in great alarm, though the knight spoke in a good-humoured tone. He answered, however, 'The house is near.'

'Well, boy, take a torch, and show us the way.'

Jeannin took a torch.

'Hollo, Conan, Merry, Kervoz!' cried the knight, addressing some of the soldiers, who had stayed in the churchyard; 'bring us bread, fowls, and wine, up to the house.—Young one, march before.'

Jeannin raised the torch, and obeyed. The knight, followed by six men-at-arms and the herald, rode after him. The torch-light displayed Jeannin's graceful form, and made bright reflections on his long light hair.

'A fine youth,' said the knight. 'Young one, should you like to be on a horse, and go to war?'

'No, Seigneur,' Jeannin answered, trembling.

'Why?'

'Because everyone knows that I am chicken-hearted.'

The knight laughed, and cried, 'Well, that is a reason. And have you no mind to gain the fifty crowns?'

'Ah, Monseigneur,' cried Jeannin, forgetting all his terror, 'if I was sure of gaining fifty crowns by going to war, I would kill an Englishman for every crown, and a Frenchman into the bargain!'

'Ha,' the knight said, still laughing, 'you love money very much then, young one!'

Jeannin's idea of fifty crowns was neither more nor less than pretty Simonette, so he answered readily, 'Fifty times more than my life, Monseigneur.'

The knight held his sides; and the attendants joined in the laugh.

'Oh, the droll boy! If you are not a coward, as you say, you are a miser; and avarice is not the common vice of your age.'

Jeannin turned his pretty smiling face, and said, 'I am no miser, Monseigneur.'

'Then, young one, you are in love.'

Jeannin quickened his march instead of answering.

The knight was a good-natured devil, it appears, for he was amused at this adventure. 'You say nothing, young one, but I don't want to be told your story—she is beautiful, very beautiful; and every time you pass her door, you see her blush and smile.'

Jeannin began to think whether the knight was not a wizard.

'Is it not so, my boy? And as you go home her smile remains before your eyes all the way.'

'Oh! and in my heart,' cried Jeannin.

'And in your heart, her smile and the sweet expression of her eyes—and your ear still seems to hear your beloved song.'

'She sings so well, Monseigneur, if you knew.'

'I know, I know; she sings like an angel from Paradise; and her father has said, "I will not give my daughter to a poor wretch."'

That is just what father Simon said, thought the amazed Jeannin. 'I must have a rich son-in-law—a son-in-law with fifty gold crowns.' Here Jeannin stopped short. 'Oh!' he said, 'then you listened at the door of Simon le Prioul.'

Now the escort laughed heartily.

'No, my son,' replied the knight, 'but I know that, and many things besides. Are we arrived?'

At this place a turn in the road revealed the Manor-house, its walls white in the rays of the full moon. At the moment when the escort passed the last hedge by the road side, a slight movement was perceived at one of the windows; it was as if a shadow was lost in darkness.

'Listen!' said the knight to little Jeannin, in a more serious tone; 'You are very poor, my friend, and Duke Francis is very rich. I, who know everything, am certain that the traitor, Hugh de Maurever, is concealed in this neighbourhood. Conduct us to his hiding-place, and on the faith of a knight, I promise you the daughter of Simon le Prioul.'

Jeannin, for a moment, seemed as if stunned, then he crossed himself, and stepped three paces backward. Then he threw his torch into the moat and ran away across the fields.

'He threw away his torch just as my cousin Aubry threw down his sword,' the knight muttered under his vizor; he was thoughtful for a moment, then he called with a loud and cheerful voice, 'Come on, Comrades, we will have a good supper and lodging here.' They mounted the little eminence, and had no need to knock, for there was no door. The knight looked displeased at these first signs of devastation which were visible outside. As he dismounted he muttered, 'I will not have my domains ruined in this fashion.'

They found the entrance hall filled with empty bottles and broken plates. The great hall door had been used for fire. The furniture was all in fragments, the plate-chest was empty; and after searching the house carefully, they could only find one broken arm-chair for the knight to sit down.

He ruefully said, 'Monsieur Hugh's furniture had not offended, his plate had never hurt Duke Francis. These rogues will ruin me in repairs and purchases.' He sat down and took off his helmet. Méloir, the standard-bearer, stood revealed. He had not yet fulfilled his promise of finding the Sieur de Maurever, but he had undertaken the employment with such zeal that Francis had given him his recompense beforehand by bestowing on him the spurs.

But still, as the most unbounded devotion requires a motive, Francis had promised to reward his success with the confiscated domains of Roz, Aumône, and St. Jean des Grèves, so that Méloir felt all the cares of a proprietor. Maurever himself could not have looked upon his plundered house more dolefully. Happily, Méloir was not the man to continue long in bad temper. In a way half plaintive half comic, he once more

execrated the spoilers, and then he unbuckled his sword-belt. 'Find seats, my friends, or sit upon the ground, as you like best,' he said, placing himself upon the only chair. 'I am sorry I cannot offer you better accommodation, but see, we may mend our fare.—Keravel, you who are an old soldier, see if you cannot find some bottles overlooked in a corner of the cellar. Rochemesnil, go to the stable and bring some trusses of hay for seats. Pean! try to find some shutters to make a table; and you, Fontèbrault, fetch an armful of wood to fight against the sea breeze which comes through the destroyed windows.'

The four men-at-arms went out, and soon returned with their hands full; at the same time, Merry, Conan, Kervoz, and other archers came bringing two geese, fowls and ducks, and large jugs of cider. Affairs were visibly improving. Keraval had found in some corner of the cellar a dozen bottles that seemed as old as the Flood. The trusses of hay made excellent seats. The shutters put together made a large and convenient table; there was no table-cloth, but we must take the fortunes of war. A great fire blazed up the chimney, over which the shield of Maurever, though battered by the soldiers, still showed its enamel, or, a fess azure. As the green wood crackled joyously on the hearth, gaiety lighted up all the countenances.

Men-at-arms and archers began to pluck the fine geese and fowls; the herald lent his slight and slender sword of parade to make a spit; while Keravel, Clisson, and Artus de Fontèbrault—men-at-arms of Rohan, fine soldiers as they were—beat the omlettes in their helmets.

Méloir regretted that his new dignity did not permit of his sharing in these appetizing labours. He had some knowledge of cookery, so he assisted with his advice, and to be doing something he drank two draughts of wine of the south, which completed the defeat of his melancholy. Begone, dull care! The roast was turning before the fire under the care of Kervoz and Conan.

The table was spread, and after all, the wind that came in by the window was only the sweet June breeze. They chatted. 'Do you know,' said Keravel, 'the name of that disorder?' Since our dear master, Duke Francis, returned to Brittany, he has swelled—swelled.'

'I saw him at Rennes two days ago,' said Fontèbrault, 'at the ducal palace of Tour-le-Bat. If he had not had on his trefoil coronet, I should not have known him.'

'Trefoil coronet?' quoth the herald, whose name was Jean de Corson; 'where did you that, Messire? a cross trefoiled would be all right; but trefoil never was placed in a coronet, unless it might be in that of David or Ahasuerus. The coronet, Messires, is a sign or ensign of the dignity of our Seigneurs. Closed and barred for Sovereigns, who bear the casque full face vizor up—for barons, the simple diadem—for Counts, pearls without a fixed number—for Dukes, leaves of smallage, acanthus, or parsley. Then his coronet with parsley.' Messieur de Corson thus gravely corrected Artus de Fontèbrault.

'Not to say,' said Méloir, 'that a bunch of parsley would not be amiss in the stuffing of these geese; what noble creatures they are!' They were already turning brown, and their strong odour dilated all their nostrils. 'The malady of Duke Francis,' replied Méloir, 'has a name two yards long, beginning like the word hydromel, and ending in Greek, like all those pagan names invented by the drones who can read. We are faithful subjects, are we not? well, let us pray to St. Francis to cure our noble Duke, and let us sup to his health like Bretons.' The proposal was too loyal not to be well received. The two geese, the ducks, the chickens, and perhaps a turkey that we may have forgotten in the catalogue of the murdered poultry, were placed smoking on the table, and they all did their duty.

(To be continued.)

PEPPERMINT *VERSUS* WOOD-VIOLET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE CAPTURE; OR, THE DAYS OF THE FENIANS.'

If any of you, my kind readers, are in want of pure bracing air, fine scenery, and pleasant society, let me advise you to go for a month, or whatever time you may have at your disposal, to Portrush, now a rather fashionable watering-place on the north coast of Antrim, and take up your abode at the Antrim Arms Hotel, where, 'without your care or pain,' and for very moderate payment, you will find 'all your wants well supplied.'

I have just returned from thence, after having there spent three of the happiest weeks of my life—not that I attribute my enjoyment altogether to the comforts afforded by the fine hotel, nor yet to the glorious sea view, and pure bracing air; but all these are very agreeable accessories, and may well be appreciated, even by those who do not happen to meet with quite all the circumstances which made my stay at Portrush so peculiarly enjoyable.

The town, almost into the midst of which passengers are conveyed by rail, lies on a small peninsula, round which play the blue waves, and blow the fresh breezes of the northern Atlantic; and near and round it are to be found every variety of *sea scenery*, wild rocks over which the waves leap and foam, seething like a caldron in the deep fissures, or springing up the black basaltic rocks in jets and fountains of snow-white foam, more beautiful than the finest display of '*grands eaux*' ever exhibited for the benefit of wondering sight-seers. If you prefer straighter walking, you have on either side of the neck of the promontory smooth level sands, over which the long solemn billows roll ceaselessly, rising, swelling, and breaking in eddying froth over the yellow sands.

Add to this that you are within an easy walk of some of the finest and most strangely varied coast scenery in Ireland, and within an hour's drive of the Giant's Causeway, itself one of the old original seven wonders of the world; and I think you will agree with me that this northern watering-place is well worthy of a visit.

I had for months been suffering from languor, and sometimes severe indisposition, caused, my physician said, by too close confinement to business in a stuffy money-making office in Belfast. If the money had been making for myself it might have been some alleviation; but this not being the case, my spirits as well as my health failed, and I soon saw that my employers were not well satisfied as to my efficiency.

When, however, I informed them of my ill health and frequent suffering, they kindly said that I must have change of air, and for this purpose allowed me a month's leave of absence.

It was what I wished for most, and what I knew would be of more use to me than all the doctors or medicines in the world; so, as soon as was possible, I made my preparations, and two days after I had obtained my leave, started with a light heart to take my ticket at the terminus of the Northern Counties Railway, intending to proceed by the two o'clock train to Portrush; for I had determined that my change of air should be complete, that I would not be satisfied with any of the watering-places on the Channel, but would have the air blowing off the wide Atlantic Ocean itself.

On my way to the train, I stopped at a small medical hall or apothecary's shop in —— Street, where dwelt a cousin of my own, Augustus Warren by name. I wished to take leave of him before I went away for my holidays; and I also wished, as a precautionary measure, to provide myself with some simple medicines, although I hoped that the change of air might—as indeed proved the case—do away with all necessity for drugs.

Behind the counter—I know he would not like me to use this expression, and if I could properly describe his then situation by any other term, I certainly should do so, for I am aware, as he has often told me, how well fitted he is for loftier things, how his soul aspires, &c.; but how seldom we see the right man in the right place! and Augustus' present place, however unsuitable for him, is behind the counter of Mr. Hoyland's little medical hall in —— Street; and he was on my entrance so situated.

There were no customers in the shop, which was tenanted alone by my cousin and Mr. Hoyland, the master of the establishment, who sat within a railed desk at some little distance, looking over his accounts, and from time to time glancing through the bars at his assistant, to whom he had given a task—a task so unfitted for the delicate fingers of Augustus, that I think I should show more proper feeling in not specifying it too closely; suffice it to say, that as I entered the young man hastily put away a vessel in which were some small round bodies,

one or two of which were by the sudden movement propelled along the counter; but Augustus did not even cast a glance after the fugitives as they rolled away.

He ran his fingers through his hair, drew forth a snow-white and highly scented pocket-handkerchief, in which he concealed the rather fleury tips of his fingers, and looking sternly out of the window, appeared to have been seized by some sublime thought.

'Augustus,' I said, although I scarcely liked to disturb the course of thought which had so suddenly seized him; but it was not far from train time, and I could not well avoid doing so. 'Augustus, I came to get a bottle of the "draught as before," which I hope will be the last of its race, as I have got a month's leave of absence, and am going down by the two o'clock train to Portrush, where I mean to cast all my spasms, &c. into the mighty deep.'

'Oh! is it only you, Bill?' said Augustus, relaxing from his lofty mood the moment he heard my voice. I, William Warren, was his first cousin, and most familiar friend, acquainted from earliest youth with his inmost thoughts, sore trials, and lofty aspirations. It was to my admiring censorship that he entrusted his poetical effusions; from me there was no need for him to conceal any of his misfortunes, nor even to gloss over the cruel fate which had bound him apprentice to an apothecary, and brought the delicate fingers, so much more fit to tune a lute in lady's bower, to the mean uses of rolling up pills, and spreading diacolon plaister and fly blisters.

'Ay, Gus,' I said; 'who did you take me for?'

'Oh, ah,' he replied, colouring up to the roots of his hair, and at the same time sighing deeply. 'I'll tell you, maybe, some other time; cannot now;' and he glanced toward the railed-in desk where his master was seated.

'What is it you want, Bill? "Draught as before,"' and taking the cork out of the bottle, he smelled it delicately. 'Pya!' he continued, with a look of disgust; 'it's nearly all composed of peppermint, that most odious of drugs. Where did you say you were going, Bill?'

'To Portrush. I have got a month's leave of absence, and I mean to spend it all there or thereabouts.'

'You're in luck. I wish I were going with you; and yet,' he continued, with a pensive sigh, 'I do not think I could leave this town at present.'

'Why not? maybe the governor would let you have a run down while I am there; if it was only for a few days, it would do you good.'

Augustus shook his head. 'It is not that—not that,' he said solemnly, adding, in a low voice, 'Poor Mr. Hoyland would allow me to go, I dare say, if I asked him, for although he is of different mould, and unable to comprehend the deep emotions and high impulses of the human heart, he means well, and is kind, according to the limited capacity of his nature. It is not alone his permission I require; but I shall tell you all when we next meet.'

Just then Mr. Hoyland descended from his desk, took his hat and umbrella, and with a friendly good morning to me, and a charge to Augustus to take good care of everything during his absence, left the shop.

'Hard hard fate!' sighed the young man, looking after him. 'Why am I to be bound like a galley-slave to the oar, my bosom bounding with youth, and my heart swelling with lofty aspirations, whilst that old man just verging on the grave goes forth upon some mercenary errand!'

'How do you know it's a mercenary one? maybe he's only going to take a walk to see a friend.'

'Not he—his soul grovels in trade and drugs; but no matter. Come inside this—this—barrier, William, and I shall unfold to you the feelings which are seething in my breast.' I looked at the clock, it wanted only a quarter to two, and there was but just time to catch the train. I wavered for a moment; but friendship, curiosity, and a knowledge that the express train, which did not start till four, would travel much faster and bring me to Portrush in good time for dinner, prevailed over my more selfish feelings, and I stepped through the little door in the counter and seated myself on the high stool which Augustus vacated on my behalf.

He fixed his eyes upon me—they were very good eyes, large and dark; indeed, Augustus was on the whole a very good-looking fellow, and he had a tall, well-put-together figure, which he generally contrived to dress in a manner which gave him an air quite military and distingué. 'William,' he said, 'I have met my fate; my doom is sealed; life has now but one hope, one object, for me.'

'You don't tell me so! How is that?'

'It was but yesterday—not twenty-four hours ago; and yet, the interval which has since elapsed seems to me as a life-time—I met *her*, she who henceforward must rule my destiny, whether for weal or for woe.'

'Is it possible! was it one of the Robinson girls?'—I knew Augustus was acquainted with Mr. Robinson, the wealthy tobacconist—'they are just come home from school, and are, I understand, fine girls.'

A look of pity, not unmixed with scorn, passed over the countenance of my friend. 'Ah, William,' he exclaimed, 'how can you, who ought to know me, thus misjudge me? It would be better for me perhaps, if, like you, I could find happiness with and amongst the common herd. But no, she who reigns empress in my heart, must be far far above'—he looked up to the long row of scent-bottles, &c., which adorned the opposite shelves, perhaps hoping that from some of the fine essences therein contained, he might draw some appropriate simile; but these failing him, he thus wound up his sentence—'far above anything you have ever met, or would ever be able to form a conception of, Bill.'

This was not flattering to my self-esteem; but seeing the very highly-wrought state of my friend's feelings, I refrained from interrupting him,

and he proceeded: 'It was, as I have said, but yesterday evening that I met my fate; and this is the way in which it befel. I was sent out by this man, who has for a stated time, as I may say, monopolized my body —the soul he cannot hold in thrall—sent out by him to carry a small box, which he considered of importance, to a person who is at present staying in one of those large houses on the Botanic Road. It was a menial service, and no wonder I felt chafed by it; and yet, as sometimes does happen, good sprang out of evil. I had delivered the parcel, descended the steps, and was standing upon the ornamental pavement of the footway, when the door re-opened, and there came forth an old man, accompanied by one of the most—nay the most peerless creature I had ever beheld; soft floating draperies surrounded her graceful form, and on her head, adorned by the resplendent glory of the coronet of gold with which nature had crowned it, she wore the most delicately elegant of—of—bonnets in fact. Her father—for he was her father, I heard her afterwards so address him; at first I confess it gave me a thrill of anguish to think that he might bear some other relationship, and that it was possible that a creature so young and fair might be allied to crabbed age—her father, although advanced in years, had a highly distinguished appearance, and the deep measured tones in which he addressed his daughter would have been sufficient to stamp him as the perfect gentleman. A peer of the realm, it may be.'

'Indeed, Gus,' I interposed, 'if the lady belongs to such swelly people, I think you had much better not think any more about her; and if you've only seen her in the street, the wound can't be very deep, and will soon skin over.'

'You might at least have patience to let me finish my story,' said Augustus sharply. 'I have not told you all, not half.' The old gentleman looked at me as I stood on the footway, scrutinizingly, inquiringly, I will not say admiringly; but this much I will say, my appearance evidently struck him, and as I fell behind I heard him make some inquiries of a gentleman who had joined him, which evidently concerned myself; of the reply I caught only the word Highland or Highlanders, and then the old gentleman said, 'quite military,' of those words I am certain, and it is quite apparent that they believe me to be one of the officers of the 72nd.

'It was, as you know, a fête day—a flower show, in fact, at the Botanic Gardens; and thither all were wending. I followed in the gay throng; for I felt that I could not, must not, lose sight of the enchanting vision, and yet how surely has the great bard of the north denominated fear as 'affection's proof.' I dared not approach too near her; but fortune, long a hard step-mother to me, at last proved kind, more than kind. We had been some time in the gardens, and the lovely creature moved from flower to flower, herself the fairest there, until at last, leaning over a tree covered with blushing roses which looked dim and faded beside her cheeks, the gauzy drapery of her dress became entangled amongst

the thorns; for a few moments I watched her vain endeavours to disengage it, then impelled by an uncontrollable impulse I sprang forward, and sinking upon one knee, offered my assistance.'

'Did you, though?' I exclaimed, becoming rather excited by my friend's eloquence, and the nature of the situation; 'and what did she say?'

'She smiled—oh, that seraphic smile! no words of mine could describe it. It was like a glimpse of Heaven, like opening Paradise.'

'Dear me! and did she speak to you?'

'Speak to me! oh yes, in the softest sweetest voice she thanked me, whilst still that beautiful smile played over her countenance.'

'And were you still on one knee or on both?'

'I do not know. I cannot now recall such poor particulars, but I know that I spoke to her; I spoke of beauty, of flowers, and my soul gushed forth in words. Ah, she must know, she must surely guess my true nature, she must know that she has met one who is not of the common herd.'

'I dare say; and do you know her name? Did you get introduced to her?'

'No; but I shall easily discover it.'

'And does she know who you are?'

'No, thank Heaven! she does not; were she aware of the degrading position in which I am now placed, I think I should not survive it. At present she believes me to be one of the officers of the 72nd Highlanders; and let it be so, I shall yet rise to higher fame. William, my dear friend! you may yet see the Laureate's wreath upon my brow!'

'Well,' I said, 'I hope I may; your poetry is very fine'—at least, I thought to myself, I never read any of Tennyson's more difficult to understand. 'But, by-the-by, Gus,' I continued aloud, 'have the publishers taken any of it yet?'

'Yes,' he replied; 'in that respect also fortune has begun to smile. The Ballymena Observer has accepted my Ode to Disappointment.'

'Indeed! but about the lady; what happened next?'

'Alas, as yet I have nothing more to tell. Her father called her, and she left me; but

> Never, never shall my bosom swell,
> As at her simple mute farewell.'

Here my cousin Augustus suddenly ducked below the high desk, and gathered himself up on the floor beneath it. I thought he was seized by a fit, and was about to call for assistance, when the imploring expression of his countenance and the finger placed upon his compressed lips silenced me; and at the same moment a very pretty fair-haired girl entered the shop. Approaching the counter, she asked in a sweet and pleasant voice whether Mr. Hoyland were at home.

I replied that he had gone out, but would soon return.

'You perhaps will understand this,' she said, laying a prescription on the counter, 'and can have it sent to my father's present address.'

'I shall have the greatest pleasure in doing anything I can for you, Madam,' I replied; that at least was true, for the girl had one of the pleasantest faces I had ever seen.

'You belong to the establishment?' she said inquiringly. 'Are you not one of Mr. Hoyland's assistants?'

'N—not the principal one, Madam, but I shall faithfully deliver any message you entrust to me; or if it is a matter of importance, any sudden case of illness, I can call the chief assistant,' I replied, casting a glance at the crimson countenance of Augustus, which looked up at me distractedly, beseechingly, from under the tall desk.

'No, no,' replied the lady, 'it will be time enough to-morrow. If you will be so kind as to desire the bottle to be left at the house where my father is at present staying; or perhaps it may be better to add my name, as he will not be at home;' and taking out a little gold pencil-case, she wrote above the address, which was already on the envelope, 'Miss Eveline Rimmington,' and gave it into my hand. Then turning to the shelves on which scent-bottles and various kinds of perfumery were kept, she said, 'I wished to purchase a bottle of Breidenbach's wood-violet, but—' and she looked at me again with a pretty inquiring glance, and a half-smile, 'you do not seem quite to belong to the establishment.'

'Well,' I said, 'I have not been very long here, and do not know all the ways of the place, but these bottles are all marked, so that I cannot make any mistake; the price of that you have in your hand is five shillings.'

'Thank you,' she said, as she laid the money on the counter. 'I am so glad to get this; now that I am away from all my flowers I must at least have sweet scents, and of all that are made artificially I think Breidenbach's wood-violet is the sweetest.' So saying, and bidding me a kind good-morning, the young lady left the shop, and going to the other side of the street, she entered a handsome brougham which was waiting for her, and drove away.

'Bill,' said a sepulchral voice from beneath the counter, 'Bill, no human being can imagine what my feelings have been during the last ten minutes—ten years indeed they might have been if reckoned by the agony which they have contained. I should not wonder if my hair had turned white. Has it?'

'Not as far as I can see: but what on earth is the matter with you, Gus? What was it all about?'

'All about!' he repeated, rising, and running his fingers through his already dishevelled locks. 'William Warren, I believed until now that you had a heart.'

'Well, and what leads you to alter your opinion?' I said rather testily. 'I wish you'd give me my medicines, and let me go away; I didn't come here to be reproached by you.'

'No, no, Bill, my dear friend,' said Augustus, laying his hand plaintively upon my arm; 'but forgive me; those who suffer as I do should be dealt with leniently, tenderly, by their friends. I need only

tell you that that is the lady of my heart! that that is the voice which tunes every string of my being; and then even you may have some slight idea of what my feelings have been—words cannot describe them. Oh, how I longed to arise and spring forth to greet her!'

'Goodness, Gus, it's well you didn't do that, or you'd have frightened the pretty girl out of her wits. But why on earth did you hide yourself there? if I had been in your place I'd have given anything for the meeting.'

'No, William, no; you mean well, I am sure, but you have not the capacity for appreciating my feelings. I cannot tell you what torture I should not be willing to undergo, rather than that she should be made aware of my present position;' and Augustus, to emphasise his words, struck such a blow upon the counter with his clenched fist, that all the little pills which he had been making when I first entered bounced up out of the vessel which contained them, and went rolling hither and thither in every direction. The young man turned away, while a look of ineffable contempt was depicted on his countenance. Then, when the little globules had subsided into various corners, so that he could forget their existence, he eagerly seized the envelope, which I still held in my hand. 'Eveline!' he exclaimed; 'the word itself is music! She is, as I knew at the first glance, all soul, all sensibility; love of flowers, of sweet perfumes, of all things beautiful, fills her breast. Wood-violet! you shall be to me from henceforth the sweetest of all perfumes, you shall breathe to me of beauty and of her!' he continued, taking a bottle from the stand, and holding it before his face. He was about to address to it some more eloquent remarks, when Mr. Hoyland entered the shop.

'Well, William,' said the good man to me as he laid his hat and umbrella upon the counter, 'so you're going to have a month's holiday, and I'm glad of it. I hope it may cure you of all your ailments, and that you won't need to deal with me any more for some time to come.'

'I hope so, Sir; but I do not like to venture so far away without some of the mixture which I have been taking. You know, I might have a return of my old complaint.'

'Ay, true, true; you can't expect sea air to cure you in a day. Spasms you've suffered from; well, I've got an excellent anti-spasmodic mixture, the best I know—much better than what you have been taking; you must have a bottle of it. But after all, there's nothing much better than our old friend peppermint when it is really strong; and I have just at present some of the strongest I ever met with.—Here, Augustus, is that a glass-stoppered bottle you have in your hand? ay, I see, an empty scent-bottle.' My friend had in absence of mind, or pure love, or something, poured all the scent which the bottle contained over his handkerchief and his person while I was speaking to Mr. Hoyland. 'That will just suit; fill it with the strongest essence of peppermint, and

don't forget to alter the label.' Augustus started from his reverie, and taking the bottle with a sigh, did as he was desired, mechanically but sadly. 'Parcel it up with this,' said Mr. Hoyland, giving him a bottle of the anti-spasmodic mixture.

When all was ready, I bid my friends good-bye, and calling a car, drove to the terminus of the Northern Counties Railway, where I was in good time for the express train to Portrush.

No one who does not know what it is to be confined for months and months in a close, stuffy, money-making office—where the money is not making for himself—can know the full delight of escaping from all—from the hard office-stool, the great account-books, and the endless rows of figures; from smoke and din and rattle; from ill-ventilated and ill-lighted rooms—away into the open country, and the free fresh summer air.

As we rushed along in the express train, it seemed to me that every mile was bringing me nearer to health and strength; and when at last we came in sight of the great blue ocean, glittering in the sunlight, and rolling in in long lines of foam upon the yellow sands, I felt almost like a new creature.

It was past six o'clock when we reached Portrush: taking the omnibus, I drove at once to the 'Antrim Arms,' where, as I expected, I found an excellent dinner, just ready to be served at the *table d'hôte;* and I again recommend any persons who, during their residence at the sea-side, wish for a really comfortable residence, for agreeable society, and for the best of good living, to make this handsome, orderly, and admirably conducted hotel their home. From the brisk and obliging Boots, to the kind and attentive head-waiter, they will meet nothing but uniform civility, and ready prompt attention to all their wants. For the ability and agreeability of the host and hostess I need not speak, their establishment speaks for them. Every member of the household appears to attend well to whatever portion of duty is committed to their charge, and no one seems above doing his or her daily work. Ah, Augustus Warren, if you had only done so too!

It was not quite the height of the season when I was at Portrush, but there were many families staying at the hotel; and a large company, both of ladies and gentlemen, assembled every evening at the *table d'hôte*, where, thanks to the bracing sea air, I was every day better qualified to enjoy the well-cooked and well-served viands.

A week had passed, during which I had thoroughly, although quietly, enjoyed myself and my liberty, spending the day in walks upon the firm level sands, where each long rolling wave seemed to bring with it some invigorating essence from the northern seas; sitting amongst the flower-covered sand-hills, or on the short soft grassy banks of the promontory Rathmore, from whence can be seen many of the Hebrides, as well as a great extent of our own iron-bound coast, along which stand, like sentinels, the headlands of Malin, Glengaer, and Innishowen, on

the one side; and on the other, Bengore, Rathlin, and the fantastic promontories which overhang the Giant's Causeway.

Never since my arrival had I had occasion to resort to any of Mr. Hoyland's remedies; the bottles stood side by side upon the chimney-piece in my bed-chamber, and I meditated some day pouring them out as a libation upon the surf-covered rocks.

It was on the eighth day of my stay, that after a delightful walk to the curiously arched and excavated limestone cliffs which crop out so strangely amongst the black basalt of the Antrim coast, and home through the pretty sand-hills, now covered with white and pink Scotch roses, smelling like 'the gardens of Gul in their bloom,' I reached the hotel at a quarter past six o'clock. The bus from the express train had just arrived, and there being barely time to dress for dinner, I hastened to my room; but what was my surprise to find it already occupied, and by my friend Augustus Warren.

'Pardon me, Bill!' he exclaimed, rising in great apparent excitement from the portmanteau over which he had been stooping; 'Pardon me, and give me all the assistance in your power. I learned—how I cannot now explain to you—that she, Eveline, the object of my adoration, was, with her father, coming to spend some time at this hotel!'

'You don't tell me so!' I exclaimed, feeling my heart at the same time beginning to beat a little quicker. 'I have not seen them.'

'No, they can only have arrived here an hour since. Do you suppose that I am not aware of her movements? They are in this house, that is enough; and they will dine at the *table d'hôte*—I have ascertained that also; and now, Bill, my dear, my faithful friend, if you value long acquaintance and the claims of kindred, help me to dress; my hands tremble so that I cannot even unbuckle my portmanteau. But the clothes I have brought with me are, I believe, faultless; and if you assist me, all will be well. I have forgotten nothing, not even the wood-violet!'

I did not very much enjoy having all the time at my disposal occupied in adorning Augustus, for I confess I had some desire to appear to advantage myself; but thus appealed to, I set to work with as good a grace as I could, unbuckled his portmanteau, and unpacked his faultless garments, whilst he 'got up' his hair and budding mustachios; and afterwards I even contrived a few moments for brushing myself up a little; so that by the time the dinner-bell rang, we were both all but ready to make our debut in the coffee-room, which my bed-chamber almost adjoined. As steps were heard coming along the passage, and a soft rustle of silk swept past our door, Augustus' excitement reached its height.

'Bill, my dear fellow!' he exclaimed, with a last glance at the mirror, haven't I now, haven't I really rather a military air?'

'Indeed, yes,' I replied, 'you look remarkably well; but come along, or we shall be late, they are gone in to dinner.' So saying, I half opened the door, and was going out, when Augustus exclaimed,

'One moment—but one moment! I had almost forgotten the wood-violet, her favourite scent—that which is silently to breathe to her of my adoration!' Seizing one of the bottles on the chimney-piece—where I had laid all his perfumery—he gave it into my hand, saying, 'Pour it over my back, on my arms, everywhere; it leaves no mark on the black cloth, and the perfume is exquisite.'

There was but a moment; but in this moment, pulling out the glass stopper, I deluged my friend from head to foot, almost emptying the large bottle; hair, coat, hands, handkerchief, were all to breathe soft fragrance. In another instant we were both in the coffee-room.

It was crowded; but by some strange chance, wayward fortune, or kind fate, the only two vacant chairs were at the table where Mr. Rimmington and his daughter were already seated.

Augustus, with the most exquisite of bows, took the chair pointed out to him by the waiter; it was beside Eveline, and opposite to her father.

I took my seat also, but with what grace I cannot tell; for although the young lady looked prettier than ever, and recognized both me and my friend, a horrible suspicion, which within the last few moments had been dawning upon me, now no longer admitted of a doubt. Alas! it was, it must have been, my strong essence of peppermint, and not the wood-violet, with which I had imbued my friend. The air was, to use the words of the poet, 'oppressed with perfume.'

Mr. Rimmington slightly elevated his fine Roman nose, and looked about him; then in those deep and measured tones, which Augustus had before remarked, he said, 'It—seems—to me—that—this soup has—a flavour of peppermint!'

Miss Rimmington, with head bent rather low, took her soup in silence, not appearing to hear her father's words. The persons at the next table were evidently sniffing the scented air. Augustus alone appeared unconscious, wrapped for these few roseate moments in the glory which surrounded Eveline.

'How beautiful! how grand and sublime is the ocean!' he said, addressing her; 'but can its wild beauty quite compensate for all the sweetness of the woods, the groves, and the flowery parterres?'

'Well,' replied Miss Rimmington, who, unable to finish her soup, had laid down the spoon, 'I—I have generally found the air here very nice indeed.'

'One—would—think—this was an a—po—the—cary's shop,' continued Mr. Rimmington in the same slow tones.

At the words Augustus looked up suddenly with a scared glance at the speaker, as suddenly raised his scented handkerchief to his face, and looked at me. Oh, that look! I now know how the last glance of the victim must for ever haunt his murderer. Pushing back his chair, he rose from the table, and rushed out of the room. I followed him; but I must draw a veil over the scene which ensued, and the feelings which

were evinced towards me by the friend of my bosom. Suffice it to say, he left Portrush by the next train—whither he meant to go I could not precisely discover: he mentioned both Iceland and Kamtschatka as his intended destination.

As for myself, I did not venture back to the *table d'hôte*, but spent the remainder of the evening smoking on the rocks, and looking out to sea, in the most gloomy state of mind; grieving for my friend, and thinking that perhaps it might be better for me also to take my departure without again seeing either Mr. Rimmington or his fair daughter.

I resolved at least to breakfast at so early an hour that I should be unlikely to meet them; and with this view, I was walking toward the coffee-room at about half-past seven on the following morning, when in the corridor I met Miss Rimmington herself.

'Oh, Sir!' she said eagerly as she advanced to meet me; 'are you, or was the friend who was with you, a doctor? Or do you know anything of medicines? You remember, I met you in Mr. Hoyland's shop, and I so hope you will be able to do something to help my dear father, who is suffering from severe illness. I think you had,' she continued with some hesitation, and with heightening colour, 'I think you had some peppermint.'

'Certainly, certainly,' I replied. 'I have some still remaining, and other medicines also which might perhaps be of use to Mr. Rimmington. I am not a doctor, but I have some experience of illness. Could I see your father?'

'Surely,' she replied, leading the way to the old man's room.

I found him, although not seriously ill, suffering from spasms of the stomach, very similar to those by which I myself had been frequently attacked.

Hastening for my medicines, I immediately administered to him a dose of the anti-spasmodic mixture, which gave him almost instantaneous relief.

A little careful nursing finished the cure, so that he was well enough to appear at the *table d'hôte* again that evening. I too was there, but with what different feelings from those which I had experienced twenty-four hours before! That peppermint and anti-spasmodic mixture had been to me as good as ten letters of introduction. It seemed to me as if I had known Mr. and Miss Rimmington all my life—such things do happen.

They were higher than I was in the social scale—at least, they were much more wealthy—Mr. Rimmington being possessed of no inconsiderable property in the south of Ireland.

I was acquainted with some of their friends, and they knew some of mine—and some of poor Gus's too for that matter.

Old Mr. Hoyland himself had been a school-fellow of Mr. Rimmington's, and had frequently visited him during his stay in Belfast: and Miss

Rimmington once mentioned to me that she thought she had seen my cousin before; one evening, when she and her father were going to a flower show in the Botanic Gardens, he had been pointed out to them as Mr. Hoyland's assistant, and being a kind of connexion of their old friend, they had wished to notice him, but that he had conducted himself in such a very peculiar manner. Poor Gus! if he had only known!—and yet, if he had, how would it have been with me?

To make a long story short, I spent three more delightful weeks at Portrush, made friends, whom I trust I may retain for the remainder of my life; and at the end of my stay, Mr. Rimmington, having understood how much my health had suffered from close confinement to business, and being just then on the look-out for some person to whom he could entrust the agency and management of his affairs, offered the situation to me, which offer I have gladly and gratefully accepted. He has been more than a friend to me: and Eveline—but that is a subject I must not treat of here. She is all, and much more, than the brilliant fancy of Augustus painted her, and she is not less good and kind than her father.

I have only to add that my Cousin Augustus did not go either to Iceland or Kamtschatka; he still occupies his position in Mr. Hoyland's shop. I told him my story as soon as we met again; and if he is a sadder, I expect he is also a wiser man than formerly.

FERNDOM.

(BY FILIX-FŒMINA.)

CHAPTER IX.

A BATCH OF GENERA.

To the genus *Scolopendrium* but one British species (*vulgare*) is given. In the time of Linnæus this species figured as a follower in the wake of *Asplenium*, and bore the name of *A. scolopendrium*. The argument which has caused the separation of the genera is unknown to me, while the reason for the choice of the name is apparent to all who have examined our only known species, the fructification of which resembles the crawling, many-legged '*Scolopendra*' (a genus of myriapods). I should describe the ripe fructification, when under magnifying power, as an elongated hedge-hog; it is very rough, very fat, and very brown.

To our English minds, in the case of *Scolopendrium vulgare*, the species has been lost in the genus, and I could wish that a more specific name had been given to the former—as in the case of *A. filix-fœmina*, *B. lunaria*, &c.—'*vulgare*' or '*vulgatum*,' used simply, without the generic title,

conveys no definite idea to our mind; and in the cases in which these terms are employed, they necessitate the addition or the substitution of the name of the genus. But we must accept the matter as it stands, and either speak of *a Scolopendrium* when we mean *the* species *vulgare*, or modestly drop the Latin, and call the fern, as so many do, by its English title of the 'Harts-tongue Fern.'

Scolopendrium vulgare, or the Harts-tongue Fern, makes up in its well-nigh numberless varieties for what the genus lacks in species. The normal form is too common to need any description; it is the only British fern having fronds bearing fructification, which are in their shape entire, not even being pinnatifid, as in *Ceterach officinarum*. It is called a beautiful fern; and the long, graceful fronds of bright, dark green—with their even lines of rich brown sori lying in transverse masses from the mid-rib—have a beauty of their own, but it is of a bold type that asks only for a glance to reveal itself to every passer-by, and that seems to sing, with the milk-maid of the old nursery rhyme, 'My face is my fortune.'

And the varieties? they too have a boldness of look and harshness of texture about them, that prevent their laying claim to positive beauty; and yet they are such a curious race, that they amuse one by the exceeding eccentricities that they manifest, many of the forms appearing as if nature had given a *carte blanche* to the species to develop itself as it chose. And very great liberties it has taken! reckless of consequences, it has branched and twisted and twirled itself into such monstrous irregularities, that I only wonder that the original parent of this enormous horde of vagrants should be still able to exert specific control over the miscellaneous, ill-conditioned assemblage.

There will, doubtless, eventually be some fairy able to reduce these disordered elements into shape, and assort them into their proper groups; but the wand is not in my possession, and words would quickly fail me were I to attempt to explain the difference between marginatums and laceratums; between crispums and undulatums, and a dozen others where a distinction without much difference is made. Mr. Fraser gives the names of upwards of three hundred varieties of *S. vulgare*, but it is to be hoped that many of these are but synonyms.

There must ever be great difficulty attending a proper discrimination of varieties, a difficulty that seems to increase in proportion as the eye becomes more discerning.

It is truly said by one of our great naturalists, that 'a practised eye can detect discrepancies innumerable in specimens which appear absolutely alike to one that is uneducated; whilst a third person, better qualified still, will trace out other and more delicate distinctions with even greater precision. And thus it is,' continues the writer whom I am quoting, 'that we rise, step by step, to the comprehension of that great truth, that "there is no similitude in nature which owneth not also to a difference."' It is this very truth that makes the difficulty as to what

should be the proper limit assigned to the giving a distinct name to these infinite variations or varieties.

Many naturalists ignore 'varieties' altogether, speaking only of the 'variation of species,' but it comes to nearly, if not quite, the same thing in the end; and the simple acknowledgement of the existence of varieties does not interfere with the fact of species being unalterable in their fundamental characteristics; or to speak more explicitly, of species being subject to variations only within *fixed* limits. We may not know the boundaries of the limitations, but they most certainly do exist, else the whole Creation would be a chaotic mass of confusion instead of being governed by the perfect law of order which we see manifested everywhere around us.

We cannot help acknowledging the fact of this universal variation of similitudes—bound to a governing specific resemblance under fixed laws, while allowed space (if I may so speak) to indulge their own fancies, vagaries, or free-will, by the way—but the difficulty is (and I believe it is felt by most naturalists), what to do with these variations, how to classify them, how much 'play' to allow them before we claim the 'difference of the similitude' as a permanent 'variety,' giving to it an appropriate appellation?

This difficulty very soon presents itself to the fern-collector, and I think it puts itself more prominently forward in the fern of which I am now writing than in any other.

The normal form of the species, as it decks many a hedge-row bank, is so simple, that the eye gets accustomed to it at once; but we soon find the edges of the frond assuming a wavy look, and we cry, 'Here is *crispum*, only it is not quite crisp enough, and this specimen has fructification, it must be *undulatum*.' 'No,' says a looker on, '*undulatum* is much more quilled in appearance than that.'

What, then, is this? Simply nothing but that slight variation from the normal type of the species that helps to prove the truth of the axiom I have just quoted. Yet it *is* a variation, and if the quilling of the frond were a little more strongly marked, we should have the variety *undulatum*; more strongly yet, and it would become *crispum*; jag the edges of the quilling, and it is *fissum-latum*; add a tuft at the top and take away the slashes, and it is *crispum-multifidum*; reduce the centre of the frond to a plain surface, fringing the outside margin, and doing away with the tuft, and you have *marginatum*; lobe the margin only at intervals, and it is *sub-marginatum*; and so on through numberless variations; and between these forms there are often intermediates so nearly normal, that in glancing over them the eye should only be arrested to note the true value to be put upon all 'varieties' as compared with the well-nigh immutability of species.

Every modification of every departure from the normal type may claim to be a 'variety;' it is one in fact; but to give a name to each, even supposing it to be what is called permanent, would lead to endless confusion.

Unless a variety be thoroughly well defined, characteristic, and proved, it is safer to let it pass amongst those 'differences' which attend all 'similitudes;' but should a variety be worthy of a distinctive name, it would be well to let the name be given by some competent pteridologist.

But what hints can I offer for the arrangement of the three hundred varieties of *S. vulgare* which are supposed at present to exist?

First, I would discard from amongst them all gardeners' varieties; this would considerably reduce the number, for *S. vulgare* seems to be to ferns what the rose is to flowering plants.

Secondly, I would divide the varieties that remain into groups of undulate, marginate, lacerate, cornute, and ramose or multifid. These groups would embrace some of the most marked characteristics calling for attention.

Perhaps the most curious individuals of all, are those which belong to the cornute or horned group, in which the costa or mid-rib of the fronds separates itself from the leafy portion of the apex of the frond, and stands up like a spear, or, as its name implies, a horn.

There are several forms having this peculiarity: *cornutum* (found in Yorkshire and Somersetshire), and *cornuto-abruptum* (found in Yorkshire), are wild; but their rivals of the garden—*cornuto-superbum*, and *sub-cornutum*—are much more curiously horned.

The undulate, or wavy group—of which I would take *crispum* (found in Devonshire, Yorkshire, and Guernsey,) as the typical form—would comprise all those varieties in which the fronds, by their enlargement on each side of the mid-rib, become wavy, or frilled, whether in a smaller or greater degree; the *fact* and not the *degree* of the peculiar development, should in my opinion give the name to the group; differences caused by degree should be set down as sub-varieties, and designated thus: *undulatum-crispum*, &c.

Then follow the important group of marginate (known by the individuals comprising it having a narrow margin, which is seen on the under side of the frond, and is 'produced by the splitting of the epidermis which recedes towards the rachis'). Of this section *marginatum* would be the type, and within it would be included all those numerous forms that manifest their peculiar growth by marginal extravagances. A very beautiful form of this group, figured by Mr. Lowe, bears the name of *cervi-cornu*, the apex of the frond being branched like the antlers of a stag. I fear that this is but a gardener's variety. *Marginatum* is rather a common form in Somersetshire; I have found it well marked in Cornwall.

The lacerate group includes all the legion of forms having slashed or cleft edges, of which *laceratum* (found in Somersetshire, Yorkshire, &c.) would be the characteristic form; amongst these, *sagittato-projectum* (found in North Wales), and *muricatum* are well-defined varieties; *muricatum* not only possesses the edges of its narrow frond slashed, but the space between the slashes and the mid-rib is composed of an uneven,

blistered surface, which when seen beneath strong magnifying power has the most curious effect imaginable; both the face and back of the mid-rib is densely hairy.

I have left the largest group till last. It would be a difficult task to tidy the innumerable individuals comprising the ramose or multifid section, or to choose a representative form to head the list. I will, however, take at a venture the *ramosum* of Willdenow; it is found in Devonshire, and though not more curious than many others, it has the stamp of age and individuality about it, to give it a claim to priority. I cultivate several varieties of the multifid group; shall I shock my readers if I say that I call them all *multifidum*? which is a useful name for the nearly endless sub-varieties of this prolific form.

There is a very curious little variety, which was found in Ireland by Dr. Allchin, and called by him *rugosum* (from the 'wrinkled' excrescences which are thrown out at the apex of the frond); it is a singularly-marked and characteristic form; it has been lately found in Devonshire (by Mr. Tuck, the respected gardener of C. Stirling, Esq., of Teignmouth).

S. vulgare is exclusively a temperate fern, never occurring (as far as is at present ascertained) excepting in the temperate regions of Europe, North Africa, Azores, Canaries, Asia, and North America. It is unknown in Africa, New Zealand, and Australia; it is excluded from Palestine, as also from the Arctic regions, and all tropical countries.

In cultivation this fern likes peat earth, shade, and moisture, but it will manage to exist under very disadvantageous circumstances. It is an awkward fern (in its larger development) for a rockery, having a stiff uncompromising habit, and to me it is never beautiful when removed from the haunts of its own choosing, and to which it seems to adapt itself with a fitness which no other fern could have in a like degree. Sometimes we find it pendent from the sides of an old well, the continual drippings from the bucket, which would render any other fern untidy and decayed, only serving to keep the Harts-tongue bright and cool; or else it will be hanging in drooping wreaths from rocks jutting out over the river's bed, while tiny mosses creep about its feet, and *Hymenophyllum* nestles beneath the shadow of its shining fronds; or it will stand out in dark relief from a mass of paler verdure on some woodland bank overshadowed by hazel coppice, where the squirrel gathers his winter's store, and the throstle-cock sings his sweetest songs. Yes, I think Nature knows how to make the prettiest ferneries, but then the store is inexhaustible, and the knowledge boundless; she never creates a demand but the supply is ready, and though it may only consist of what in our gardens we should call a weed, yet no flower in the universe would answer the purpose required so well.

Amongst the many medicinal virtues ascribed to *S. vulgare* is an efficacy '*against* the stinging or biting of serpents;' but whether it should be used as a prevention or cure, I have not discovered.

In writing of the ninth division of British genera (the genus *Ceterach*),

Mr. Moore says, 'This genus is anomalous. Its affinity is with the *Asplenia* on account of its lateral sori, but the sori in the common species have no evident indusia, and hence might be taken to belong to the *Polypodia*, but for the position of the spore-cases.' Sir W. Hooker placed the one species of *Ceterach* (*officinarum*), amidst the *Asplenia*, and it stands in the 'Synopsis Filicum' as *A. ceterach*—*ceterach* being (we are told) a modification from *Chetherak*, a name applied to the plant by Arabian and Persian physicians.

The fronds of *Ceterach officinarum*, or the Common Scale Fern, are seldom more than four or five inches in length; they are pinnatifid and sometimes pinnate in the lower part; of a dull green on the face of the frond, relieved by a brown margin; while the back is like golden velvet, or seal skin, this rich colouring being caused by the immense accumulation of dense scales, and sori, which entirely covers the back, and lapping over, makes the brown margin appear on the face of the frond: the indusium is 'obsolete.' No other British fern has the same arrangement of sori, and it gives to the scale fern, in many places, the popular name of 'rusty-back.'

The world distribution of *A. ceterach* is very limited, being restricted to temperate Europe, North Africa, and Asia. It is one of the few ferns of Palestine, and in my rockery there is a cherished plant brought to me from Bethany, where it grew beside the 'olive-bordered' way so often trodden by the Saviour on His journeys to the home of Lazarus.

How the little plant escaped safely through all the vicissitudes of its long journey, it would be difficult to say. Gathered in the heat, tossed about for months in a hat-box, it looked little better than a few dried fronds when I received it; but the vitality of ferns is very great, and after a while, to my great delight, it put up first one and then another little silvery-looking frond, which are now developed into robust health; in form it approaches very nearly to the variety *crenatum*.

Little 'rusty-back' is generally distributed over Britain, but it is always local in its growth, and discriminating in the choice of its habitats. It is comparatively rare in Scotland; indeed, I regard it altogether as a rare fern, though where it does occur it grows freely. I have no trouble in cultivating it; I plant it anywhere on well-drained peat soil with a stone near at hand, round which the fronds will cluster, and flourish happily, provided it be sufficiently large to protect their roots from the full blaze of the sun.

Mr. Fraser gives three varieties to *A. ceterach*:—*crenatum* (having crenate or crinkly lobes, and found in Devonshire and other places); *depauperatum* (found in Ireland); and *ramosum* (a dwarf form found in Devonshire). Mr. Lowe mentions several others, but as I look upon all varieties of this fern as somewhat doubtful, I will not enumerate them.

Genus X. dwells in the hazy atmosphere of argument; Mr. Moore and others boldly assert it to be *Blechnum*; Mr. Baker (following Sir W. Hooker's arrangement) dubs it *Lomaria*; but whether regarded as

Blechnum or *Lomaria*, one species (*spicant*, or the Common Hard Fern) alone represents either genus. Linnæus gave the species to the genus *Osmunda*, but, as far as my judgment extends, I should prefer placing it with *Lomaria*—a genus thus described in a little work I have on New Zealand Ferns: 'Sori on a separate frond, capsules finally covering the whole surface of the narrow pinnæ; involucre (a synonym for indusium) marginal, continuous, thin, and shriveled; sometimes reaching to the costa, but when the fructification is ripe often very inconspicuous. The fronds generally growing in tufts, the central ones bearing fructification, the rest barren.'

If so well-known and common a fern as *Blechnum spicant* required a description, we could scarcely find a more simple or suitable one than the above, and we shall not be surprised to learn that some authorities merge the two genera into one; thus cutting short a great deal of pleasant talking, and hardly simplifying the matter, as even in New Zealand I find thirteen species given to *Lomaria*, and to these about forty more are added from various countries.

But to return to our one species (*spicant*), which grows literally throughout Britain, especially reveling in bog-land, where it sometimes attains the height of three and even four feet; the fertile fronds are stiff and hard, but the barren ones are peculiarly graceful.

It is to be found generally throughout Europe; within the Arctic Circle; in the temperate regions of North Africa, Asia, and North America. It is excluded from the ferns of New Zealand, and Australia, and from all tropical countries.

Mr. Fraser gives to *Blechnum spicant* seventy-seven varieties, and some of these are extremely interesting, though their general habit is too stiff to allow of their being called beautiful.

There is the tiny *anomalum*—with fronds rarely exceeding four inches in height—struggling for the possession of some favoured spot with trailing *Wahlenbergia* and still more determined *Pinguicula;* and, despising the common rules of its kind, *spreads out* its little fertile fronds, which have a less contracted look than obtains with other varieties. In the various specimens of *anomalum* which I have found there have been no barren fronds. Then there are the curiously-dwarfed forms of *caudatum* and *lancifolium*, the apex of their fronds elongated into a lance-like shape, and so alike, they scarcely need more than one name between them.

There are imbricate forms, with their crowded tile-like pinnæ; and interrupted, irregularly-shaped forms, each with a characteristic name.

There is also a crested group, and from it I would select *ramosum* as perhaps the prettiest and the best; but *ramosum* (though a wild variety) is difficult to find, and difficult to cultivate; I have moved it round and round my rockery, and can hardly make it thoroughly happy anywhere. I have lately found a specimen approaching *ramosum*, in Carnarvonshire, in one of the deep solitudes formed by Snowdon and the Glyder Fawr, with the Cwm Glas, or Blue Vale, lying between. My little fern was dwelling

in company with the star-like Saxifrage (*S. Stellaris*), with its yellow eyes and coral-tipped stamen, while near at hand the deep purple of *Pinguicula vulgaris* and the golden *Narthecium* raised up their bright blossoms out of bog-land towards the dark grey mountains which hide away in their fastnesses the rare *Lloydia serotina*, and the still more rare *A. germanicum*, with as much of *Woodsia ilvensis* as the rapacity of guides has left to reward the true fern-hunter.

But if I begin to speak of the botanical treasures of that grand pass (whose stern mountains bear on their cold bosoms evidences of the far-off glacial period, with many a curious shell and fossil), I shall never stay my pen. At one moment the old-fashioned 'globe flower' (*Trollius europæus*) of our gardens, greets one's eye; at another, the yellow poppy (*Meconopsis cambrica*); a delicious scent attracts one from these, and close by, there is a very parterre of orchises; *Habenaria bifolia*, and *chloranthe*, with the exquisitely-sweet *Gymnadenia conopsea*; beneath one huge boulder there will be a carpet of *P. phegopteris*; beneath another, *P. dryopteris*; while up there, where sheep look like mushrooms, the much sought for *P. lonchitis* dwells; and here and there, half way between, *P. Robertianum* (*if Robertianum* be a species), and *Cystopteris fragilis* grows sparingly.

'See,' said the Welsh botanist who was my companion, '*A. germanicum* and *septentrionale* grow with the evening sun, and *P. lonchitis* with the morning sun; it is always so I find them, the other way never.' Alas! it was not so *I* found them! I mounted up and scrambled on, and when quite tired out, I said, 'And now how far off is *germanicum*?'

My guide—pointing up to a crag which seemed to soar into the very heavens, and lowering his voice to a mysterious whisper, lest the wind should reveal the secret—said, 'Do you see that rock like a man? Well, indeed you must just go there, and *germanicum* is not very far off, and I did show him to Mr. Babington.'

'How hot Mr. Babington must have been!' thought I, as I began to descend, leaving *germanicum* in peace and safety in its lonely home amidst the clouds.

And the *Blechnum spicant*? Perhaps, after all, it is only *cristatum*, or even *bifidum*, but *bifidum* with small compact fronds, the apex of which is prettily crested rather than forked. 'We shall see by-and-by, whatever,' as the dear Welsh peasants say.

There is perhaps no fern with which the generality of fern collectors is so little acquainted, as the only British representative of the genus *Pteris*. It is a fern seldom cultivated, seldom indeed admired, save when a breeze stirs its light 'wings' on some upland slope, and, as if in excuse for admiring anything so common, we say, 'How pretty the Bracken looks to-day, but everything looks well with such a sky overhead.'

Is it in revenge for our qualified admiration that this common species refuses to be transplanted after the ordinary manner of its tribe, and is so uncommon in our gardens and cultivated shrubberies? Or does the

fault lie at our doors, and is it with the fern as with pertinacious acquaintances, we fear to make any advances lest we should not be able to shake them off when they become troublesome? Certain it is that when the Bracken *does* establish itself, it has a way of popping up in all sorts of inconvenient places.

But I would not be disrespectful to this cosmopolitan *Pteris*—the '*filix-fœmina*' of the ancients, the *aquilina* of Linnæus.

With the exception of temperate South America, *Pteris aquilina* is, in one or other of its forms, world-wide in distribution. It greets the bilious English *Sahib* on the 'hills' of India, bringing before him visions of grouse, partridge, and oxygen. It has power for a moment to make the African merchant forget the yellow fever, in happy dreams of home. The variety *esculenta* is to New Zealand what the species itself is to Britain, 'generally covering open, uncultivated land.' In Palestine the genus is represented by the species *lanceolata*.

Pteris aquilina is the most useful fern we possess. In the moor districts it is mown in the autumn and stored away in stacks for winter litter. In gardens it is largely used as a protection against spring frosts, while the thick angles of the branches make excellent garden pegs. Mr. Moore tells us that in some countries a kind of bread is made from a part of the underground stems, which have also been employed for brewing purposes; indeed, stems, branches, and fronds, have all been turned to some useful economic purpose.

Mr. Fraser gives seven varieties to *P. aquilina*, and these do not include *vera* (which may be considered as a variation of the species, rather than as a variety), and a new form (lately found in Nottinghamshire) to which Mr. Moore has given the name of *plumosa*, from the soft, feather-like character of the deeply-cleft pinnulets.

Mr. Moore divides *P. aquilina* into two distinct groups, *vera* and *integerrima*; in *vera* 'the secondary pinnules are more or less deeply pinnatifid; in *integerrima* they are almost or quite even or entire on the margin.'

As a broad division this is good, and I would suggest that all other forms should be treated as sub-varieties of these two groups; but some of the variations of *vera* are so beautifully cleft throughout the entire specimen, that, if they prove permanent, they are worthy of a distinct title.

There is a crested group, and to one of its forms Mr. Moore has given the name of *cristata*. I do not know how far *cristata* has proved itself worthy of being considered as a true variety, but I do know that many and many a 'crested' *aquilina* has turned out to be only a 'sport' (a convenient title when the difficulties of transplantation and carriage are so great).

(To be continued.)

AUNT CECILY'S MUSIC LESSONS.

PART I.—MABEL'S MUSIC-BOOK.

LESSON IX.

For the next four days Mabel had no music lessons, because there was company in the house, and Miss Wells was occupied with helping her sister to entertain her guests. But Mabel's musical studies did not stand still for all that. It so happened that there were no less than five persons among the visitors who sang well; and Aunt Cecily managed to get permission for Mabel to come into the drawing-room when they were singing, which not only gave the child intense pleasure, but also did her musical faculties more good than many lessons at the pianoforte could have done.

Three out of these five singers were ladies, and two were gentlemen. Lady Mary Mellany and her two daughters were the Trebles and Contralto; Mr. St. Leger (a nephew of Lady Mary's) and Mr. Barry (a cousin of the Miss Mellanys) were the Tenor and Bass.

Mr. Barry was a clergyman attached to the cathedral of X——, which was nearly seven miles from Ashton. Mr. St. Leger had only just entered the army, and his regiment was quartered at a large town within ten miles of Ashton. Lady Mary was a widow, Mr. Mellany having been dead some years. He had left only one son, who was much younger than his sisters, and was at school. Lady Mary was connected with Mabel's father, through her brother's having married a cousin of Mr. Greene's. Lady Mary's brother was called the Honourable and Reverend Chandos Auriel, and he was a dignitary of the Cathedral of X——.

One evening, (which Mabel remembered for a long time after as the most delightful evening she had ever spent,) Mr. and Mrs. Auriel, Mr. Barry, and Mr. St. Leger, all dined at Ashton; and the persons invited to meet them were the rector of the parish, Mr. Bright, with his wife and daughter, and his curate, Mr. Miller, with two young men, his pupils, who had left school only about six months, and were reading with Mr. Miller for college. The party assembled at Ashton on what Mabel called her 'happy evening' consisted of ten people who were decidedly musical, and five who were not. At the same time, the five who did not *understand* music were all of them persons gifted by nature with a good ear, and capable therefore of enjoying music, though they could not execute it. Mrs. Greene told Lady Mary and her daughters that she had asked Mr. Miller and his pupils because they all knew how to sing; and in addition, one of the young men was a very fair violin player, and that she hoped to have an evening that would satisfy *her musical friends!* Lady Mary said she should enjoy it very much; and then turning to

Miss Wells, she suggested the making out of a programme of what music would be most suitable for the occasion, in order that no time might be lost in the evening in settling what they should try. So, after breakfast, Miss Wells and the Miss Mellanys looked over all the music they had with them, and held a consultation in the library as to what they should select.

Mabel, who had a whole holiday, was in the library, watching all the proceedings of Aunt Cecily and her friends with eager curiosity. It struck her as very strange that they should talk so much about what was to be chosen, and what piece was to go before or after another. She thought to herself that it would have been a much easier plan just to take the first thing that came to hand, and play or sing it, and go on in that way all the evening. She could not think what Miss Mellany meant by objecting to a proposal of her sister's to beginning with the overture to 'Coriolanus,' and then singing a part-song called 'Praise of Spring.' Miss Mellany objected that 'Coriolanus' was too sad and too exciting to begin with, and she suggested 'Melusine,' or 'The Midsummer Night's Dream,' to be followed by Mendelssohn's 'Praise of Spring,' and that by a duett of Mozart for pianoforte and violin, followed by some vocal music by the same composer, and this wound up by one of Mozart's overtures. Miss Wells said that would do very well for the first part of the programme, but that towards the end of the evening it would be well to have a selection from 'The Creation,' because Mr. Auriel had a special fancy for Haydn, and sung his music remarkably well. Miss Mellany said that her mother had the same taste, and enjoyed singing from 'The Creation' above all things.

Mabel longed to ask what 'The Creation' might be, and who Haydn was, but she was afraid of being 'troublesome,' and kept silent. Three words she heard used often during the consultation bothered her very much. These words were 'Tenor,' 'Alto,' and 'Contralto.' 'Treble' and 'Bass' were quite old friends, and she knew that 'Soprano' was the same as 'Treble.' She made out at last that Mr. St. Leger was called 'Tenor,' but Miss Mellany seemed to be sometimes 'Alto,' and sometimes 'Contralto.' By-and-bye she was still farther puzzled by hearing her aunt say that she thought they might perhaps get up one of Haydn's quartetts, as she knew Clement Bowyer (one of Mr. Miller's pupils) had been teaching Charles Lyne (the other youth) to fiddle lately, and that they could send a note over to X—— to ask Mr. Auriel if he would bring his violoncello, and that Mr. Miller was quite up to 'taking the Tenor.'

When Miss Wells finished that sentence, she was surprised to hear Mabel exclaim, 'O—h, Aunt Cecily!' and the exclamation fairly out of her mouth whether she would or no, poor Mabel got very red when the Miss Mellanys turned their eyes upon her and smiled *enquiringly*.

'What is it, Mabel?' said Miss Wells.

'Oh, dear Aunt Cecilia, I don't want to be troublesome, but will you tell me, when you have time, what is a "TENOR?"'

'It will not take much time to tell you that,' said Aunt Cecily, laughing. 'You remember the sound of middle C?'

'Oh yes!' cried Mabel, delighted to find herself on *terra firma*, after having been at sea so long.

'Do you know the sounds of the notes just above and just below middle C?' Miss Wells asked.

'Oh yes,' said Mabel; 'it is something like this going up;' and she began to sing, '*Do Re Mi Fa Sol*,' pitching the *Do* so accurately, that the Miss Mellanys looked at her with surprise, and then glanced at each other.

'What a wonderful ear that child has!' said Clara Mellany.

Miss Wells replied, in a tone of indifference, 'Yes, her ear is not bad; and I have taken much pains to make her *listen well*, and she is a very obedient pupil.—Now, Mabel, we will ask Louisa if she will be so kind as to sing the notes just below middle C, because they will be too low for your voice or mine either.'

Miss Mellany had a remarkably deep Contralto voice, and she had been in the habit of singing high Tenor parts an octave below, when her mother and sister wanted to try duetts or trios, and there was no singing gentleman with a Tenor voice to be had.

Miss Mellany sung from *Do* down to *Fa* (4th line in the Bass) with ease, and then stopped and gave the *Mi* and even the *Re* quite distinctly, but with a slight effort, and the notes were inferior in quality to the others. Then she said, laughing, 'I *could* growl out the *Do* below, but it would not do my voice any good. The common Tenor notes, Mabel, are from *Sol* 4th space in the Bass, to *La* 2nd space in the Treble; but low Tenors can go several notes lower, and high Tenors two notes and sometimes even three notes higher.'

'Oh, thank you, Louisa,' said Mabel, with gratitude in her eyes. 'It is very kind of you to explain it to me.'

'Louisa,' said Clara Mellany, 'How do you make out *three* notes higher? The famous *Ut de poitrine* of Desprès, that broke that foolish Nourrit's heart, was but two above La.'

'I count the semitones,' Miss Mellany answered.

'Oh, I see,' said Clara; 'but why not count the head notes?'

'Clara, we must finish our work at once,' said Miss Wells, 'for I must go down to the school before luncheon.'

'Are *you* teaching the school children to sing?' said Clara. 'I thought all that was done now-a-days by the school-mistress or pupil-teacher, and that they were jealous of any outside interference. Last year, when we were at Baymouth, we wanted a country walk one Sunday afternoon, and we went about three miles inland, on a steeple chase. At last we arrived at a fine old church we had seen a long way off, and in we went. Everything was very nice except the music. They had an old barrel-organ, and the village children sung—oh, I fancy I hear them now—false to that degree! oh, dreadful!'

Miss Mellany stopped her sister. 'Now, Clara, we must not waste Cecilia's time in this way.'

'Oh, there's lots of time yet,' said Clara. (Mabel thought to herself parenthetically, 'How I should get found fault with if I said "there's lots."') 'Why, it can't be much past ten,' Clara continued. 'We've only just done breakfast.'

Miss Mellany glanced at the clock on the chimney-piece. 'Ten minutes to eleven,' she said. 'I did not think it had been so late. O Cecilia, don't mind about this programme of Mamma's. We sha'n't keep to it, you'll see. We've settled enough for the start. Do you go off to your little choir, and leave our *finale* to chance.'

'Yes,' said Clara, 'do; and let me go with you, and spare your voice a little.'

'Will you?' said Miss Wells. 'Oh, thank you very much. It will be quite a treat to the children to hear you, and what tries my little scrap of a voice will be mere play to your grand organ.'

'Oh, I shall have such fun,' said Clara, 'going along; I am determined to tell you the story Louisa cut short—how her offers of service were rejected contemptuously by the school-mistress and the pupil-teacher, and (oh dear! oh dear!) by the squire's lady too! I believe she thought we were two pushing music-mistresses or daily governesses, from Baymouth, touting for customers!'

'You had better be getting your hat, Clara. You'll keep Cecilia waiting,' said Miss Mellany, nodding significantly to her sister, with a side-glance at Mabel.

'I'm off—pardon, good people!' cried Clara, running to the door with a comical air of penitence. Then looking back, she added, 'O Cecilia, it will be such a consolation to have *you* all to myself! Won't I talk *quanto mi piace e pare.—A rivederti!*' she added, kissing the tips of her fingers in the Florentine fashion as she disappeared, leaving Mabel lost in wonder as to what all this might mean. One thing she certainly understood, and that was, that Clara wished to have a walk with Aunt Cecily *alone*, and that it would not do for her to ask if she might go to the school with them.

So, with a gentle sigh, Mabel gave up that idea, and turning to Miss Mellany, who was beginning to sort and put away the music, (scattered about not only on tables, but on sofas and chairs as well,) she asked if she might help her put it away.

Miss Mellany smiled and said, 'I'm afraid, dear child, you won't be of much use to me. These books are heavy, and I want to put every piece where I can find it quickly.'

Aunt Cecily, going out of the room, looked back, and said, 'You may trust her, Louisa. She is a strong child, and Miss Ruler has taken much pains to give her pupil orderly ways.'

Louisa understood this perfectly, and fixing her eyes on Aunt Cecily's, she said, with a smile, 'I shall like to have her with me, if I may, till you come back.'

'Oh, how nice!' Mabel cried. 'I'm sure I may stay, because it is a *whole* holiday, and Miss Ruler's gone to Slowington to spend the day with her friend Mrs. Moffin.'

'I dare say Miss Ruler is as glad to get a holiday as you are, Mabel,' said Miss Mellany. 'Just put that portfolio on the pianoforte, and then put these three books of your aunt's into that Canterbury. Thank you, dear. Now we will put all this on the top shelf of the music-stand.'

And so Miss Mellany went on till all was arranged to her satisfaction, and then she proposed going to see Mabel's garden and live-stock.

'Oh, how delightful!' cried Mabel. 'I'd no idea you would remember my pigeons and my rabbits, dear Louisa, it's such a time since you were here. I don't feed them every day, as I used to. Martha takes care of them now, because I've not time. Besides, Miss Ruler doesn't like my being with animals. She says I must spoil either my gloves or my hands, and it is quite true. But, Louisa, when I'm grown up, I *intend* to spoil my gloves and my hands, for one can't garden *well* without; and as for my dresses, I shall wear plain ones in the morning, and have a great garden-apron with sleeves, you know, and pockets to hold seeds and scissors. Oh, won't it be nice? Now, I'll be ready in half a minute!'

'But I shall take more than a whole minute, Mabel, to get ready,' said Miss Mellany, laughing. 'It will be damp and dirty where we are going. I must prepare for that.'

They ascended the great staircase together, and while Mabel ran off to her part of the house, Miss Mellany opened the door of the morning-room, where Lady Mary and Mrs. Greene were sitting together talking, with needlework in their hands. Miss Mellany asked Mrs. Greene if Mabel might go out about the place with her, and then she told Lady Mary that Clara had gone to the school with Cecilia. Miss Mellany never forgot those little civilities which help to make every-day life smooth. She had to think all the more of such matters, because her mother and sister were both apt to neglect them; Lady Mary from a certain quiet indifference to trifles, and Clara from being always entirely taken up with whatever happened to occupy her fancy at the moment.

After Mabel had shown Miss Mellany her possessions in the way of land and live-stock, they turned towards the house, and walked up and down on the terrace, talking. The aspect was southerly, and the spot so sheltered that the winter sun sufficed to make it quite warm. They talked of many things, and at last they got round to music, and Mabel thought this a good opportunity to satisfy her curiosity about 'Tenors.'

'How was it,' she said, 'that you called Mr. St. Leger "*a* Tenor," and yet you say Mr. Miller is going to play "*the* Tenor?"'

Miss Mellany. If I said Bass sounds or Treble sounds, what should I mean?

Mabel. You would mean the low sounds for the Bass—the *gruff* sounds; and the Treble would be the high sounds—the squeaky ones, you know.

Miss M. The Tenor and Alto will be the middle, then. The Tenor will

go down a little way into the Bass, and the Alto will extend a little way into the Treble. So that I, who have the sort of voice called Contralto, can imitate the upper notes of a Tenor voice, and also the lower part of a Soprano or Treble voice. Clara has a Soprano or high Treble voice. My mother has what is called a Mezzo-soprano or half-treble. She can sing higher than I can, and lower than Clara; but she cannot go down as deep as I do, nor as high as Clara. Frank St. Leger has a high Tenor—just such a voice for a man as Clara's is for a woman.

'A woman!' Mabel repeated in a half-whisper to herself.

Miss Mellany smiled. 'A young lady, if you like; but Clara is a young woman too. But never mind that now. Let me tell you about the clefs. Frank St. Leger has a high Tenor voice; Robert Barry has a high Bass voice of the kind called a Baritone. My Uncle Auriel has a real Bass voice, what the Italians call a Basso profondo, deep Bass.'

Mabel repeated in a half whisper, 'Basso profondo—*profondo*, oh, that's *profound;* "a profound silence." I had that in my translation yesterday. Italian seems to be like French. I thought they were quite different.'

Miss M. So they are, though there are many words much alike in both languages. Well, to keep to one thing. You see, if my uncle were to sing his natural notes they would be on the Bass stave, and below it; Mr. Barry would be on the stave, and above it. Frank would sing the upper notes of the Bass clef and the ledger notes above, and the first and second lines and spaces of the Treble clef. Do you see it?

Mabel. Oh yes, quite plain. And I know what *you* would sing—the Treble clef, and down below, ledger lines as far as D 3rd line in Bass clef. And Lady Mary would sing in the Treble clef, but I don't know how high.

Miss M. Mamma can take G quite easily. *I* can't go above F, and that is not a note of the same kind as my other notes, and indeed neither is E. Clara can go up to D above the lines. She can sing B above the lines as easily as I can take D 4th line. Above B her notes are of a different quality, weak and thin, but quite sweet and clear.

Mabel. What a curious thing it is that voices should be so different!

Miss M. It is the same with faces; no two are exactly alike; but we can divide voices into Trebles, Altos, Tenors, and Basses. Alto is a peculiar high voice among men, the same as Contralto (such as mine) is among female voices. When boys are employed to sing the first or highest part, a male Alto takes the second, a Tenor the third, and a Bass the fourth or lowest, part. You know what a 'part' is, I am sure, or you would not have understood what I have been saying so readily.

Mabel. Oh yes, I know the highest sound is the air or melody, and the lowest the Bass, and that what each voice sings is a 'part.'

Miss M. You have learnt the Treble and Bass clefs. Those are the highest and lowest parts. There are two more clefs for the middle parts, called the Alto and Tenor clefs.

Mabel (looking greatly alarmed.) Shall I have to learn them?

Miss M. That depends on what Aunt Cecily thinks about it. I learnt them when I was in Italy, many years ago; and I have been glad since that I did learn them, for if I had left it till now, I don't think I should ever have done it.

Mabel. But does everyone learn them? Are they in the Instruction Book?

Miss M. No, they are not in those in common use, but it would be well if they were. However, one can play the pianoforte without knowing them, so it does not matter.

Mabel. But is it *ignorant* not to know them?

Miss M. I don't say that; but no one could claim the right to be called a musician who did not know them.

Mabel. I don't want to be called a musician. I only want to play and sing.

Miss M. Quite enough for you; but, Mabel, I knew a little girl, at Florence, only ten years old, who could read all the four clefs together, at sight. She knew harmony thoroughly, and could write music correctly without the aid of any instrument. She was a wonderful child. She knew every sound by her ear. You might play what you liked on the pianoforte, and she could write the notes as you played them, though she was out of sight of the key-board.

Mabel. That does not seem to me wonderful. When Aunt Cecily sings, I often write down the sounds.

Miss M. That is a different thing. She gives you the pitch, the *first* sound, and you measure the distances from that. And then she sings very slowly, and only the most simple sounds. But now you could not tell this.

Miss Mellany sang the following passage:—

Mabel sang it after her pretty accurately, and said, 'No, I couldn't write that.'

Miss Mellany said she herself was not sure of the *pitch*. She could not tell whether she had started on A♭, A, B♭, or B. She knew it was one of those sounds. And she could tell the precise distance of each sound from the other. 'My little Florentine,' she said, 'could tell you what each instrument in an orchestra was playing, and she could find out who was in fault when some played false and the rest were right. And more than that, she could name the precise sound each performer was singing or playing in a chorus accompanied by a full band, if asked at any moment, and in music she had never heard before. I had some Italian friends, who often took her to the opera and amused themselves with

making her exercise this curious faculty. She was never at a loss, and I never knew her to make a mistake.

Mabel. How could she do it?

Miss M. She had a singularly good ear by nature, and had learnt music through singing, and *writing what she sung*, at a 'Scuola di Musica,' where children went every day to learn music, just as in England they go to a national school to learn reading, writing, grammar, and arithmetic. She learnt the different branches of music not merely by ear and eye and memory, but by her understanding.

Mabel. I hope Aunt Cecily will let me learn all the clefs. Is it difficult?

Miss M. Not at all. It takes time, of course. How long have you been learning the Treble and Bass clefs?

Mabel. I have not learnt the Bass clef. I know only E G B D F and F A C E.

Miss M. Is that all? How long have you learnt?

Mabel (sighing.) I began nearly three weeks ago, and I can't play a *real* tune yet!—(Another sigh.)

Miss M. Three weeks! My dear child, I thought you had learnt six months at least! You've learnt a great deal, I can tell you. I'll show you all the clefs now. Go and get me five slender sticks. Down there I see a branch of dead fir. That will do capitally; and bring a blade of grass too.

Mabel runs off and picks up the fir bough, and gathers a handful of grass.

Miss Mellany breaks off five bits, the straightest she can find, and lays them on the top of the terrace balustrade. 'Now, Mabel,' she says, 'there are the five lines with the spaces between.' She takes a blade of grass, saying, 'Wherever I lay this, the line or space where I put it is to be middle C.' She lays it below the first line, saying, 'Now it is on the middle C of the pianoforte. In this case the 1st line is E, just as you have learnt it. Now I will put it on the 1st line. This is called the Soprano clef. When I see a note on the 1st line, and this clef before it, I must sing it *Do* or middle C; and that will make the note you call G turn into E. I'm afraid I am puzzling you, Mabel. Aunt Cecily will scold me for meddling!

Mabel. Oh, no! I am nearly sure I understand. Why is it called Soprano clef? I thought my Treble clef was the same as Soprano.

Miss M. In Italy they write the music to be sung by Soprano voices in this clef. As I began singing at Florence with a master who had never been out of Tuscany in his life, and spoke no language but Italian, I learnt in the way he taught Italians, and all the songs he brought me were written or printed in this clef.'

Just then Miss Wells and Clara were seen on the drive coming up from the south lodge, and this made Miss Mellany stop short and say, 'O Mabel, it must be luncheon-time, and we have been long enough at this. I'll tell you more about it to-morrow, if Aunt Cecily will allow me.'

(To be continued.)

KORNEGALLE JACK.

A HISTORY OF A TAME CINGALESE ELEPHANT AND HIS WILD KINDRED.

I WONDER if anyone ever saw an elephant in a menagerie for the first time, or indeed at any time, without thinking how hideously ugly he was. Of all the strange creatures that come over the sea to be shut up in Zoological Gardens, or to be dragged about the country in wild beast shows, the 'Sagacious Elephant' of all the story-books is certainly the most repulsive and unnatural to our English eyes. Almost all other creatures are like something we have seen. The bison are bulls, the zebras donkeys; lions and tigers are only 'great cats;' but what in all the Western world was ever at all like an elephant? He looks such a huge, shapeless, half-alive creature, his head always too big for him; and his skin, too, as it hangs in folds, like a covering of dingy leather, which wanted tightening to make him at all tidy; and I believe, poor fellow, that is just what it does want.

The elephants one sees in country shows especially, have only just food enough to keep them alive, for hay is dear, and green food not to be had in the immense quantities required by such a huge vegetarian, and so the poor great beast, humble and gentle, and sleepily contented as he always looks, is generally really half starving; and his untidy-looking skin would be much more tight and trim about him, if he only had flesh on his bones to fill it out. But the most wonderful, and also the most disagreeable thing about him is his snake-like trunk. It does not at all reconcile one to think of all the extraordinary things he can do with it; it only makes it more disagreeably unnatural, as it comes stretching out like a huge black-grey boa-constrictor over one's shoulder, when its owner, the great monster, ever so far off, has sent it to hunt for gingerbread-nuts amongst the crowd. Faith, even in the wisdom of the huge beast, is rather shaken, when one sees that he is utterly absorbed all day long in his prospects as to those very gingerbread nuts. He is thinking of them, and them only, as he sways his proboscis over the heads of his visitors; one can see the twinkle of his eyes as he keeps it waiting near the hand of a possible benefactor, and then a look of stolid satisfaction as he sweeps up the tiny scrap at the end of his trunk, and carries it aloft on its way to the hideous mouth waiting wide open for it—waiting so wide open, that he looks as if he could swallow half his company as easily as the cakes, which he puts so daintily far down the depths of that ugly red cavern.

This, then, is the sagacious elephant, the grandest, and wisest, and often the gentlest-natured of all living creatures. And he *is* all this, grotesque and ugly as he looks in his square wooden box, where neither his strength or cleverness or beauty can possibly be seen properly. He stands there stupified by captivity and idleness, sometimes, I am afraid,

too, by hunger, a poor fellow to whom even bits of gingerbread may be an object. He is out of his element, or rather a picture out of all keeping; but he wants only another and a grander background, to show that he, too, has a wonderful beauty of his own. But then, you must forget him as a wild beast in a menagerie, and think of the stately creature of many a pageant in the gorgeous East; or better still, put him back in fancy, where he will never, poor fellow, be again in reality, in the depths of his own Cingalese forests. There he becomes a part of all that wealth of life, that almost overwhelming splendour of beauty, which makes all descriptions of a tropical forest like the tale of an enchanter's dream. There the trees are all of strange forms, fan-like foliage throwing sharp depths of shadow in the blinding sunshine; often wreathed by lovely creepers, all blue and gold and scarlet blossoms. Sometimes a sun-shower hangs every leaf and flower with pendent brilliants. Even loathsome things are lovely there. Tree-snakes, with colours like burnished metals, flash like living gems amongst the leaves—'sunbeams,' as the natives call them. Gorgeous birds flit from bough to bough. Now and then you may come upon hundreds of peacocks sitting still in the noon-day heat, each bird upon its favourite perch, a withered bough, its long train of green and gold and purple catching the glimpses of sunlight through the leaves, while thousands of gaudy parroquets scream and flutter, bits of bright green and yellow and scarlet amongst the darker green of the foliage. Whole menageries of monkeys chatter, and swing, and jump in the branches; and there, too, sometimes is to be seen the fitful flight of the most lovely of all birds, the bird of paradise, with its spray-like plumage silvered in the sunshine, hovering as if it had no feet to touch the earth, or was too beautiful for earth, as the old fables said.

Somewhere from the green depths of the forest—the jungle, as it is called in Anglo-Indian patois—amongst the discordant scream and chatter of birds and monkeys, and the hum of innumerable insects, there comes the sweet merry note of a song-bird. It is the pretty little tailor-bird, singing at her work. If you could see her, you would find her deftly stitching together leaves for her nest, with a cotton thread of her own twisting, and singing as she sews. And there, too, is the still stranger weaver-bird, who lights up her nest with fire-flies every night, fastening her live candles with clay to the twigs that make the doorway of her pendent nest, her mate going to sleep by the light of the same fairy tapers, which he has arranged for himself upon each side of his perch.

Almost more beautiful even than the birds and flowers are the butterflies, flying, not in the sunshine, but in the shade of the moist foliage of the jungle. There is one with wings six inches across, as large as many an English bird, which flutters over the acres of delicious blue heliotrope, with upper wings of deep velvet-black, and under wings of sheeny yellow, through which the sunshine passes. Another butterfly has

the same black velvet wings, but all dropped with vivid crimson spots; and more beautiful than all, in the spray of the waterfalls, its gauzy wings kept moist by the water, is the lovely spectre butterfly.

There are no tigers or hyenas in the jungles of Ceylon. At night the air is heavy with the scent of the sweet night-blowing moon-flower, and many another tropical plant which we look at with delight and wonder in our English hot-houses.

And all this world of splendour goes on, ever more beautiful, over hill and plain for hundreds of miles, until in the interior of the grand island, there are those mountain ranges, whose peaks, like silver in the sun,

'Shine down on all the land.'

And this is the elephant's home. Here he ranges in great herds through the jungle, the happiest, as he is the wisest and greatest of God's creatures, till tracked out in his forest home, and slaughtered to make sport for Englishmen. Hundreds are made targets for rifle practice, and nothing else, every season; left to be torn by wild beasts, or eaten by vultures, in the depths of the jungle. One English officer alone, in a very few years, butchered one thousand four hundred, and was considered, perhaps, the very finest sportsman that ever came out to India. No thought of the utter waste of life, or the pain and useless death of the 'game' afoot, ever lowered a keen sportsman's weapon yet. It is 'sport;' and there is nothing more to be said. His own intrepidity and skill is all in all; the blood, and pain, and wounds of the killed creature, nothing. Or rather, they help to satisfy that mysterious wild man instinct, which makes the polished Englishman of to-day as fierce a sportsman as the savage of the bronze and stone periods.

Is it true that there are, as some read them, words of prophecy which seem to promise that a time is coming when war between man and beast will be no longer? *

Thinned as the elephants are by 'sport,' they are still found ranging in large herds in Ceylon, even near the inhabited parts of the country, although they are chiefly to be found in the interior, and sometimes on very high ground.

At night they wander away upon long excursions, and bathe in the brooks or tanks, which are found far from all modern habitations, far away in the jungle. On coming upon a herd in the day-time, they seem half asleep, 'a few browsing listlessly on the trees or plants within reach, others fanning themselves with leafy branches, and a few asleep; whilst the young ones run playfully among the herd, the emblems of innocence, as the older ones are of peacefulness and gravity.'

* Immediately after the prophecy of peace, when 'the lion shall lie down with the lamb,' come the words, 'They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.' —*Isaiah*, ii. 9.

Sir Emerson Tennant, in his charming book upon the 'Natural History of Ceylon,' says that when the leader of a herd of elephants is wounded, all his 'following' do their utmost to protect him from danger; when driven to extremity, they place him in their centre, and crowd in front of him so eagerly, that sportsmen have to shoot a number of them to kill him.' But when once prisoners, all their loyalty is transferred to their new lords; and no animal devotes himself as an elephant does, to his very utmost, to please his master, even to the most terrible treachery towards his own race. Sir Emerson Tennant tells of a famous decoy elephant, 'Seribeddi,' who was very clever in beguiling her poor wild friends by her caresses, into traps prepared for them; they would follow her into the corral, or enclosure; and when once she had got them in, she would turn round and begin helping her masters to secure them in the most shameless way. She has been seen, 'more than once, when a wild elephant was extending his trunk, and would have intercepted the rope about to be placed on his leg, pushing it aside with her trunk; and sometimes she has pushed her own leg under an elephant's, to hold it up till the noose was round it.' She will even kneel upon the wild ones, to prevent their rising, till the ropes are secured. The poor creatures' legs are sometimes in wounds for months after they are taken, from the ropes with which they are tied.

The first work an elephant is put to, is to tread clay in a brick-field with a tame companion. If he is worked too soon, he will sometimes die of a 'broken heart,' lying down and dying the very first time he is put in harness. They have been known to do so. Though they make such willing, hard-working servants to man, and may be taken ever so much care of, there is something in slavery which is soon fatal to them. At liberty, they will live a hundred and fifty years, but die almost inevitably within twenty or thirty years after they are taken prisoners. Some, however, have lived in captivity much longer; there was one remarkably fine elephant handed over by the Dutch to the English Government, that was known to have been tamed and at work for more than a century.

Hard work on hot dusty roads must be a cruel life for a poor elephant, after, perhaps, a hundred years of his happy forest freedom.

It seems to be a well-ascertained fact, and it is certainly a most curious one, that wild elephants should never be found dead. The natives, in some parts of Ceylon, say that they bury their dead; but there are rumours of a mysterious valley, in the deep jungles eastward of Adam's Peak, reached by a narrow pass with walls of rock on each side, where the elephants go when they feel death approaching. There is said to be a lake in it, by the side of which they lie down to die; but no one alive has seen the place, and no one can find it now. It is not at all impossible that there may be such a place, as some animals are known to have the curious instinct of resorting to some particular spot to die. Darwin says, the llamas have certain circumscribed spots,

generally bushy places, and all near water, white with their bones, where they wander to die; and he saw in the Cape de Verde Islands a spot covered with the bones of innumerable goats. It is not impossible that some of the wonderful accumulations of bones in fossil caves may be accounted for by this mysterious instinct, although many of these caverns have been no doubt the lair of wild beasts, and the bones, gnawed and broken as they often are, are evidently the remains of their larders.

When once tamed and taught their work, elephants become so anxious to please their masters that they are very easily managed; and lucky it is that, his feelings being painfully sensitive, an elephant is very easily made ashamed of himself, for no force could keep him to his work. If he won't do his work properly, he is disgraced by not being allowed to eat his food till his companions have done, or his allowance of sugar-cane (his dessert) is taken away altogether; then he looks so degraded and dejected, that it is impossible not to be sorry for him. A poor old elephant in a menagerie, who was being taught some tricks which he could not manage at all well, was once seen to be practising them by himself in the middle of the night. They always seem to know exactly what they are about when they are at work; when they have balks of timber to pile, they will take them up in their trunks, and fit them into their places as accurately as man could possibly do, walking round their work now and then to see whether it is quite regular, moving any bit of timber, if they think it does not look quite ship-shape. They will raise immense stones, using their tusks as levers, and if those are not powerful enough, will kneel down and push the stones with their heads. An elephant will work by himself, and finish anything he is about, but he won't go on to any other work, unless his keeper is there to tell him, although he may know as well as the man himself what is the next thing to be done; he will stroll away to fan himself with a bough, or throw dust all over his back with his trunk, to keep the flies off. But if he should be in the very middle of his task, and a bell rings for leaving off, he throws the timber down if he has got it in his trunk, and leaves a stone to its fate, and strikes work at once. No threats or entreaties will make him do any more till the rest time is over.

Sir Emerson Tennant describes a most polite and hard-working elephant, whom he met one evening as he was riding down a forest path in Ceylon. Before he saw anything, he heard a noise like 'Umph! umph!' in a very hoarse and dissatisfied grunt. A turn in the narrow ride brought horse and rider face to face with a tame elephant, who was quite alone, and hard at work carrying a heavy beam of timber balanced upon his tusks. The pathway was so narrow, that he had to carry the timber with his head all on one side, that the ends might not knock against the trees; and it was so very inconvenient, and such hard work, that it made him make all those exclamations which Sir Emerson Tennant had heard before he saw him. Sir Emerson Tennant pulled

up, for the path was too narrow to pass, and his horse was also scary; he says, 'the elephant at once saw the difficulty, and flung down his timber, and voluntarily forced himself backwards amongst the brushwood, so as to leave a passage, of which he expected us to avail ourselves. The horse hesitated; the elephant observed it, and impatiently thrust himself deeper into the jungle, repeating his grunt of 'Umph!' Still the horse trembled, and again the elephant of his own accord wedged himself further amongst the trees, and manifested some impatience that we did not pass him. At length the horse went by him; and then the elephant stooped and took up his heavy burthen, trimmed and balanced it on his tusks, and went on his way, hoarsely snorting out his discontented 'Umph!'

I suppose all is not sunshine even in elephantine domestic affairs in those happy forest retreats, for every herd has its outlaws, the poor rogue elephants one hears so much of, whom one cannot help pitying for their solitary wretched lives. They seem to be under some mysterious ban from the rest of their kindred; and with spoilt tempers, turned into unnatural fierceness, manage to make themselves extremely dangerous and disagreeable to the natives. It is the Rogue—the 'Hoora Allyas'—who chiefly destroy the crops; and they are always most unsafe to meet in the jungle. They sometimes show a sort of savage eccentricity, which looks very much as if they were elephant lunatics, and had been banished from the tribe for insanity. There *must* be something the matter, besides the fact of their being crusty old bachelors, which craves them, for they do the most un-elephant-like deeds in their frenzy fits. One of them was known to have killed and torn limb from limb a young Cingalese woman, and then to have eaten part of the body. A story told in the Natural History of Ceylon, shows the sort of freakish ferocity which seems to take possession of them. A native told the author, that he was travelling with a party of merchants, when they were pursued by a rogue elephant, who killed one of his companions and scattered the rest. Then he came back, and carried the dead coolie on his trunk, with his head dangling down, to where the yokes with the bales of merchandise had been thrown down. Then he put the man on his feet, and put the yoke on his shoulder, steadying both with his trunk and fore-legs. Seeing the man would not stand, he dashed him down and tore him limb from limb. Then he tore open all the bundles of calicos. The same elephant had killed many people previously on that road, and he always tore open their bundles, especially those that contained cocoanut oil and ghee, which I suppose he found more to his mind than the calicos.

As outlaws they live and die, their fate being generally sooner or later an English bullet, as soon as they come down near the inhabited parts of the island.

A young elephant is the prettiest possible miniature of an old one, except that he has much more hair about him than an old one ever has.

They have generally a quantity of shaggy woolly hair about their little bolt heads, which gets scrubbed off by their attendants with pumice-stone and oil, till their skins look like those old-fashioned hair trunks, with the hair worn off.

Kornegalle Jack, the hero of my story, was so called from the place—the interior of Ceylon—where he was captured. The village, which was once a great native capital, lies in the shadow of a wonderful rock, six hundred feet high, in the shape of a couchant elephant, from which it takes its name, 'Ittetegulla,'—'The Rock of the Tusker.' The jungle comes very close up to it; and just on the edge of the jungle there lived the young captor, and owner, and tamer, of Kornegalle Jack. There was great fear of malaria upon the lower ground of the village, so the young officer got the Malay soldiers, who are the handiest fellows in the world, to build him a country house on the edge of the forest; and when a country house is built in India, it becomes a 'bungalow.'

When the bungalow was finished, it turned out that no native would sleep in it at night, from fear of a goblin-haunted Gentoo burying-ground, which was uncomfortably near; so every night the young Englishman was left alone in his empty house, and with no other house within a mile or two, and with the wild-beast-haunted jungle behind him, to do battle with beasts or ghosts, or the more probable peril of native robbers, and with only his dauntless British bravery to guard him. And those Indian bungalows are very different from our barred and bolted houses; the rooms generally all on one floor, the windows opening without glass into verandahs, so that it was no impossibility that he should wake up from sleep to see the glare of savage wild-beast eyes upon him, or find himself half strangled by a native assassin.

The morning always found him safe; but still I think it must have been a relief to the extreme solitude of the night when he had caught and tamed his little elephant, who, though no protector, soon became his inseparable and devoted companion. The history of his capture was rather pitiful, for, poor little fellow! if it had not been for his filial feelings, he would have been a wild elephant to the end of the story.

He was a tiny creature, running by the side of his huge mother, when his future master first caught sight of him in the depths of the jungle. He fired, and brought down the old one. As soon as she fell, the little creature showed the most terrible distress, running round, and caressing her dead body with his little trunk, and would not let anyone come near her. However, he was caught at last, and a kind of crib or immense cage having been put together for him, a triumphal procession set out through the jungle towards the bungalow, the prisoner being carried, cage and all, upon the shoulders of the natives. When he arrived, the Malay soldiers soon knocked up a kind of stable for him.

He was, it was supposed, just six months old, and about as high as

an ordinary dinner-table, and the most ferocious little wretch that ever was seen. He would let no one go into his stable, and for two or three days sullenly refused any food. He must have been nearly famished before he gave up the heroic idea of starving to death, and condescended to drink off a bucket of buffalo's milk; dipping his little trunk into the bucket, he sucked it full of milk, and then spouted it into his mouth, as if he knew all about it, though it must have been his first attempt at such grown-up ways.

In a short time, the Baby Elephant had rice-water mixed with his milk to thicken it; the next step was being promoted to boiled rice, and then he began to get young tender grass and plantains. His master allowed no one but himself to feed him for the first few weeks, and he became very gentle with him, long before he would allow anyone else to come near. If people tried to come into his stable, he would rush at them, beat them with his little trunk, and try to knock them over.

He was a close prisoner for a long time; but as soon as he got a little quieter, he used to be picketed by the hind legs in the compound, the enclosure round the bungalow. At the end of two months, being thoroughly tamed and domesticated, he was allowed to ramble about the house and grounds as he pleased; but his favourite place was by his master's side, whether he was in the house or out of it. He followed him like the most faithful dog for long distances, even on horseback, and was furious if he found he had been left behind. Of course, this devotion of his was rather troublesome sometimes, especially on one memorable occasion, when he shocked his master, and scandalized the congregation, and disconcerted the clergyman, by coming to church. He had broken out of the compound, where he was supposed to have been left quite safe, found out which way to follow by some mysterious instinct, and then demurely walked up the aisle, and stood by his beloved master's side. He would have stood there quietly through the longest sermon, but of course it would not do, so Mr. D. had to get up and walk home with him.

When his master was at home in the heat of the day, Jack generally stood by him, fanning him; his fan was a chowry, a soft tassel-like brush used by the natives to whisk away flies, or else a green branch, with which he would brush the flies away from his master and himself.

Elephants, whether wild or tame, always seem the most fidgety animals, every one having some peculiar movement, either swinging their legs o rolling their heads, which they begin the moment they have nothing else to do. Little Jack's form of fidgets was rolling his head from side to side, and flapping his great ears, as he stood, the picture of goodness and gravity, for hours by his master, turning himself most usefully into a punkah.

The earliest dawn of day always found Jack wide awake; and the first thing he did was to go and awake his master. All the rooms opening on to the verandah, he had only to walk up to the open

windows, and give his little trumpet-call; and if that would not do, he walked in and repeated it by the bed-side; and if that would not do, he awoke him effectually by putting the end of his little trunk very gently on his forehead. There was no use pretending to be asleep after that; and after being sure that his master really meant to get up, the elephant went to see about breakfast.

The cook-house—*Anglicé*, the kitchen—is always a separate building in India; and it was Jack's first morning duty to go there and fetch the kettle.

As soon as he saw his master was ready for breakfast, he went to the black cook, who gave him the kettle with a cloth wrapped round the handle. He carried it into the house, and put it carefully down on a mat by his master's side; and when the tea was made, he picked it up and took it back again. He did this quite safely for a long time; but one day, either from not balancing the kettle properly, or some other mishap, he poured some of the boiling water on his feet. He screamed, and made the most terrible hullabaloo, dashed down the kettle, and rushed into the house to his master for help. After that, though little Jack was too good to refuse to do his morning duty, he evidently thought it a very dangerous bit of work; and he used to walk very slowly, with his trunk stretched quite straight in the most ridiculous way, and the kettle dangling at the end of it, carrying it as clear of his toes as he possibly could. A portrait of Jack in this predicament is still extant. He stood by the table all breakfast-time, eating his own breakfast, a bunch of delicious fresh plantains, always waiting for him on the table, and at which he twinkled his eyes approvingly, but never touched till the kettle business was finished. Breakfast over, he sallied out to visit the hospital with his master, who was the military surgeon at Kornegalle. He was always warmly welcomed by the sick soldiers, who used to be very much amused at him as he walked every day gravely up to their bed sides, standing with an anxious and inquisitive look by his master, as he examined and prescribed for his patients. What his interest in it all could be, it is impossible to imagine; but there was something in the ceremonies of feeling pulses, and looking at tongues, which Jack was never tired of observing; and he always watched to see how the men took their medicine. Perhaps he found the wry faces rather amusing. Little he thought it might be his own fate some day; for elephant 'Vets' have a way of giving their patients the very nastiest doses, which they will swallow in a way that would be an example in the best regulated nursery.

Jack had the air of a grave and anxious medical student, as he walked the wards with his master, looking as if he tried to learn and remember what he saw; and he showed one day that he really had thought about it. One of the native Orderlies had developed a peculiar talent for giving pills, in a short, sharp, and decisive way, that sounds the very perfection of military discipline and smartness. He gave the

word of command that mouths were to be open, and then dropped the pills down their throats. The patients, generally Malay soldiers, were very successful in taking their pills, and not getting choked, as Englishmen would infallibly have been; but one day, a poor fellow *was* choked, and coughing violently, the pill fell at the elephant's feet, who at once picked it up, and held it daintily in the finger-like end of his trunk. It struck his master, who saw what he had done, that he would give the pill quite as well as the orderly, whom he had so often watched; so the patient's mouth was ordered to be very wide open, and touching his trunk, his master said, 'Give it him, Jack, give it him!' The elephant instantly put the end of his trunk to the man's mouth, and giving a whiff, effectually blew the pill down the soldier's throat.

When hospital duty was over, he sometimes accompanied his master to make some morning calls in the Cantonment. He would stand where he had been left in the verandah, immoveable as a sentry on duty, until he thought that all reasonable time for a call was over. Then he gave a sharp impatient trumpet, as much as to say, 'What in the world is keeping you so long?' And if that would not bring out his friend, he would sometimes glide noiselessly into the house, and startle everyone by repeating his queer little trumpet-call, at the very drawing-room door.

Jack was a never-ending source of amusement to the little native boys, who generally kept him in good humour by bringing him presents of plantains, sweet-meats, and those famous rice-cakes, the chuppaties, which were sent, like the lighted brand, through all India, as a symbol for rebellion upon the rising which became the fearful mutiny. Jack was always much pleased and flattered by these attentions of his playfellows; but the more mischievous ones sometimes tormented him dreadfully, and made him very angry; and on one occasion a horrid boy pricked him very badly in the trunk with a long sharp thorn. This was too much for Master Jack, who promptly resented the insult. The boy had got off as quickly as he could, and away dashed Jack after him, making a charge right through the fence of the compound. It would be difficult to say which was greater, the terror of the boy or the rage of the elephant. The boy ran for his life, screaming and shouting with fright, Jack galloping after him at the top of his speed, trumpeting with fury. The boy got first to the Bazaar, as the native villages are called, and plunged into one of the first houses for refuge. But Jack bided his time, although his enemy had escaped him that day.

Two months afterwards, his master was riding through the Bazaar, and Jack trotting along by the side of his horse as usual, when he suddenly dashed forward at a native boy who was quietly walking on in front; and before the boy could tell what had happened, he was tumbled head over heels, and would have been trampled and injured by the elephant, if he had not been very promptly rescued. Jack's time had come; for the boy, when picked up, proved to be his

enemy, who had thoroughly deserved his fright, which I dare say it made the elephant happier to have given him, for they have a long memory for insults, and revenge them years afterwards, if they have a chance.

But Jack had other tormentors; there were two little pet Bears of his master's, which were for a long time the plague of his life. These little hairy monsters would persist in alternately biting and scratching his soft legs, and then finish the performance by trying to climb up his tail. Jack thought it a great nuisance for a long time; but eventually he became very good friends with them, and all three would play together in the most amusing way. But worse even than bears or boys, the very crowning misery of his life in those early days, was a tame monkey, a beautiful little creature of the Entelles tribe, who was another pet of his master's, and who was determined to make Jack a riding elephant for himself, and after many a hard fight at last got his own way. The monkey must have watched the Mahouts, the elephant-drivers, sitting upon the shoulders of their animals, or almost upon their necks, as they seem to do, and thought it would be very enjoyable; but the difficulty was to make Jack enter into the joke, and to carry his Mahout quietly. The first thing to be done was to get a mount; so when Jack would be gently dozing or fanning himself under a tree, the monkey would steal unobserved behind him, climb the tree very quietly, and drop suddenly from one of the branches on to his back. This at first used to terrify the elephant, and he would rush across the compound, trumpeting furiously. Then came the tug of war, the elephant making the most violent efforts in his rage and alarm to get rid of his rider, lashing his trunk round to unseat him by a blow, which the monkey had to avoid by throwing himself into all sorts of absurd attitudes. It was the most masterly bit of horsemanship; for besides all the efforts which a restive horse makes to unseat his rider, there was the additional difficulty of the elephant's trunk, which had to be avoided at all risks. Many a ride the monkey had in this desperate fashion; and at last he broke his charger in by sheer pluck and perseverance, and after a time the elephant would allow him to mount whenever he liked, and would take him for a ride round the compound, the monkey sitting on his neck like his Mahout, flapping away the flies from his friend's head with a green branch.

The most curious result of Jack's education, was his taking, with all the delight of a dog, to field-sports. A dog and his master share the same keen hunting instinct, for, (although hardly perhaps a polite way of putting it,) they are both carnivora; but an herbivorous elephant taking to 'sport,' is a most grotesque anomaly. It may have been only his intense delight in his master's exploits; but certainly, Jack came latterly to think that there was no pleasure in life like a day's shooting, and he allowed himself to be trained into the most accomplished retriever.

When he had once got his head full of these sporting expeditions,

Jack used to be found at the very first dawn of day standing by his master's bed-side, impatiently trying to awake him with a touch on his forehead of his soft little trunk; and when he saw him dressed, his shot-belt and powder-flask slung on, and his gun in his hand, all ready to sally out with him into the jungle, his delight knew no bounds.

Forty years have gone by since then, but still the memory of those morning rambles remains as vivid as ever to one of the happy ramblers. Poor Jack's enjoyment of sublunary things, and so, I fear, of anything at all, is long since over; but he enjoyed that glimpse of Eden in his own elephantine way as long as it lasted, and we can but hope, had no forebodings beforehand, or many regrets after all was past and over.

The beauty of a tropical dawn in a forest scene in Ceylon might well be a picture of that primeval earth-splendour, which we call Paradise. As the stars pale one by one in the clear sky, (a bluer, higher heaven than *we* ever see,) the morning flushes over all the east with a sudden glory. 'Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy Glory;' no other words so fit the hour and scene; all is so pure, so beautiful, so fresh from God Himself. Then the great golden sun shines up on the horizon, or over the violet mountain ranges, throwing along the park-like glades of the jungle long level shadows of banyan-trees, palms, and a hundred other strange, beautiful, often gigantic trees. Leaves and flowers glitter with dew-drops trembling and flashing back prismatic colours in the level sun-beams. Nothing can be more delicious, after perhaps a sultry night, than the fresh sweetness of that morning air, perfumed with the scent of lemon-grass and innumerable flowers, while the crowing of the jungle-cock, the cooing of doves, and flutter and chatter of screaming parroquets, and all the other gorgeous-coloured but unmusical tropic birds, tells of the awakening of the joyous forest life to its very depths.

By the tanks, those wonderful works of a gone-by civilization, wherever they are found in the depths of the jungle, the fresh foot-prints of elephants, deer, and wild beasts may often be traced in the mud of the banks; and when the sun first touches the water, long lines of scarlet and white flamingoes are seen wading on their stilt-like legs in the shallow water, on which the lovely rose-lotus is floating, and whole fleets of white and sky-blue water-lilies, while the banks are fringed with graceful reeds, and the still more graceful bamboo, waving in the light morning breeze.

The jungle came almost up to the back of the bungalow, so the young officer and his pet soon found themselves, on their morning excursions, far enough away from all sound or sight of human life, in the depths of that lovely forest scene. They paced on side by side, till they came within sight, often at a great distance, of their game. Jack would mark down a peacock or a jungle-fowl a long way off, and instantly turn himself into a stalking-horse for his master, on the shortest possible notice. After marking down the bird with his quick eye, he would

begin to stalk it in the most scientific way. Jack's acting was so inimitable, that he always on these occasions seemed to be walking anywhere but towards his game, as he went along in a sideway kind of fashion, with his head innocently turned the other way, but always getting nearer and nearer. The part he was acting, his *rôle*, was that of a poor little elephant taking a solitary walk in the jungle, nothing at all for a peacock or jungle-fowl to be frightened at, while all the while, the little wretch was concealing his master, creeping along with his deadly gun on the other side of him, ready to fire the moment he had got within range. Peeping from time to time over his back, Jack had a sign from his master to stop when the game was within shot; and then, though eager with excitement, like the consummate actor he was, Jack went on with his clever by-play, looking about in the most unconcerned way, or flirting with a tussock of grass, while his master steadied his gun upon his back. Then came the sharp report, and away he went, wild with delight, crashing in his rolling canter through shrubs and long grass to pick up the bird, which he would bring back carefully in his trunk.

Sometimes, when Jack was away looking for a wounded bird, his master would climb a tree to hide from him. When he came back, and could not find him, he would rush frantically about, searching everywhere for him, stopping every now and then to listen, and trumpeting furiously, in loud strong notes that echoed far and near. He never, however, went to any great distance, and always returned to the spot where he had left his master; and when at last he saw him, his delight knew no bounds; he would run round and round him, wag and swing his little tail in a ridiculous manner, flap his great ears, and twine his trunk caressingly about him.

We are so used to the affection of our pet animals, that little we think of the strangeness of the love they give us; and yet, if we thought of it, nothing *can* be more wonderful than for a creature to give up its strongest instincts, its natural love of its kind, even, as a tamed animal will often do, for the love of its master—its return, the half-pitiful kindness it gets by fits and starts only, from its captor and tamer. 'Ah me! what faithfulness God hath put into the heart of His creatures!'

It was on one of those mornings in the jungle, that Jack had his chance of freedom, of perhaps a hundred years or more of life and liberty, had he known it, instead of thirty uncomfortable years of captivity. But the spell of that strange new affection was too strong, and he rejected his one chance of turning into a wild elephant again, and ended his days after all in a menagerie.

It was one morning, when Jack was pacing along by the side of his master, when they suddenly encountered a troop of about thirty wild elephants, passing across a piece of open ground about two hundred yards in front. The troop halted, but did not show any disposition to charge. There were several young ones amongst them, and two about

Jack's age came playfully towards him, while he went to meet them, the remainder of the herd quietly looking on. Jack's master was dreadfully afraid that he was negotiating for a retreat with his tribe: he had nearly given up all hopes of his ever coming back, when suddenly the parley seemed over, the little coterie parting; the wild young ones went back to the herd, and Jack came back to his master, looking lovingly up in his face, as much as to say, 'Did you really think I was going to desert you?'

Poor little fellow! well would it have been for him if he had gone away, once for all, and been lost in the depths of his grand forest home, where he would never have been heard of more; his happy days were to be soon over, and like the history of most pet creatures, his subsequent fate was something of a tragedy. Eighteen months after Jack's capture, the young officer had to prepare for his return to England. He gave his poor little pet to Lady B., the wife of the Governor of Ceylon, and if all tales are true, there were some tears shed at parting with his little friend; and as elephants share with us that most human expression of grief, if poor little Jack had known what that last good-bye meant, he would probably have cried too. Tears will sometimes drop freely from a poor wild elephant's eyes, in the distress and grief of the first days of his captivity.

No chronicler tells the tale of the next eight years of Jack's life. He was a large elephant when he came to England, a present from Lady B. to the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park. Here he found himself shut up for life in a sort of barred loose box, a wild beast at last, after all his loving companionship with his master, standing to be stared at, for weeks and months and years, in the most hopeless, aimless monotony.

He became a great favourite with the visitors, for whose amusement he had to go through a series of tricks. He was most gentle and docile, and he had a keeper to whom he became much attached. Poor creature, he was observed to be always trying to find something to do, to relieve the monotony of his imprisonment; and as, according to Dr. Watts, somebody always does find mischief for idle people to do, poor Jack, in his supreme idleness, hit upon a grand bit of mischief, which lasted him his life-time. This was pulling his stable to pieces. His ceiling was of perfectly smooth planks, fitting closely together, and apparently quite impervious to any tool of his; but having once struck Jack that it would be amusing to pull it down, he set to work upon the most scientific principles. The ceiling was very low, so he first punched a hole into the boards with his tusks, and then inserting the finger-like end of his trunk into the holes, he could pull the boards away. He seems to have been always trying some amateur carpentering upon his dull stupid prison walls; and as an Irishman would say, 'Small blame to him, poor fellow!'

His daily rations at this time sound something portentous. His bill

of fare, besides all the cakes which he gathered as backsheesh from the visitors, (no small item on some of the popular days,) was a truss and a half of hay, forty-two pounds of Swedish turnips, a mash consisting of three pounds of boiled rice, a bushel of chaff, and half a bushel of bran, ten pounds of sea-biscuit; and even this was not quite enough, for Jack generally finished every night by eating up his bed.

Jack understood natural history rather better than the Fellows of the Zoological Society, for one of their decrees was that he was to be treated like the lions and tigers, who fast on Sundays, for the convenience of their own constitutions, as well as their keeper's Sunday's rest; but they certainly did not seem to have consulted sufficiently the exigencies of an herbivorous creature, to whom the alternate gorging and starving of the carnivora was simply an impracticability. Poor Jack was starving when they stopped his Sunday food, and he made them at last aware of their stupidity by the most judicious measures of agitation. For two or three successive Sunday nights the noise he made all night in his stable prevented the keepers getting any sleep. Finding that this hint was not taken, he went a little further next time, and so bestirred himself, that, like other agitators who have known exactly how far to go, he carried his point; for he made an attack upon his door with such good-will and effect, that they were obliged to get up in the middle of the night to feed him. After that demonstration of physical force, Jack always got his meals in regular order every Sunday. He grew to be one of the largest Asiatic elephants ever seen in England. He stood almost as high as an ordinary room, nine feet six to the shoulder. The only recreation he could ever get was a slow saunter now and then along the gravelled paths of the Gardens, and this cramped unnatural life at last began to make him very ill. A most miserably painful disease, white-swelling, appeared on his knees. Standing as he did day and night, for weeks and months together, with all his enormous weight pressing upon the diseased knee-joints, his sufferings must have been piteous. He got so bad at last, that he never lay down.* He stood for two whole years without once being able to lie down, trying to rest himself at times, as well as he could, by putting his trunk across the front bar of his cage, and so taking the weight in some measure off his legs. His sufferings affected his whole nervous system, and he became very irritable. His favourite keeper, too, had been changed, and this annoyed him very much, for it is always a matter of the greatest difficulty to induce an elephant to take to a new man. None of the keepers at last durst go near him; the only way they could ever clean out his box was by placing his food in the back partition, when he would open the door, go in, and carefully shut it behind him, almost as if he felt the sight of the men would bring on his fits of ferocity, and he shut the door to prevent seeing them. This he did every day, until he knew his front room was ready for him, and then

* Elephants will frequently stand for months after they are first taken; when they lie down, they are beginning to get tame.

he went back. At last he was so agonized with pain, and made so fierce by it, that it was thought best to put him out of his misery.

Once only did Jack and his beloved master see each other again. Eight years had gone by, and Mr. D—— had heard nothing of his favourite from the time he had left him behind in Ceylon, when one day, something about a large elephant he was looking at in the Zoological Gardens reminded him of his little Jack: he went up to him, and was warned by the keepers not to go too near; but he spoke to him, and the elephant looked observant; it was not, however, till he called him by his Cingalese name, that Jack knew who was there. The name, unheard for eight years, struck upon some chord of memory, for he instantly showed that he remembered it, and knew who was speaking, though he had been such a little fellow when he had seen his master last. He showed much pleasure at seeing his beloved master, who had been to him his fate, for if it had not been for that day's shooting in the jungle, Jack would have probably had a hundred years of life and liberty in his glorious Summer land, still before him. Many will think complacently, that the rifle shot which changed all that, and contributed unwittingly an elephant to a menagerie, contributed much to the amusement of hundreds of people, and something to their information; and we ought, of course—to feel if we had properly constituted minds—that the cause of science justifies anything, from spitting butterflies on corking-pins to shutting up elephants to die by slow tortures in menageries. Having died a martyr in the cause of 'useful information,' the bones of poor Jack still contribute to the same laudable purpose. They stand, a gaunt grim framework of leg-bones, ribs, and ponderous skull, a practical lesson to the visitors of the British Museum in osteology; also, if they thought of it, of mortality—for the creature shared with us the twin mysteries of life and death. Well might Arnold say, so overwhelming was the mystery of the animal creation, that he did not dare to think of it. Suffering, we hope in the providence of God, is to us discipline; but what is it to them? And of all the wrongs that are done under the sun, the cruellest, because the most undeserved, fall to the share of the innocent dumb creatures, for our touch is pain, ending in disease, disaster, and death. Whether we mean it or not, the inevitable law is too strong for us, the ghastly fact remains, and meets us everywhere, that man's dominion over the brute creation is a kingdom of suffering. What it means we cannot tell, there is a jar somewhere; 'the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now,' but He who has created has seen and pitied, and it will not always be so; for evermore, as one thinks of it, like a note of harmony in the sharp discord, comes the fullness and tenderness of the thought so beautifully expressed by Edward Irving, 'Ah me! what faithfulness hath God put into the heart of His creatures; what pure love must be in His own!'

GWYNFRYN.

ELEMENTARY EXAMINATIONS FOR GIRLS.

Candidates for the final Examinations of the Society of Arts are obliged first to pass an elementary examination at some local Association of Institutes, in union with the Society, in order to insure that those who undertake the study of special subjects should be well grounded in the elements of education.

Such an Association of Institutes exists in Kent, of which the local centre is at Faversham, where also the Oxford and Cambridge Local examinations are held. Any member of an Associated Institute may present himself, or herself, for examination as a candidate for one of the certificates, and a competitor for one of the prizes, offered by the Association.

Although these examinations are open to members of any age and either sex, it is to be feared that girls do not commonly avail themselves of the advantages, it being too generally assumed that they need have nothing to do with examinations with competition; the fact being, that they even more than boys are in need of some external inducement, to continue their education and keep up the knowledge they have gained at school; because the requirements of their every-day life and employments do not generally render this knowledge absolutely essential with them. I am desirous to show that the examinations are not only more desirable but quite as practicable for them as for the other sex; and that the acquirements necessary are easily within the reach of the majority of those girls who have lately left the first class of a National School.

The examinations are in two grades, each requiring, in different degrees, knowledge of arithmetic, good reading, writing, spelling, composition, and needlework, to which may be added at the option of the candidate, one or more of the following subjects: Gospel History, English History, Geography of Great Britain and Ireland, and English Grammar. The examination takes place at the local Institute; papers of questions on the different subjects are sent to each Institute that has applied for them, from the local centre, on the appointed days, and answered by the candidates in writing in the presence of one or two local managers, who also judge the reading, and appoint two ladies to pronounce on the needlework, which is done in their presence. The certificates for these two latter subjects, signed by the managers and ladies, and the answers to the former, are sent to the local centre before a body of examiners. The candidates who gain a certain number of marks, obtain a certificate from the Kent Association, which offers also twenty-three prizes of books, varying in value from £1 to 5*s.* to the male candidates; and six prizes, varying in value from 15*s.* to 5*s.* to the female candidates in both grades who gain the greatest number of marks.

Several young men and boys from different towns and villages in Kent have availed themselves of these advantages; and from one obscure country parish, Lenham near Maidstone, fourteen girls from thirteen to eighteen years of age, in the last three years have presented themselves. In 1865 there were three candidates in the lower grade, of whom all gained certificates and one a prize; in 1866 five in the same grade, of whom all gained certificates, and four prizes. In the present year, three of those last mentioned entered for the higher grade, of whom all gained certificates and all prizes, and four for the lower grade, of whom all gained certificates; but competitors from another place, who had been induced by the example of Lenham to present themselves, bore off the three prizes offered to the lower grade.

The examination is easy in the lower grade, and not difficult in the higher: some previous instruction by means of classes or otherwise will be found necessary; but in every village there are girls quite capable of undertaking the subjects if they were put in the way of doing so, and also ladies willing to give assistance and instruction in the preparation. In hopes of being useful to both parties, I will relate in a few words the course that has been pursued at Lenham, not with a view of proposing it as a system, for it might doubtless be modified and improved by anyone who took the trouble to do so, but merely to shew how practicable is the whole matter from first to last; and I may premise that all the usual difficulties, towards gathering young people together for teaching, which exist in country parishes, are found at Lenham in even an unusual degree. The parish is large, and the population (entirely agricultural) very scattered; the distances consequently rendering it difficult or impossible for some otherwise suitable as candidates, to meet together. There is also the circumstance that most of the young girls quit their homes for domestic service soon after leaving school. The classes were assembled, eight or nine weeks before the examination, once or twice a week for two hours at a time from three to five p. m. and instruction given in the various subjects. One object is of course to familiarise the pupils with the style of examination papers, therefore part of the instruction was carried on by means of papers of questions to be answered in writing by the pupils at their homes in the course of the week, with the assistance of books and maps, which were given or lent for the purpose. The remainder of the teaching was carried on in the ordinary way, by reading, catechizing, illustration, drawing from maps, &c. during the class time. Arithmetic was done also at the class for about three quarters of an hour each time; this requires a great deal of attention in the higher grade, as vulgar and decimal fractions are required, and it is made a *sine qua non* in passing.

MAXIMILIAN.

The summer sun is gleaming bright,
On fair and costly things;
A nation holds its revelry,
With Emperors and Kings.

Rare treasures thitherward are brought
From many a distant isle;
And martial music gaily sounds,
And royal beauties smile.

But suddenly a word from far
All mirth and joy dispel;
A message o'er the ocean comes,
A solemn funeral knell.

And is it stilled—that noble heart,
Beating with purpose high,
To raise a nation from the dust,
From lawless anarchy!

Brave Maximilian falls at last,
By treason basely sold;
While Lopez reaps his base reward
Of infamy and gold.

The while his faithful wife, for aid
Some friendly power to move,
A wanderer goes from land to land—
Sad pilgrimage of love!

In vain she pleads, her tears are vain,
Unanswered is her prayer;
Her broken heart, her tender frame,
No more the load may bear.

Her reason fails—ah, mournful tale!
Too cruel should we call
The fate of these two hapless ones,
If this sad earth were all.

But say not that the life is vain
For Duty freely given;
Say not untimely is the death
Dear in the sight of Heaven.

The Hero and his loyal band!
Who would not rather give
His life with them in loving faith,
Than with the traitor live?

We seem to read some knightly tale,
As his last hours we scan;
The warrior bold, the loving heart,
The Christian gentleman.

Sure God's own Spirit in his breast
Made strife and anger cease,
And bade him leave for friend and foe
Alike the kiss of peace.

Let us not then distrust *His* love,
Who doeth all things well;
Who takes the just from coming ill,
In joy with Him to dwell.

From thorny diadem of earth
His mercy set thee free,
To give a glorious crown of light
And immortality.

And 'poor Carlotta!'—when the name
Of those are breathed in prayer,
In grief and sickness languishing,
Be thine remembered there:—

That to thy darkened mind a ray
Of heavenly light be given,
And soon at thy belov'd one's side
Thou mayst be placed, in Heaven.

July, 1867. HENRIETTA.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

Paris, Hotel Castiglione, July 26, 1867.

My dear ——

Some weeks ago I wrote you my last little account of our early visit to the *Exposition* in May. Now that we have returned to make a more intimate acquaintance with it, in its more finished state, you may, I think, like to hear from me again. In the meantime, many events, gay, sad, and of political importance, have been taking place in and around this great world's fair. Now the visit of our Prince of Wales, and his royal sister of Prussia; then the arrival of the great Czar, and the wild attempt upon his life, and the rejoicings and illuminations consequent upon his deliverance; the reception of the King and the Queen of the Belgians, the Viceroy of Egypt, and the mighty Sultan, Abdul Asiz, the greatest potentate of the East, with all the attendant grand doings—fêtes, balls, and reviews—suddenly put a stop to by the sad news of the disgraceful murder, called 'execution,' of the young Emperor Maximilian I. of Mexico; an event which cast a sudden gloom over the brilliancy of Paris just when it seemed to be at its height.

While these various scenes were shifting about this great living theatre of Paris, we were travelling through France, and falling in with priests and bishops bound for Rome, there to take part in the gorgeous solemnities inaugurated by the Pope in celebration of the centenary of St. Peter, the eighteenth since his martyrdom. Passing through the wild and beautiful volcanic mountains of Auvergne, we made our way to the great merchant city of Lyons, and so down the broad rapid-flowing Rhine, in a ship freighted with cocoons, hides, bars of rough iron, and empty fruit panniers and oil jars, to Valence and sunny Avignon, already golden, in these early days of June, with ripe corn, and verdant as a tropical garden; the hedges bright with the large scarlet flowers of the wild pomegranate. Of course we made a pilgrimage to Vaucluse, tracing out the haunts of Petrarch and Laura, bringing away with us sprigs of the laurel which he himself first planted and tended. Far other were the reminiscences conjured up at our next halting-places, Nismes and Arles, so full of Roman remains and antiquities, and associations with the early Christian martyrs. In these interesting old towns we saw two of the most perfect Roman amphitheatres existing; and here we stood on ground where men had fought with beasts, laying down their life for their faith; and here, sad to say, the horrid spectacle of a Spanish bull-fight is still enjoyed by the citizens every Sunday—that is to say, at Nismes it is so. I could say very much of all these strange and ancient spots, of which my mind is still so full; but I must bring myself back to Paris, and leave space for the subject in hand.

After finding ourselves on the borders of the blue Mediterranean, and being amused with the busy motley-peopled town of Marseilles, we awoke at sunrise one lovely morning, to behold all around a glorious scene of snow-capped Alps. One long rapid night's journey had brought us from the sunny south into the mountain-depths of Dauphiny—a perfect maze of peaks and points, ravines, and pretty waterfalls; and over all the sunlit snow. I had no idea before that France could be so beautiful. We have since spent several weeks in Switzerland, amid its mountains and valleys; but the comparison will never efface the impression made on me by that first awaking at sunrise in Dauphiny. One of our most interesting excursions there was to the old monastery of the Grande Chartreuse, founded in 1080 by St. Bruno of Cologne, far away in a lonely mountain fastness, occupied at the time by none but the wild beasts

of the forest. But I can tell you all about that another time; it was a different scene from the Paris Exhibition!

The town and the so-called 'Palais' itself are both far more crowded than when we were here in May, complaining almost of the emptiness. All around one sees English faces, and hears English accents. Prices seem in consequence to have risen, and the people seem bent on extortion and cheating, although there are a few praiseworthy exceptions! An acquaintance of ours was charged yesterday at one of the restaurants of the Exhibition five francs for two slices of melon—melons being to be had in Paris for one franc fifty centimes, or two francs. We ourselves unwarily ordered a small quantity of cucumber one day with some cold meat at the *Trois Frères Provençaux* in the Palais Royal, and the little dish—of cucumber alone—was three francs fifty centimes! For curiosity's sake I afterwards inquired at a fruiterer's the price of a very fine cucumber, and was asked fifty centimes for it. It seems from this that it is not that provisions are positively dear, but that hotel-keepers and restaurant masters are making as good a harvest as extortion and travellers' necessities can bring in. At many of the hotels very high prices are asked for indifferent rooms, which are lowered if the customers show that they know how unreasonable they are. Of course this is more or less the experience of all travellers at all times; but just now it is difficult to know how even to be wary! It is not sufficient that one makes up one's mind to pay an extreme price for all things because of the peculiar season and surroundings; but all sorts of vexatious little tiresome charges crop up around one: here for bread, there for dinner-napkins, and so on, and so on, *ad infinitum* where, one formerly never dreamed of them. The system has perhaps its origin in high quarters. Why could not a fairly remunerative admission fee have been asked at the *Exposition* at once, instead of the present one of a franc, which admits within the building and enclosure, but subjects one at every turn to a demand of here a half franc, there twenty-five centimes, there again a few more, and a little further on another fifty? If you sit to rest for a few moments from perambulating those miles of *galéries* you are pounced upon by a governmental woman, who demands 'Dix centimes par chaise.' I am not sure that she vouchsafes a '*Madame*,' for Parisian *politesse* has somewhat vanished, and here the world seems to be moving too fast for politeness! The people wax somewhat impudent in their prosperity: a moral lesson in humanity! However, those who come to the Paris Exhibition will find much to enjoy and to delight them; and if they arrive with a full purse and a slight inclination to be lavish, all the better for their equanimity. The more one walks and gazes, the more one finds to notice and to interest one. In some of the departments one finds native workmen carrying on their trades and manufactures—here a cross-legged Eastern weaving fine baskets; there another making bamboo matting in a loom, the warp consisting of coarse cords. Then we come upon a turbaned Moor squatting on his small divan, patiently embroidering the golden-wrought many-coloured slippers of his countrymen; or a second employed in skilfully rounding off bottle corks on the blade of a broad flat hatchet. A number of roughly-squared pieces lie in his lap; he slices off a slip from one side, fixes his only instrument in the block, and setting the cork to the edge, with an almost imperceptible pressure of his finger and thumb causes the morsel to turn, and behold it drops down a smoothly-rounded cork. A number of things of this kind are exhibited in the building and grounds. It was curious in one place to see wood prepared for paper-making; large blocks went into a machine which bit and masticated them into shreds with its iron teeth, vomiting them into another which ended by turning them out a smooth pulp the thickness of paste. I was much interested in the diamond cutting in the Brazilian department. The diamond is taken, examined through a strong magnifying-glass, fixed tightly into the point of a little pyramid of cement, the sharp edge of another diamond set against it, a quick tap given, and off falls a crystal containing a flaw; this is repeated until a single spotless crystal remains, which then passes on to another workman, who also

fixes it into a little mass of cement, and by means of diamond-dust cuts it into the bright beautiful facets which we all know and admire.

A very different species of manufacture is that in the Turkey division of a snow-white sweetmeat, made in long strings, which, as the dark-skinned *artiste* pulls and twists it, doubles it and draws it out again, to blend it to the proper consistency, shines with a sheen as of satin, or molten silver. It is a pretty sight, and strange it is to behold it, when finished, assume the shape of '*Turkey stick*.' To me it was not new, for I have often seen the long twists hanging from a nail in an Indian bazaar, and the leisurely process of twirling and twisting. In the curious Cairene house, in itself well worthy of attention on account of its delicate-latticed windows, behind which one can almost fancy some darkened beauty peeping out, veiled in her jealous 'yashmak,' are several goldsmiths at their fine work, twisting thread-like wires into rings or bagatelles, which are very light and pretty, and of purer taste and form than much of the jewellery seen just now in the brilliant shops of Paris. The Exhibition is surely intended, amongst other things, as a spur in the right direction to art and science—an incentive to purity of style and fashion—yet even there I saw in one of the best jewel cases, a brooch in the form of a golden palette, with colours of gems, and brushes tipped with pearls and rubies. What kind of true taste is that, which would clasp upon a lady's throat a palette daubed with colour? But ideas have been racked for novelty, and all is sacrificed for novelty's sake. What do you say to a pair of expensive ear-rings, consisting of two little crystal globes of fishes, the fishes of enamelled gold; or another set composed of a lantern, latch-key, and boot! or a couple of Egyptian mummies! (horrible idea!) or two little birds in swings, or hovering over nests of fledglings. There are studs to be had in the form of cards and dice and bank-notes; and a variety of other things, each wilder than the last.

We have seen parasols made of white down, with a brilliant bird on the top, finished off with a fringe of feathers, each tipped with a Brazilian beetle; and others studded over with blue flies, and edged with a lace-work of tinsel.

Salt-cellars and pepper-castors are to be looked for under the forms of coal-scuttles and top-boots; and a miniature man serves as sugar-tongs, his toes nipping up the sugar. All this is not true taste, but rather detrimental to it. It is refreshing to wander off to the neat trim Dutch farm-house in the park, where all the furniture and appurtenances, made in the most commodious and advantageous fashion for fulfilling the purpose they are intended for, at once bespeak their use and destination. Here a churn is a churn, and a vat is a vat, not disguised beneath eccentricity of form, but the form well chosen and finished off in the neatest manner. The cow-stalls are not carved or gilded, but made spacious, airy, and with a view to perfect cleanliness. Above-stairs all is plain and neat and solid; the only eccentricity observable—a very quaint and pleasant one—each piece of the crockery on shelf and cupboard bears a pithy motto. The first that catches our eye is a good one—'In Godes Wegen is Godes Zegen.' The next no less so, and very *à propos*—'Die den Armen geoft, leent dem Heere.' Then comes 'Haastige spoed is zelten goed,' the Dutch mode of expressing 'More haste, worse speed.'

On our excursion amid the various houses of all nations, we came upon the Japanese one, and were much interested in our visit to it. In the chief apartment, open to a small inner garden, sat two young Japanese girls, in wide-sleeved robes of many colours; their hair put up in many coils with coil-protruding pins. They sat with their legs doubled under them, on cushions upon the matted floor, toying with their ornaments, and every now and again re-filling their little pipes with charcoal and sweet-scented tobacco from a small receptacle placed for the purpose before them—a true picture of idle Eastern woman-life. In another apartment at hand a native servant, in dark-blue garb, with eyes as light and hair as long and black as his mistresses', was busily employed in preparing tea for the visitors. We had a cup made in real Japanese fashion. The leaves are pounded to a smooth soft green

of the forest. But I can tell you all about that ano… as a nut-shell, a small quantity from the Paris Exhibition!

The town and the so-called 'Palais' itsel… …ndefinable device; boiling water is we were here in May, complaining alm… …risk the whole is stirred rapidly till it …presented to us, without milk or sugar. English faces, and hears English acc… …few Europeans like the bitter flavour. If and the people seem bent on e… …queurs, with wafer-like cakes and sweetmeats, praiseworthy exceptions! An … …lves with essaying a variety of foreign foods: the restaurants of the Exhibiti… …Petersburgh; bread of many countries, from the be had in Paris for one fra… …the delicate sweet rolls of Vienna; the favourite ordered a small quantity of… …, or more properly speaking *cocido*, a mess of meat and *Provençaux* in the Pals… …with smoked sausage and ham; and Neapolitan ices, francs fifty centimes! …may be cut with a knife. The list of beverages is the price of a very fine … …an astonishing one. How is a choice to be made between that it is not that … …Lap, Lady's Blush, Yankee Whisper, Silent Nod, Shoemaker, masters are ma… …Something Nice!' It is so bewildering that we are glad to bring in. A… …ourselves a few steps further on close to the entrance of the which are l… …Meeting Hall,' and we gladly read the announcement on its Of course … …recommendation of an Exhibitor, Clergyman, or Member of the now it i… …British workman visiting the *Exposition*, may have free access to, up on… …the room, its papers, and other privileges. I think I told you before that and … …model workmen's houses exhibited. There is also a model Crèche, or one … …nursery. It interested us so much that we went the next morning early to see of … …already existing Crèches in Paris, that of La Madeleine, in the Rue St. …noré. Here we found some thirty little infants, between the ages of ten days and three years, being cared for in a large airy comfortable suite of rooms, entirely fitted up for baby occupation, with rows of pretty little swinging cradles with white curtains for the younger, and tiny low cots for the elder; pictures on the walls, some flowers, and a bird in a cage. One was trying its powers in a go-cart; one of the four nurses (four are found sufficient, with a matron, for this baby multitude,) danced two more upon her knees; three or four more lay at her feet, enjoying a tumble upon a mattress on the floor of a boarded upper room, which having been left open to the sky with an awning, served as their private garden; others sat in the *pouponnière*, an oval railed-off space in the centre of the nursery, with a low horse-shoe table within it, the nurse occupying a bend in the middle, from which she can feed all the little hungry ones seated around; or amuse them with toys, as the case may be. Monsieur Jules Dellenk, the inventor, thus describes it:—'Ce meuble se nomme une *pouponnière*, du nom de poupon, tout petit enfant. C'est le premier champ d' activité de l' enfant, comme le berceau est son premier jour de repos. Je l'ai inventée pour la crèche: les enfants dès qu' ils ne dorment plus, y trouvent, 1° un asile où ils sont à l'abri de tout danger, 2° un appui pour essayer leurs premier pas dans la mesure exacte de leurs forces, eux seuls en sont les juges, 3° une galerie à double rampe où ils font leur premier tour du monde, 4° une salle à manger où une femme suffit à leur distribuer la pâtée comme à une nichée d'oiseaux.'

Seventeen of these Crèches have been founded in Paris since the first was set on foot in 1844. A payment of thirty-five to forty francs is sufficient to found a 'cradle' in any one of them: and then another poor little one, whose mother must earn a living all day away from home, finds here a resting-place and food from early morning till sunset upon payment of two to four sous! The bigger children have bread and butter and *potage gras*, and sometimes vegetables; the infants milk, and sago, and other farinaceous food. These Crèches are a great help and comfort to the working mothers of Paris. Their infants are not received without a certificate of marriage or birth. This is sufficient; but many applications have to be refused for want of room and funds. Subscriptions of six francs a year are gladly accepted. An *ouvroir* is attached to each Crèche, from which baby-linen is supplied; and a committee of

ladies superintends the whole; a staff of ladies also undertaking to act in turn as visitors. Several infant nurseries on the principle of the Paris Crèches have already been formed by private individuals in London. It were to be wished that more existed, to save helpless little ones from the careless nursing of those barely their elders; or the neglect of careless neighbours; or the still worse effects of narcotic drugs administered to keep them quiet.

Continuing our tour through the Exhibition grounds after leaving the Crèche, we by-and-by found ourselves in the Sunday School department, where we had quite a long conversation with the Superintendent. He told us that within the last ten years twenty-nine Sunday Schools have been established in Paris, none having before existed. They are connected with the French Protestant Church, but Roman Catholic children are most gladly received into them. There are also depôts of the British and Foreign and American Bible Societies, whose agents are actively employed in giving away religious publications. Two little neatly-printed Gospels were offered to us with a simple 'Prenez un petit livre?' And we afterwards learnt that one million three hundred thousand portions of Scripture and tracts in various languages had been already distributed within the *Palais*.

There is in the neighbourhood of this depôt an interesting Missionary Museum, consisting of contributions from the several Protestant Missionary Societies. The Roman Catholics were invited to join, but they declined. Here may be seen a strange medley of objects—strange, hideous, or beautiful—from Greenland, North America, Patagonia, the Antilles, South and West Africa, Asia Minor, India, Burmah, Thibet, China, Japan, the Islands of the Pacific, &c.; in all of which countries some six thousand Protestant Missionaries are dispersed, preaching the Gospel in more than one hundred and fifty different languages and dialects. The Missionary Museum is destined to set forth—1st. The social and religious state of the people before the introduction of Christianity amongst them. 2nd. The social and religious state to which the knowledge of the Gospel has brought them. Passing out of the Museum, a low-roofed building attracted our attention, bearing an inscription in Hebrew characters, with the words beneath in French, 'MAISON DES ANTIQUITIES HEBRAIQUES.' We entered, and soon perceived that it belonged to the 'London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews.' One table was occupied by a very complete model of the Tabernacle, in all its separate parts; another by a portion of Jerusalem, representing the churches and chapels of all sects and religions crowded literally one above the other around and upon the holy places of Mount Sion. Turkish Mosques and Jewish Synagogues, Armenian Chapels and Coptic Churches, Roman Catholic Monasteries, and Greek places of worship, are piled together in strange juxtaposition. An intelligent young German explained the whole; and we had a most interesting conversation with a German Missionary of the Society, who was superintending this department for the sake of conversing with the Jews who might visit it. He had hung upon the walls of the inner room a printed card with the fifty-second and fifty-third chapters of Isaiah: and these formed a constant cause and a never-failing theme for his discourses, he told us. It is supposed that there are about ten million Jews in the world, and *five million* of these have not yet had the Gospel preached to them. The Society needs both men and means. Its income has steadily increased since its foundation in 1809, but not in proportion to the claims upon it. It still continues to fall short of the necessary expenditure, and leaves no margin for the extension of operations, which is so desirable. There is an interesting school in connection with the Society in Palestine Place, London, where one hundred Hebrew boys and girls are maintained, clothed, and educated in the faith of Christ. Seven hundred and forty-nine children, exclusive of those now in the schools, have benefited by this Institution. Several of the boys have been ordained, and some are engaged in Missionary work among the heathen. 'God seems,' writes the Chaplain of the Society, 'to have prospered them all.' After a long talk with the Missionary about

the Society's doings, and his own work and labours, some word was said which showed us that we were old acquaintance, and had last met at a Missionary Meeting in the Black Forest. 'How strange!' he exclaimed, 'after ten years to meet again in the Paris Exhibition!' We parted with a warm shake of the hands, intending to make our way straight to the inner circle and take a last look at the pictures, which are of course too many to be individually examined; some of the best are old acquaintance. I think everyone ought to notice one by the Dutch painter Van Schendel, of the Nativity; remarkable for the radiant glow over all the figures, but especially on the earnest happy face of the young Mother. There are two others by him, equally beautiful, in the *Annexe Belgique*. One of the Nativity again, somewhat differently treated; the second, The Flight into Egypt, a soft evening scene, in which Mary sleeps on the ass with her hand in Joseph's, while he holds in his other arm the sleeping Babe. We were stopped in our course by a great rush of people, and a cry of 'L'Empereur! C'est L'Empereur!' The Emperor had been about the grounds and building all the morning with the young King of Portugal, and they had just been recognized. The crowd of strangers from the country and provinces, who had perhaps never had an opportunity of being near the Emperor before, were wild with excitement, flying hither and thither, up and down the allées, to intercept and see him. In endeavouring to avoid the stream, we by-and-by found ourselves at the spot where the quieter and wiser portion of the visitors had already assembled, opposite the grand entrance; and here, with no more parade or circumstance than that a gendarme or two divided the crowd to make them a passage, the Emperor and his royal guest walked quietly down the centre avenue to the gates, where their carriage stood.

I do not know what more I have to tell you. It is difficult to individualise amongst so great a mass of things, strange, curious, and beautiful, as are here collected together. I remember examining a travelling dressing-case, fitted up with a gilded foot-bath, and a Russian clock more curious than tasteful, in the form of a huge enamelled sunflower set in a pot, the blossom acting both as clock-face and pendulum. The hour appeared amid the stamens in the centre, and the minutes were reflected in a plate-glass at the back. More chaste than this is an Italian harpsichord, bearing the date 1577, the small keys made of blue lapis, the large ones of many-coloured agates and precious stones, the whole set in a case of dark chestnut-wood, ivory, and ebony. I have already described to you the pretty costume of the Russian Kellnerin. We dined yesterday in the Swedish department, and were waited on by a couple of fair girls, the one dressed in white, with a scarlet boddice, black apron, and white coif, with pendent strings of pearls: the other in a white boddice, with a stomacher of scarlet and silver, a scarlet coif, and a black petticoat, with a red-bordered apron of white.

We are sorry to have paid our last visit to the *Exposition*. It certainly grows upon one, the more one sees it. It is not possible to take it all in in a hurry. We have tried a variety of modes of getting to and fro expeditiously, even to the vans which have been pressed into the '*service special de l'Exposition*,' and which impudently price themselves higher than old omnibuses. The omnibuses here are supplied with a very small and uncumbersome seat for the *conducteur*, which he can put up or down at will across the door, and which is a great comfort and saving of fatigue to the man. It would be an easy thing to apply to our own London omnibuses, and a really merciful arrangement.

Now good-bye, we are leaving Paris, and I dare say I shall be in England again by the time this reaches you.

Yours sincerely,

THE NAVAL REVIEW.

BY A SAILOR'S DAUGHTER.

My dear ——,

It was amidst gloomy prognostics from our friends as to wind and weather, and with dire forebodings in our own minds as to our probable sufferings on the occasion, that we started on St. Swithin's Day for Southsea, fully determined to see, and if possible to enjoy, the Naval Review. The sun shone as the long heavily laden train moved off from Waterloo, and our hopes of calm weather revived; but St. Swithin had no pity for us, the rain soon came down in sheets, and we could only console ourselves by mutual assurances that it would 'rain itself out' before Wednesday. We Londoners were quite appalled by the storm that raged over Southsea Common, and fully expected that the cab we had with such difficulty secured at the station would be blown over, with disastrous consequences to our precious boxes, and our still more precious selves. When we did reach our destination, the wind whirled us violently into the house of our hospitable friends, and it was some minutes before we could respond to their greetings. Of course we looked out anxiously at the fleet, for our windows commanded a fine view of Spithead; there were the ships, or as much as we could see of them through the mist of rain, the huge Minotaur just opposite to us, and all with topgallant-masts struck, presenting anything but a festive appearance. The sea a dull lead colour, with high white crested waves, the Common a perfect swamp, cabs passing laden with dripping luggage. Such were our first impressions. Naval men, those oracles as to weather, shook their heads, and opined that the gale would last three days at least; some declared the Review must be put off; and there seemed a general impression amongst them that even if it did take place, the ladies would be better on shore. With one exception, however, the ladies of our party, 'on pleasure bent,' did not take this view of the subject, not being inclined to give up what they had come so far to see. We dreamed of 'great guns' that night, and assuredly woke up to find the vision true.

'Was there *ever* such weather?' was the general greeting next morning; and all day we watched anxiously for the 'clearing shower,' which was often declared to be falling. At sunset it really came, the clouds rolled away, the wind fell, the swampy common began to dry up, and our hopes rose in porportion. It had been announced that the Review would certainly take place, and accordingly crowds of people kept pouring into Southsea.

The sun did shine brightly on Wednesday morning, but the wind was high, and the sky anything but cloudless; and when we assembled at a very early breakfast the most sanguine amongst us were obliged to admit that things looked very unpromising. Nevertheless, we were all in high spirits, and determined to persevere; so arming ourselves with waterproofs and umbrellas, we set forth. Some joined a party who were going to one of the turret ships; and the rest, among whom was the writer, had been invited on board H. M. S. ——, which was one of the steamers appointed to escort the Royal yachts. Bravely we struggled across the Common, and even the sight and sound of the waves dashing high against the pier did not shake our determination, for was not a man-of-war's boat coming for us? Soon the aforesaid boat, which was the captain's gig, came dancing up to the pier, and in a few minutes we were safely seated in her, and on our way to Spithead. In spite of the spray that dashed over us, and more than one shower, the row was very enjoyable, for we were well covered up, had a beautiful view of the fleet in the occasional gleams of sunshine, and the sensation of being safely steered through such a rough sea was very pleasant.

We may add, that there lurked in our minds a certain degree of triumph at being

perfectly well under such trying circumstances, which all who have experienced a contrary feeling will readily understand. At last we reached the ship, which was at anchor, and very still and steady she seemed after our *toss* in the little boat. We took off waterproofs, wet feathers and veils, and then mounted up to a bridge of planks, bordered with flags which had been put up between the paddle-boxes. From this we had a beautiful view, and anxiously did we look towards Portsmouth harbour, for the first sight of the Royal yachts.

Some time passed before a distant salute told us that the Sultan was really coming, and soon the Trinity yacht came out of the harbour, followed by the Osborne with the Sultan's flag flying, and the Alberta carrying the Viceroy's. There were five other steamers in the royal procession, and as they neared us, we weighed anchor, and went round the stern of the beautiful Victoria. We looked right down the fleet, the ironclads being on our left, the wooden ships on our right; and truly it was a magnificent sight. Slowly we steamed down between the two lines, keeping just ahead of the Royal yachts, every ship saluting, manning yards, and cheering, till we passed the last gun-boat, and found ourselves off Osborne. Here we waited while the Queen embarked, and we realized that sea air makes luncheon very welcome; but we did not like leaving our lofty position, and soon returned to it, wondering what would be done next. Orders had been given that the ships were not to weigh, as manœuvring in such weather would be dangerous, and of course this made the whole thing appear a failure in the eyes of naval people. To us, however, everything was new and delightful, and the whole day one of constant excitement. Many had been the predictions that the Queen would not embark in such weather, especially as the fleet could not move; but we were not to be disappointed; the Royal yachts came rapidly towards us, and we turned and preceded them 'to clear the way.' Again we went down between the lines of noble ships, this time beginning with the gun-boats, and ending with the 'Victoria' and 'Minotaur,' the two flag-ships, and again there was a grand salute, manning of yards, and cheering—the cheer from the 'Victoria' was splendid, and at each of her mast-heads stood a man waving a flag—how they did it sailors only know, for to us it seemed a most alarming exhibition of loyalty. We had some heavy showers as we passed down the fleet, and it was very cold; but (with one or two melancholy exceptions) we were far too excited and interested to heed either wind or rain, or to leave our elevated position between the paddle-boxes. The Royal yacht went slowly past us, just after we had passed the two flag-ships, and we could see the Queen and the Sultan standing on deck, with a crowd of uniforms, red and blue, about them. There was a great deal of motion, for the wind had risen; but we may conclude that the Royal party did not suffer from it, as instead of returning at once, the signal was given for the ships to 'engage.' We are told that it is not easy to astonish the Oriental mind; but we could not help thinking that even a Sultan's equilibrium might be slightly disturbed by the broadsides that ensued. We were close to the 'Victoria,' which was completely enveloped in smoke, her guns seeming to flash and roar all at the same time, and so with all the rest. The ships looked very stately and beautiful as they re-appeared through the clouds of smoke, and we felt convinced that whatever the Sultan's opinion might be, our Queen must feel very proud of her fleet. For ourselves, we are quite prepared to assert that now we know what a sea-fight really is! The next signal was to ask whether the gun-boats could attack the forts, and the answer being in the affirmative, the order was given, and a fresh cannonading began; this, however, was at some distance from us, and we could see but little of it. As the last wreaths of smoke disappeared, the signal was given to return; and for the third time that day we steamed through the fleet. The sea was now smoother, the band played, and some of the party began dancing on the quarter-deck. We amused ourselves with watching the sailors, two of whom were performing a valse, in the midst of an admiring circle of friends. One man was summoned to the quarter-deck to dance a hornpipe, which he did with the utmost

solemnity, going through innumerable steps without moving a muscle of his countenance, and receiving the applause of the company with equal gravity.

We soon found ourselves again off Osborne, and we had to wait a long time while the Queen took leave of the Sultan, and went on shore; after which the signal was made that she was well pleased with all that had been done. It was now quite fine, and we had time to admire the wooded slopes of Osborne, and the sea which looked bright and sparkling in the evening light. Then we got a little tired of waiting, and were not sorry to see the royal yacht with its attendant train again rapidly nearing us. And now for the last time we went through the fleet; and the parting salute to the Sultan was certainly the prettiest sight we saw that day. The wind blew the smoke away from us as fast as the guns were fired, and the last cheers were as hearty and ringing as the first. So we steamed to our anchorage, as the royal yachts passed into Portsmouth Harbour; and the end of the day was as successful as the beginning, for the sail back in the gig was only too short; we landed about sunset, and were soon at home, astonishing our kind hostess by assuring her that we had passed a most delightful day, and that in *our* opinion the Naval Review had been a decided success.

Believe me yours, &c.

A SAILOR'S DAUGHTER.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

Declined with thanks.—J. R.; H. B.; Z. Y.; Post-office; *and* Surrey.

Moonlight *asks for* The Legend of St. Rumbold. *Alban Butler has St. Rambold and St. Radbold, not St. Rumbold.*

Margaret C. *traces the proverb about* The wind tempered to the shorn lamb *(about which* N. V. *inquired) to* Sterne's Sentimental Journey.

E. S. M. *answers* E. B. *that*

'Not lost, but gone before,'

is a translation from Seneca; and Susan *adds, that in* Notes and Queries *it was traced to these words of his—*

'Non amittuntur, sed premittuntur.'

C. G. *thinks* H. C. *would find* Hymns for Infant Children, with Accompanying Tunes, *edited by the Rev. J. B. Dykes, (Masters,) useful for an Infant School.*

C. G. *begs to inform* O. *that in the Sixty-seventh Canon it is ordered 'that whenever anyone is passing out of this life, a bell should be tolled, and that the Minister shall not then slack to do his duty; . . . . and after the party's death if it so fall out, there shall be rung no more than one short peal, and one other after the burial.' Brand quotes thus from* Durand's Ritual—*'When anyone is dying, bells must be tolled, that the people may put up their prayers. Let this be done twice for a woman, and thrice for a man. . . . . If for a Clergyman, as many times as he has Orders, and at the conclusion a peal on all the bells, to distinguish the quality of the person for whom the people are to put up their prayers. . . . A bell too must be rung while we are conducting the corpse to church, and during the bringing it out of the church to the grave.' The custom in the North is to ring nine knells for a man, six for a woman, and three for a child.*

C. G.—*Minute description of the plants you ask is not possible in our space. The* Amaryllides *may be found described in Mrs. Loudon's* Ornamental Bulbs, *as* Sprekelia Formossissima, Lycoris Aurea, *and* Nerina Corusca. *They may be procured from gardeners as the Jacobæa Lily, the Golden Amaryllis, and the Guernsey Lily; but they are tender plants, needing much care, though repaying it by brilliant beauty.* Impatiens Balsamica *is the common red garden Balsam. We can find no description of* Aster Solidaginoides.

E. A. E. *wishes to inform* H. C. *that the simplest and sweetest thing of the kind inquired for that she has met with since* Hymns for Little Children, *is* The Old, Old Story: In Two Parts. Part 1. The Story Wanted. Part 2. The Story Told. (London: William Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row. 1867.) *With the Music complete, it is 6d., the words alone can be had in an ordinary penny tract.—Does* H. C. *know also of E. A. Chepmell's settings to Music of those* 'Hymns for Little Children?' *They are just now being advertised in* The Churchman's Companion, *(published by Masters,) in two parts at 1s. each.*

L. C. *asks who is the Patron Saint of Cornwall.—St. Piran is the patron of miners, and St. Neot was much revered in the county; but we are not aware of there being a general patron.*

C. G. W. *is thanked for a contribution of 7s. in postage-stamps to the Clewer Fields Ragged School and Mission Church.*

A. C. *wishes to know whether there be a small edition of Luther's hymns in German; and if so, the price, and how to procure them.*

E. H.—*Reredos is from the French* Arrière-dos, *behind the back, and means the high back of a chair, the iron plate at the back of a grate, and, ecclesiastically, the screen or coating of the wall behind the altar.*

E. L. *begs to inform* 'Greta' *that she will find the lines,*

'Like clouds that rake the mountain summit—
Like waves that own no curbing hand:
How fast does brother follow brother,
From sunlight to the sunless land!'

in Wordsworth—Extempore Effusion on the Death of James Hogg.—*She also wishes to know where she can find the following lines:—*

'They say she died—it seems to me,
That after days of pain and strife,
She slept one evening peacefully,
And woke in Everlasting Life.'

Ella *begs to know how she can dispose of the silk of her silkworms.*

Thankfully accepted.—A Pilgrimage to Einsiedlen.

Sister Alice, *and other Querists on the authorship of hymns, are referred to the Rev. L. C. Biggs's* Annotated Edition of Hymns Ancient and Modern.

[ERRATUM.—*In the life of* Girolamo Miani, *for* Lomascha, *read* Somascha.]

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

THE MONTHLY PACKET

OF EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

PART 22. OCTOBER, 1867. PRICE 1s.

MORNING HYMN.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BRIGHT.

AT Thy feet, O Christ, we lay
Thine own gift of this new day;
Doubt of what it holds in store
Makes us crave Thine aid the more:
Lest it prove a time of loss,
Mark it, Saviour, with Thy Cross.

If it flow on calm and bright,
Be Thyself our chief delight;
If it bring unknown distress,
Good is all that Thou canst bless:
Only, while its hours begin,
Pray we, keep them clear of sin.

We in part our weakness know,
And in part discern our foe;
Well for us, before Thine eyes
All our weakness open lies:
Turn not from us, while we plead
Thy compassions and our need!

Fain would we Thy Word embrace,
Live each moment on Thy grace;
All ourselves to Thee consign,
Fold up all our wills in Thine;
Think, and speak, and do, and be,
Simply that which pleases Thee.

Hear us, Lord, and that right soon;
Hear, and grant the choicest boon
That Thy love can e'er impart—
Loyal singleness of heart:
So shall this, and all our days,
Christ our God, show forth Thy praise.

THE SOUL OF NATURE.

THY Presence hath effaced the stain
That Eden's sin began,
For o'er Creation shines a face,
The Face of God made man.

Above, around, on earth and sea,
Shines down that Face serene,
And bids us think of Eden's bower,
And what man might have been.

And all is lovely where Thou rest,
And where Thy Feet have trod;
In Sacraments of peace and love
The earth shows forth her God.

MAY.

'OUR THREE IN WHITE.'

(Voué au blanc.)

I WAKE—the summer lightning bright
Is flashing round my room to-night,
And measur'd sounds of gentle rain
Slow beating on my window pane,
Seem echoing back upon my brain.
I cannot sleep—the ceaseless roar
Of billows breaking on the shore
And then receding, seems as each
Were gifted with the power of speech;
Like messages across the sea,
Dear husband, between you and me.
And linking thus each parted half,
Nature's electric telegraph—

I cannot sleep—my brain hath wrought
Too full a web of anxious thought,
Too strong a yearning thou could'st come,
Dear husband, to thine English home;
To kneel beside me, and to pray
That God will bless our gift to-day;
The offering, precious in His sight,
Our eldest of the *three in white!*
Sweet Lucy, on whose truthful face
The guiding Spirit we could trace,
Bending 'neath pastoral hand her head,
As earnestly the words were said,
God helping her, that she should lead
A Christian life, in thought and deed:
Kneeling for Confirmation's rite,
God bless our eldest child, *in white.*

The first—ah! thou wert far away,
Nor knew of that sad trial-day,
When Gertrude's soul returned to Heaven
Almost as pure as when first given:
Spotless, as are the flowers we spread
E'en now upon her 'churchyard bed.'
We crossed her hands upon her breast,
We laid her trustingly to rest—
(Half questioning if her father's eye
Would know his little child on high;
For she had gone, as she had come,
While he was far away from home.)
'From burden of the flesh set free
In joy and in felicity.'
Hiding away from loving sight,
With God, our little one *in white.*
Just now the church clock's silvery bell
Seemed as it were her passing-knell:
I rise, and from my window see
Her hallow'd grave beneath the tree—
The shadow, falling from the cross
Erected to record our loss:
Or rather, veiling from our sight,
'Till the day dawn,' our child *in white.*

I take the candle from the table
Standing beside the curtained cradle,
(Shading with loving hand the light,)
And whisper to our babe, 'Good-night.'

I watch her nestling soft and warm,
Her face half hid by dimpled arm—
Our May, our latest treasure, given
To brighten earth, and train for Heaven.
We stood together to behold
Our lamb admitted to Christ's fold;
Our little soldier, then enroll'd
Under His banner, strong to fight—
The youngest of our three *in white*.

ENGLISH HYMNOLOGY.

IV.

EASTER, ASCENSIONTIDE, WHITSUNTIDE, AND TRINITY SUNDAY HYMNS.

If, like our Lord and His disciples,[1] the Church sings hymns in the very presence of His Hours of Suffering; yet are her strains then few and low, compared with the songs of triumph with which she continues to celebrate His Victory, until once more she is summoned to the Mount of Olives to receive His parting Blessing. A Greek Hymn[2] of the eighth century, by S. John Damascene, for Easter Day, has become deservedly popular in Dr. Neale's translation, 'Tis the Day of Resurrection.' From the same 'Golden Canon' two other hymns might be adopted, almost unaltered, for English use—'Let us rise in early morning,'[3] and 'Thou hallowed chosen morn of praise.'[4] The latter is given in the 'People's Hymnal,' (a collection generally faithful to originals,) with some most unfortunate changes. A long Latin Hymn for Easter, by S. Ambrose,[5] appears, variously divided into two or three parts, in our hymn-books. The version in Hymns Ancient and Modern, 'Light's glittering morn bedecks the sky,' is based on Dr. Neale's. The two following specimens are translated from the Roman Breviary:—

'The dawn is purpling o'er the sky,
The air with Alleluias shakes,
The glad earth shouts her triumph high,
Hell in each shuddering cavern quakes.'
Rev. W. J. Copeland.

'The dawn was purpling o'er the sky;
With Alleluias rang the air;
Earth held a glorious jubilee,
Hell gnashed its teeth in fierce despair.'
Rev. E. Caswall.

Another Ambrosian Hymn,[6] also in the Sarum Breviary, is improved

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[1] S. Matt. xxvi. 30.

[2] ἀναστάσεως ἡμέρα.

[3] ὀρθρίσωμεν ὄρθρου βαθέος.

[4] αὕτη ἡ κλητή.

[5] 'Aurora lucis rutilat,' *Sarum Breviary*. The version given in the *Roman Breviary*, 'Aurora cœlum purpurat,' is much altered from the original.

[6] Ad cœnam Agni providi.

from Dr. Neale's rendering, 'The LAMB's high banquet we await;' in Hymns Ancient and Modern, 'The LAMB's high banquet called to share.' Two recast versions, much inferior in the Latin, have supplied English hymns of at least equal merit with those translated from the original. The first,[1] in the Roman Breviary, gives us 'At the LAMB's high feast we sing;' a hymn of which the translator is unknown. Some verses of it appear in Chope's 'Congregational Hymn and Tune Book,' (as originally published.) It was transferred into Mr. Denton's Hymn Book (published by Bell and Daldy) from a Scotch collection. There is another translation, by Copeland, 'In garments dight of virgin white,' very beautiful, but less fitted for Church use. The Paris Breviary contains a hymn,[2] founded on the same Latin original. The Compilers of 'Hymns for Divine Service, sanctioned by the Episcopal Synod of the Church in Scotland,' have produced a translation from S. Fulbert of Chartres, 'Ye choirs of New Jerusalem,'[3] in common metre, much more spirited than Dr. Neale's (which begins similarly) in long metre. One of the most jubilant 'proses' of the French Service-books,[4] the composition of an unknown author in the twelfth century, has suffered sadly from sundry efforts to torture it into an English hymn. The least unfortunate rendering is perhaps by J. D. Chambers—'Children of men, rejoice and sing!' Dr. Neale's, 'Ye sons and daughters of the King,' is made most unnecessarily worse in Hymns Ancient and Modern, 'O sons and daughters, let us sing,' where it has indeed become a 'prosaic and meaningless ditty.'[5] A much more pleasing hymn, in the same metre, 'The strife is o'er, the battle done,' is the Rev. F. Pott's translation of a twelfth-century Easter Hymn.[6] Dr. Neale's, retaining the very peculiar metre of the original, is too evidently constrained by the exigencies of its rhymes. It begins thus:—

'Alleluia! Alleluia!
Finishèd is the battle now;
The crown is on the Victor's Brow!
Hence with sadness!
Sing with gladness
Alleluia!'

The Compilers of Hymns Ancient and Modern have themselves translated the Roman Breviary Matins Hymn for 'Low Sunday,' [*i.e.* the First Sunday after Easter,] 'O CHRIST, the Heavens' Eternal King.'[7] Caswall's version, 'O Thou the Heavens' Eternal King,' is in common metre. A very free translation from the '*Salve Festa Dies*' for Easter, beginning, 'Hail! Day of days, in peals of praise,' is ascribed to Copeland in the 'People's Hymnal,' but is not in his published book. Copeland is the translator of the Sarum Breviary Compline Hymn[8] as given in Hymns Ancient and Modern, 'JESU, the world's redeeming

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[1] Ad regias AGNI dapes. [2] Forti tegente Brachio.
[3] Chorus Novæ Jerusalem. [4] O filii et filiæ. [5] R. H. Baynes.
[6] Finita jam sunt prælia. [7] Rex Sempiterne Cœlitum. [8] JESU Salvator sæculi.

LORD,' but his work has been much improved. The 'prose' in the Paris Missal[1] is freely imitated in

'CHRIST the LORD is risen to-day;
Christians, haste your vows to pay!'

More literal translations are, 'Praise to the Paschal Victim bring,' in the 'People's Hymnal,' and Dr. Neale's 'To the Paschal Victim.'

One of the oldest German Hymns, composed by Michael Weiss,[2] has been beautifully translated by Miss Winkworth, 'CHRIST the LORD is risen again.' More than a century later than Weiss, Louisa Henrietta, Electress of Brandenburgh, wrote her Easter Hymn,[3] also found in Miss Winkworth's Lyra Germanica—'JESUS my Redeemer lives.' C. F. Gellert's Easter Hymn,[4] which somewhat resembles this, belongs to the eighteenth century. Miss Cox's translation of it, 'JESUS lives! No longer now,' is somewhat spoiled in sixteen collections now lying before us, every one of which has omitted the last two lines of each stanza. Miss Cox's original may be seen in 'Hymns from the German, by F. E. Cox,' or in 'Lyra Messianica,' for which it was revised by the authoress. Luther's Easter Hymn,[5]—'In the bonds of Death He lay,' in Miss C. Winkworth's translation—can only be used on the morning of Easter Day.

The Easter Hymn, 'JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day! Alleluia!' has been traced by Mr. Sedgwick to a school-book of sacred history, printed at Northampton about the middle of the eighteenth century, written by one C. B., probably a pupil or friend of Dr. Doddridge. Unhappily, all the old records of its printers were destroyed in a fire at the Mercury office a few years ago. Mrs. Alexander's Easter Hymn, 'He is risen, He is risen!' is scarcely so beautiful as most of her sacred poetry.

'CHRIST the LORD is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say,'

is by Charles Wesley. Dr. Neale wrote, partly in imitation of ancient hymns, the irregularly divided lines beginning, 'The foe behind, the sea before.' 'The happy morn is come,' by Haweis, is a fine hymn, though it is perhaps improved by the alterations with which the Rev. R. H. Baynes prints it in 'The Canterbury Hymnal,' where it begins—

'Lo! the glad morn is come;
The LORD is risen indeed
Victorious from the tomb;
He hath His people freed!
Thy praise we sing, the Church's Head,
O Thou Who livest and wast dead!'

Heber's Hymn, 'GOD is gone up with a merry noise,' is much more appropriate for Ascension Day. Wordsworth's 'Alleluia! Alleluia! Hearts to Heaven and voices raise,' is exceedingly beautiful, yet falls

[1] Victimæ Paschali laudes. [2] CHRISTUS ist erstanden. [3] JESUS meine Zuversicht.
[4] JESUS lebt! mit Ihm auch ich. [5] CHRIST lag in Todesbanden.

short of his other hymn, 'In Thy glorious Resurrection,' which echoes, in no faint tones, the poetry of Adam of S. Victor, in whose style it is written, and whose Easter Sequences[1] it cannot fail to recall. Monsell's beautiful Easter Hymn, 'Christ is risen! Alleluia!' and H. Bonar's, 'The tomb is empty; wouldst thou have it full?' must be mentioned.

For Rogationtide, Keble's hymn, 'LORD, in Thy Name Thy servants plead,' written for the Salisbury Hymn Book in 1857, may be used; and on the three Rogation days, Neale's 'Till its holy hours are past.'

Ascensiontide is very rich in hymns. One of the most interesting[2] as to its history has come to us from S. Bede. The Ascension was a favourite theme with him, and was one of the last subjects of his song. It is well translated in Hymnal Noted,[3] 'Sing we triumphant hymns of praise,' but better still in Mrs. Charles's, 'A hymn of glory let us sing.' S. Ambrose's hymn for Ascension Day[4] is much improved from Dr. Neale's 'Eternal Monarch, King most high,' in Hymns Ancient and Modern, where it begins, 'O LORD most high, Eternal King.' Copeland's translation, 'King Eternal, Power unbounded,' begins well, but breaks down in the last two stanzas. The Paris Breviary Vespers Hymn for Ascension Day[5] has been greatly altered from Chandler's version in Hymns Ancient and Modern, 'O SAVIOUR, Who for man hast trod.' There is a much more spirited version in 'The People's Hymnal,' altered from W. J. Blew—'Anointed One! Thy work is done.' The hymn in the same Breviary for Lauds[6] ('O CHRIST, our Hope, our heart's Desire,' in Chandler's translation) greatly surpasses the altered Latin[7] in the Roman Breviary, which Copeland has translated, 'Author of lost man's Salvation.' The fourth ode in S. Joseph of the Studium's Canon for Ascension Day[8] supplies the hymn, 'JESUS, LORD of Life Eternal.' The stanzas are alphabetically arranged in the Greek as well as in this (Dr. Neale's) translation. This was probably done to assist the memory, and in imitation of the Hebrew poets.[9] J. Zwick's Ascension Hymn[10] is somewhat tamely rendered in Miss Winkworth's 'To-day our LORD went up on high.'

The most popular of our English Ascension Hymns, 'Hail the day that sees Him rise,' is much improved from Charles Wesley's original in most collections. Some of Wesley's last stanzas will be new to many:[11]—

'Master, (will we ever say,)
Taken from our head to-day,'[12]
See Thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to Thee.

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[1] Especially 'Ecce Dies celebris' and 'Zyma vetus expurgetur.'

[2] Hymnum canamus gloriæ. [3] The version there given is *not* by Dr. Neale.

[4] Æterne Rex Altissime. [5] Opus peregisti Tuum. [6] JESU, nostra Redemptio.

[7] Salutis humanæ Sator. [8] Ἰησοῦς ὁ ζωοδότης.

[9] Compare, *e.g.* Psalm cxix. [10] Auf diesen Tag bedenken wir.

[11] They are given with alterations in the S. P. C. K. collection as a separate hymn.

[12] Compare 2 Kings, ii. 3, 5.

'Ever upwards may we rove,
Wafted on the wings of Love;
Looking when our LORD shall come,
Longing, gasping, after home:

'There we shall with Thee remain,
Partners of Thine endless reign:
There Thy Face unclouded see;
Find our Heaven of heavens in Thee.'

Mrs. Toke's best hymn, 'Thou art gone up on high,' was first printed in 1851. The hymn from the Paris Breviary for the Octave of the Ascension,[1] 'O CHRIST, Who hast prepared a place,' in Chandler's translation, may fitly be sung on the Sunday after Ascension Day.

Many of the Latin Whitsun-Day hymns[2] contain some reference to the giving of the Law, which the Jews commemorated on this day. There is a curious parallelism, and yet more strange contrast, between this gift and that of the HOLY GHOST. The morning's First Lesson of Ascension Day takes us up the Mount Sinai with Moses, even while we celebrate the Ascension into Heaven of the 'PROPHET like unto' Moses. Whitsun-Day brings from both their several gifts, the one written on stone, the other on 'fleshly tables of the heart.' If we have no popular translations of the hymns which thus present Whitsun-Day in its double significance, we have an English hymn, no doubt partly suggested by them,[3] Keble's—'When GOD of old came down from Heaven;' and they are glanced at in Wordsworth's 'When the LORD of Hosts ascended.' Another class of Whitsuntide hymns is addressed to the HOLY GHOST. The best known of these[4] is retained from the ancient Ordinal in our own Ordination Service, where there are two translations given. The first, in long metre,[5] is much the better; it is the work of Bishop Cosin, in whose 'Devotions' it may be found. It begins, 'Come, HOLY GHOST, our souls inspire.' Other translations are Dryden's 'Creator SPIRIT! by Whose aid,' a free paraphrase in thirty-nine lines, and 'Come, HOLY GHOST, Creator blest,' by the Compilers of Hymns Ancient and Modern. The authorship of the Latin hymn is variously ascribed to Rhabanus Maurus, to Charlemagne, and to Gregory. The Whitsun-Day Sequence in the Roman and Paris Missals[6] has been popularly ascribed to Robert II. of France; but Pitra, the editor of '*Spicilegium Solesmense*,' assigns it, on contemporary testimony, to Stephen Langton. Caswall's translation, 'Come, Thou HOLY SPIRIT,

[1] Nobis, Olympo redditus.

[2] Compare especially 'Inter sulphurei fulgura turbinis,' the Paris Breviary Whitsun-Day hymn for Nocturns.

[3] 'I dare say they gave me hints, and I am glad at any rate of the coincidence.' (Letter of Rev. J. Keble, dated December 13th, 1865.)

[4] Veni Creator SPIRITUS.

[5] It is perhaps better divided into three stanzas of six lines each.

[6] Veni SANCTE SPIRITUS.

come,' though less strictly following the metre of the original, is much better than Dr. Neale's 'Come, Thou Holy PARACLETE.' We also owe to Caswall, 'Above the starry spheres,' the best rendering of S. Ambrose's Hymn,[1] given in the Roman Breviary for the Matins of Whitsun-Day. The hymn for Lauds, written by S. Hilary,[2] has been translated by Blew rather poorly, 'Round roll the weeks our hearts to greet;' better by Copeland, 'Again the circling seasons tell.' The alterations from his version in 'Hymns and Introits' are all improvements.

From the German hymn of Johann Rist[3] for Whitsun-Day Miss F. E. Cox has made a beautiful translation, 'This day sent forth His heralds bold,' but it is hardly fitted for Church use. Paul Gerhardt's Pentecostal Hymn[4] is known to us in two translations; that of Jacobi, as altered by Toplady, 'HOLY GHOST, dispel our sadness,' and Miss Winkworth's, 'Sweetest joy the soul can know.' Simon Browne's hymn—

'Come, HOLY SPIRIT, Heavenly DOVE,
My sinful maladies remove,'

is found thus altered in most collections, (perhaps first in Hall, 1836)—

'Come, *Gracious* SPIRIT, Heavenly DOVE,
With Light and Comfort from above.'

It must not be confounded with Watts's—

'Come, HOLY SPIRIT, Heavenly DOVE,
With all Thy quickening Powers.'

and Hart's, 'Come, HOLY SPIRIT, come.' 'SPIRIT of Mercy, Truth, and Love' is not, as commonly supposed, by the Rev. R. W. Kyle, but much older. Miss Auber's Hymn, 'Our Blest Redeemer, ere He breathed,' is from her 'Spirit of the Psalms.'

Trinity Sunday has a beautiful hymn assigned to it in the old Anglo-Saxon Hymnaries,[5] which Chambers has well translated, 'All hail! Adorèd TRINITY,' and which contrasts favourably with the Paris Breviary Lauds Hymn,[6] 'Blest TRINITY, from mortal sight,' which even the Compilers of Hymns Ancient and Modern have been unable to clothe with poetry. Miss Winkworth's versions of Angelus, 'Most High and Holy TRINITY,'[7] and Tersteegen, 'Thee, Fount of Blessing, we adore,'[8] may be used, but are not equal to Heber's grand hymn on the Gospel for the day, 'Holy, Holy, Holy! LORD GOD Almighty.' 'O GOD of Life, Whose Power benign,' is by A. T. Russell. In Morrell and How's 'Psalms and Hymns' it is given by mistake as 'from the German.' 'FATHER of Heaven, Whose Love profound' was first printed

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[1] Jam CHRISTUS astra ascenderat.
[2] Beata nobis gaudia.
[3] Heut hat der grosse Himmelsherr.
[4] O Du allerüste Freude.
[5] Ave, colenda TRINITAS!
[6] O Luce Quæ Tuâ lates.
[7] Hochheilige DREIEINIGKEIT.
[8] Brunn alles Heils, Dich ehren wir.

in Cotterill's Collection, 1810, and in marked copies of that book is ascribed to 'J. Cooper,' a writer otherwise unknown. Wordsworth's 'Holy, Holy, Holy, LORD!' and Monsell's 'Mighty FATHER! Blessed SON!' deserve to be better known.

For S. Mark's Day (April 25th) we have scarcely any hymns specially appropriate; those for Evangelists generally will be considered in another paper. Dr. Wordsworth's poem in The Holy Year, 'The virtues of Thy saints, O LORD,' is even less like a hymn than Keble's, 'Oh! who shall dare in this frail scene.' SS. Philip and James's Day (May 1st) is better provided for. Bishop Doane's, 'Thou art the Way, *to* Thee alone,' is appropriate to the Collect and Gospel; Wordsworth's 'Blest be, O LORD, the grace of Love,' is one of his best saints'-day hymns. Gurney's 'Memory of the blest departed' is unfit for use in church. The Latin hymn, sung on the Tower of Magdalen College, Oxford, on the morning of this day, has been given in this Magazine,[1] with a translation in English. It is not specially appropriate to the Festival, being in fact an Eucharistic Hymn.

LOUIS COUTIER BIGGS, M.A.

(To be continued.)

THE CANTICLES IN MATINS AND EVENSONG.

CHAPTER V.

THE CANTICLES IN MORNING PRAYER.

THE BENEDICTUS, AND THE JUBILATE.

THE BENEDICTUS is the Song of Zacharias spoken on the occasion of the circumcision of St. John the Baptist. It is recorded in St. Luke, i. 67–79, and we are specially told that it was uttered under the influence of the Holy Spirit, and that in speaking it Zacharias 'prophesied.' The words of St. Luke are, 'Zacharias was filled with the Holy Ghost and prophesied.' It comes before us therefore as the last prophecy of all before the birth of Christ, and as the last inspired utterance of the elder Covenant before Christ was born. It is an inspired thanksgiving for the approaching fulfilment of the ancient promises, an inspired statement of the objects for which Christ should come, and an inspired announcement that the child of eight days old then present should be the promised Forerunner of the promised Messiah. The number of points touched upon in this Canticle is very remarkable; and indeed it is so great that it may almost be called a summary of the Gospel. It goes back to the beginning of the mischief

[1] Vol. xvii. p. 527.

which made a Gospel necessary, and describes the state of man as he is by nature, and as he was in consequence of the Fall:—sitting 'in darkness and in the shadow of death.' The 'darkness' means the darkness of spiritual ignorance, ignorance of GOD, ignorance of GOD's love. 'Sitting' means dwelling or abiding. The 'shadow of death' alludes to the gloom and obscurity of a place of burial. Taken altogether, the phrase is an apt description of man and of the world under the Fall. The world is no longer a garden but a burial-place.* Death, not Life, is what meets you everywhere in it. Death and not Life is the one predominant idea throughout it. And there, as in a place of Tombs, mankind is sitting: it is his dwelling-place. He dwells among the tombs, in darkness, the darkness at once of death and of spiritual ignorance. And not this only, but the Canticle speaks also of 'enemies' who 'hate us.' This, of course, has reference to the spiritual enemies by whom mankind was oppressed. The kingdom of Christ being a spiritual kingdom, and His deliverance a spiritual deliverance, we can only understand these words in a spiritual sense. They are therefore a still further description of the state of man subsequent to the Fall. He is not only like one dwelling in the gloom of a grave-yard, but he suffers also from the oppression of evil spirits—enemies who hate him, who will not suffer him to dwell in peace, and who cause him to be his own enemy and to do himself hurt. Here we have a plain reference to that terrible Sovereignty of the Evil One over this world, which is so constantly alluded to in the New Testament, which our Lord so often speaks of, and with which throughout His ministry Christ was in perpetual conflict. Twice in this Canticle, which announces Christ's coming, are these enemies alluded to; and it is worth noticing that in St. Peter's Sermon to the first heathens who were admitted into Christ's Church, the one characteristic of Christ's ministry† which he fixes on to describe it by is this—namely—that He went about 'healing all that were oppressed of the Devil.' *Acts*, x. 38.

It is in this way, then, that the last inspired prophecy of the Messiah describes the state from which man was to be redeemed by the Saviour whom it announces. It anticipates His coming; nay, in the fervid spirit‡

* Here must be borne in mind the intense repugnance of the Jewish mind to death and everything connected with it. The touch of a corpse was pollution. Our readers will scarcely need to be reminded of the type of fallen man afforded by the Demoniac in St. Luke, viii. 26, 27:—'in darkness' as to his mind, for he was lunatic: dwelling 'in the tombs,' and oppressed with the devils who were his 'enemies,' and caused him to do himself injury, and cut himself with stones.

† It is to be remembered that of all Christ's miracles, the one class which excited most attention both from friends and foes was that which showed His power over man's spiritual tyrants. It was this which led to the Pharisees' deepest blasphemy, after which our Lord declared there could be no further hope for them: and it was the communication of some portion of this power to the Apostles, which seems to have done most to confirm their faith in Him. See St. Luke, x. 17.

‡ See a very beautiful passage on the structure of prophecy in Archer Butler's Sermons, page 261, commencing:—

'It is the ardent genius of Prophecy to strain its supernatural powers of sight to the *remotest* point of possible vision, to merge the means in the end, the coming preparation in the distant completion,' &c.

of the ancient prophecies, it speaks of Him as already come; and thus, though spoken before His birth, it seems as if made ready for our use who live so long after it. First of all it recurs to the ancient prophecies which had told mankind that the time of their oppression should not last for ever, but that in the fullness of time a Deliverer should be raised up. It then recites the 'oath' to Abraham the father of the Jewish people. After this it specifies the 'covenant' under which the Jews were distinguished as the race out of whom as concerning the flesh Christ should come. And then it comes to the fact that the coming Messiah should issue from the house of 'My servant David.' It takes them all in turn; not one of the steps of prophecy is omitted. But though it recites this oath, and appeals to the Abrahamic Covenant, and the promise to the Davidic line, it does not stop there. Had it done so, then it might have seemed as if the coming Saviour might indeed have been a Jewish deliverer, but was not at the same time recognized as the Saviour of the World. But there is no such omission here. The prophet Zacharias takes a wider view of the Salvation which he speaks of, and of the prophecies which are about to be fulfilled. He goes up to the fountain-head of prophecy, centuries before GOD had made choice of any special race or people to enter into covenant with. Zacharias goes back to the beginning. As it was in the beginning that man fell under the power of the 'enemy,' and as it was in the very beginning that GOD made His promise of One who should bruise the enemy's head, so Zacharias declares that the Coming Messiah shall be for the fulfillment of these earliest promises—promises made not to any one race or family, but promises which affect mankind as a whole, and which reveal the Christ as Saviour of the World. Thus the Jewish priest announces a universal Redeemer, and goes up far beyond a merely national hope when he appeals to the 'prophets which have been since the world began.'

We said above that this Song of Zacharias was almost like a summary of the Gospel as a whole; and so indeed it is. It links together the Scriptures of the two Covenants in a manner as comprehensive as it is remarkable. We have pointed out how peculiarly comprehensive are its appeals to the Old Testament expectations, touching upon (1) the Davidic hope, (2) the Mosaic Covenant, (3) the Abrahamic 'oath,' (4) the præ-Abrahamic prophecies:—we have shown how comprehensive is its description of man's fallen state, dwelling darkly in a world of Death, and tyrannized over by the Spirits of Evil:—we must now go on to see how it describes the work of Christ the Deliverer, and what are its consequences to those who are delivered by Him. It is in truth a sort of compendium of the Gospel, just as it is a sort of summary of Prophecy. It is a compendium of the Gospel, both as regards Christ the Saviour and as regards men the saved. It is first of all a thanksgiving for the Incarnation; it is also secondly a recital of the Gifts of the Incarnation, and of the blessings won for man through Christ's conquest of the enemy who had oppressed him. As it had described the state of man under the

Fall, so also it describes next the state of man under the Incarnation, and in the enjoyment of the gifts of Grace. It even reminds us of those chapters of the Epistle to the Romans in which St. Paul contrasts the blessedness of the regenerate with the depravity of the natural man, and sets forth the 'peace and joy' which are the heritage of the faithful. In this way it seems to concentrate into one focus the several teachings of all the three great divisions of Holy Scripture:—(1) of the Old Testament, with its revelation of sin and its promise of a Deliverer:—(2) of the Gospel Histories, which relate how the promise was fulfilled in the Incarnation of Christ:—(3) of the Epistles, which describe the working of that deliverance upon the soul of man. The BENEDICTUS is introductory to the New Testament as a whole, and not merely to the facts of the Gospel. It does not stop short at the fact of the Incarnation, any more than it stopped short with the Abrahamic oath, or the Mosaic covenant. Just as it went backward to the earliest prophecies and to the state of man under the Fall, so too it goes forward to the results of the Incarnation and the state of man under the dispensation of Grace. The *consequences* of the deliverance are dwelt upon just as much as the *predictions* of it, or as the description of the state from which man is delivered. First we have the *remission of sins;* even as St. Paul in Romans iv..... vii. describes Christians as being 'made *free from sin* and become servants to GOD.' The parallel is singularly close. Zacharias traces out the steps of the regenerate soul almost in the very words used afterwards by St. Paul. If St. Paul wrote, 'being *made free* from sin and become *servants* to GOD, ye have your fruit unto *holiness*;' Zacharias had said before 'that we *being delivered* out of the hand of our enemies, might *serve* Him without fear, in *holiness* and righteousness before Him all the days of our life.' Every word in this part of the BENEDICTUS may be taken as the motto of some portion of the corresponding portion of the Epistle to the Romans. The 'might serve Him *without fear*,' will answer to the passage beginning 'ye have not received the spirit of bondage again *unto fear*,' or again to the statement that the purpose of the Incarnation was 'to deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage.' The closing words, '*all* the days of our life,' which pronounce the *completeness* with which we are delivered from our spiritual enemy, is the germ of St. Paul's triumphant confidence that 'neither angels, nor principalities, nor powers, ... shall be able to separate us from the love of GOD which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.' And so again—not to work out the parallel any further—'the way of peace' in the Song of Zacharias is fully enlarged on in the passage, 'we have peace with GOD our Lord through Jesus Christ.' May we be permitted one more parallel—just by way of illustrating once more how closely this Canticle seems to anticipate the very phraseology of St. Paul? If Zacharias has described the state of man as one of 'darkness' in which 'enemies oppress us,' so in like manner does St. Paul speak of 'the rulers of the darkness of this world,' and so likewise does

he write to the Ephesians, 'ye were sometime darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord.' Of course the whole phraseology of the BENEDICTUS is based upon that of the Old Testament prophecies, but it is not a little remarkable to see how the special phrases which have been taken up again and impressed upon our Christian consciousness in the writings of St. Paul are the precise phrases which were gathered up into the last inspired utterance which announced the Incarnation. Here in this last prophecy it is not merely the Incarnation itself which is insisted on, but its various fruits in their proper sequence. There is the Light to dispel our darkness, and remission of sins which bringeth peace: there is the 'knowledge of salvation' in the preaching of the Word, and deliverance from the power of Satan which puts us in the position to serve God: there is the special characteristic of Christian service, that it is 'without fear,' that it is a hopeful happy service, that of a son and not a servant, for 'fear hath torment;' and then there is the twofold division of Christian service, 'holiness *and* righteousness,'—holiness towards GOD, righteousness towards men, the sanctification of the heart followed by a strict performance of human duties, religion not divorced from but issuing in a strict morality, faith showing itself by works, and our love to God seen by reason of our love to our neighbour.

A word or two more may yet be necessary as to some of the expressions used in this Canticle. And first as to the phrase 'Day-spring from on High.' This is not a mere description of the light of the Gospel, but it is a definite title of Christ. He does not merely *bring* light: He *is* the Day-spring, and the Day-spring from on High. Next as to the word 'Horn.' It is an established term for strength and power. 'Horn of Salvation' means a 'power which shall save;' or a 'powerful one who shall save;' perhaps the prophecy which most exactly fits this verse of the Canticle is that in Ezekiel, xxix. 21:—'In that day will I cause the horn of Israel to bud forth.' Thus much perhaps will suffice as a general explanation of the subjects handled in this inspired Canticle. The same explanation will serve the double purpose of shewing its peculiar fitness both for the occasion when it was first spoken, and for our use of it in our Morning Service. It was first spoken when the Forerunner of our Lord was brought to Circumcision, and when, to the astonishment of all present, he received the unexpected name of John—'the Grace of GOD,' or 'the Mercy of GOD.' Then, when the child had received the mystic name, his father's tongue was loosed, he declared the position which the infant John was to fulfil in the Divine dispensation, and that as he was called 'John,' so through 'the tender mercy of GOD' he was to be the Prophet of the Highest, and the Forerunner of the DAY-SPRING. This being so, the father's mind looks at once backward and forward. He looks backward upon the position of mankind in their lost estate, and upon the long line of promises of a Deliverer to come—promises running up far before the dispensation under which he was a priest—promises embracing the whole race of man, although worked out through the

Covenant of Moses and the lineage of David. All these he declares are now upon the verge of fulfilment, nay, are even now fulfilled, and he affirms that his son shall be the prophetically announced forerunner. After this he looks onward to the state of man after the blessings of the Incarnation have been poured out; and as he sketched out the promises of the Old, so now he sketches out the benefits of the New Testament. And his last word is *Peace*—'to guide our feet into the way of peace,'—*Peace*, itself the very word which sums up the Gospel which is elsewhere called the 'Gospel of Peace,' and the burden of the Song in which a few months after the Angelic host shall announce the Nativity of the Prince of Peace —'Peace on earth, good-will towards men.'

The self-same description will serve equally well as an explanation why the BENEDICTUS is fitted for its place in our Morning Service. We have just been listening to our Second Lesson—a Lesson from the historical part of the New Testament, that part of the Bible which records the Incarnation of our Lord, the fulfilment of the ancient prophecies, from the first promise in Eden, down to the last voice of Malachi. So having listened to this Lesson, we next raise our voices in the responsory Canticle:

> 'Blessed be the Lord GOD of Israel:
> For He *hath* visited and redeemed His people.'

The words which were spoken in a kind of anticipation by Zacharias are exactly accurate in the mouth of the Christian; and the description which Zacharias gives of the spiritual benefits of the redeemed, ought to be matters of daily experience with those who use his Canticle in the Services of the Church. Moreover, it is especially well suited for a Morning Canticle, from its practical, and, as we may say, *prospective* tone. Just as Zacharias was looking onward to the practical fruits of Christ's coming, as shown in the deliverance of mankind from sin and darkness, so in our Morning Service should we be looking forward to being kept free from sin during the coming day. We *have been* hearing—it is time for us to think also of doing. We have been listening to the faithfulness of GOD to His promises—it is time for us now to think of the holiness and righteousness in which we ought to walk during the opening day. Then too there is something very suitable to our morning thoughts in the very title by which Christ is spoken of in its closing verses. When our morning Office is really said in the morning, and not well on towards high-noon, how appositely must not the words, 'Day-spring from on High,' strike upon our minds! The night is just gone by with all its analogies and suggestions; morning is once more returned; and we are meeting the new day with words of gratitude for the coming of Him Who is the spiritual Day-spring, and in Whose light alone we can hope for light to guide our feet in the way of peace during the day which we are commencing. Surely these closing words must often have struck us in our more careless moments, rousing us to spiritual wakefulness and effort, as if they had said to us—

'Awake, thou that sleepest,
And arise from the dead;
And Christ shall give thee light!'

Something of this kind no doubt it was which caused the BENEDICTUS in old times to be always used at Lauds.. We have already seen that the BENEDICITE was a Lauds Canticle for Sundays only, as commemorating GOD'S finished work of Creation, in memory of which the seventh day's rest was originally ordered. But it is every day that Christ must 'guide our feet;' it is every day that we have to shape our course by the pattern of the Gospel life; it is every day that we have to look to the heavenly Day-spring, and the Divine deliverance from our spiritual enemies, and the evil ones who hate us. So it was appointed as a Lauds Canticle for *every* day in the year. And the proper time for the Lauds Office was at day-break, the time when of all others we should give a practical turn to our devotions, and bring home to our minds the duties proper to our restored though fallen state. Such was its ancient use in our own pre-Reformation Services; and if those Services had fallen into a slovenly condition as regards their practical observance in too many cases, still it would not have been so everywhere. At any rate, it need not be unreasonable to regard the BENEDICTUS as having saluted every day-break that ever shone upon this England of ours from the days of Norman William to those of our Sixth Edward. How much further back we cannot say for certain. It is definitely traceable in the Lauds Office as far as 820, and probably is spoken of as so used by St. Benedict. The way in which it occurred in Lauds is very interesting. It was, as we have said, a fixed Canticle for every day, and was associated with Psalms lxiii., cxlviii. . . . . cl., as fixed Psalms to be sung every day. If our readers will turn to these Psalms, read them through in their order, and then read the BENEDICTUS, he will see with what a noble burst of choral praise our Christian ancestors used to salute each rising sun. The sixty-third Psalm, with its

O GOD, Thou art my GOD: early will I seek Thee.
My soul thirsteth for Thee, my flesh also longeth after Thee: in a barren and dry land where no water is.

* * * * * *

Have I not remembered Thee in my bed: and thought upon Thee when I was waking?

* * * * * *

is the very ideal of a fixed Psalm for morning use; while the joyous praise of the last three Psalms of all seems to carry the spirit of the Sunday BENEDICITE through the Morning Services of all the week. Then after Psalm cl. came the chapter from the New Testament; then a hymn, and then the BENEDICTUS responding to the chapter or Lesson, and closing the praise-portion of the Lauds Office. Perhaps our readers may like to know that the Hymn which immediately preceded the

BENEDICTUS—coming between it and the Lesson—every day from early summer up to Advent, was that most beautiful one of 'Ecce jam noctis,' which is thus freely rendered in Tract 75:—

'Paler have grown the shades of night,
And nearer draws the day,
Checkering the sky with streaks of light,
Since we began to pray.

To pray for mercy when we sin,
For cleansing and release,
For ghostly safety, and within
For everlasting peace.

Grant this to us, O Father, Son,
And Spirit, GOD of grace,
To Whom all worship shall be done,
In every time and place. Amen.'

Then on most of the ordinary week days came the following:

V. In the morning-tide, O Lord, I will meditate upon Thee:

R. Because Thou hast been my Helper.

After which came the BENEDICTUS, with its Antiphon. With reference to the Antiphon and its object, we may refer our readers to the explanations given in the chapter on the VENITE. It will be sufficient here if we give a specimen or two, mentioning only that the Antiphon was commenced, *i. e.* its *first half* sung before the BENEDICTUS, and the whole of it sung at its conclusion. Thus, on Christmas Day, the Benedictus would be preceded and concluded with the Angelic Hymn, 'Glory be to GOD in the Highest: and on earth peace, good-will to men.* Alleluia. Alleluia.' A most exquisite conclusion to the words of the last verse—'To guide our feet into the way of *peace*.' The Epiphany Antiphon is curious. 'This day the Church is joined to a celestial Spouse, because in Jordan Christ hath washed her sins. The Magi hasten with gifts to the royal marriage; and the guests are made glad with water made wine. Alleluia!' On Easter Day the Antiphon has a beautiful reference to the title of 'Day-spring' applied to Christ in the BENEDICTUS. It runs thus: 'And very early, the first day from the Sabbath, they come to the Sepulchre: the sun already risen. Alleluia.' A beautiful accompaniment to a *day-break* singing of the Canticle. The remainder of the Antiphons suggest no special observation. With regard to the use of the Canticle in our present Prayer Book, we remark that it is positively ordered for every day in the year, four days only excepted. Strangely enough, we have met with many churches where this order is disobeyed, and the JUBILATE used in its place. This is altogether wrong, and never could have occurred if people had not almost entirely lost sight of the *rationale* of the Canticle system as a whole. After what we have said above it must surely be evident that the

* Or as it stood in the old Service-books, 'Peace to men of good will.'

BENEDICTUS has an appropriateness as the Church's *morning thanksgiving* for the Incarnation and for the Gospel History which no other Canticle could have. It has a definite sense and meaning, and if you leave it out you just throw away so much of the point and tellingness of your Morning Service.

In the Prayer Book of 1549, it was ordered for every day without any exception whatever; but in 1552, Psalm c. was ordered for those four days—but those *only*—when it is read as part of the Second Lesson for the day. There is no special reason why the JUBILATE was chosen to take its place on those four days, unless it be that it was one of the fixed Sunday Psalms at Lauds in the old Service-book.

Perhaps, however, its invitation to enter 'into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise,' may have led some people to regard it as appropriate to the Sunday Service; but even this would be sadly out of place so late in the Service, if it were the real reason for its use. The recognition of the universality of Christ's redemption in the first verse:—the *universality* of the Gospel as contrasted with the *national* character only of the Jewish Church, is perhaps a reason why the JUBILATE may have been appointed as the Response to the Lesson from the Gospel or Acts; but even in this respect it does not excel the BENEDICTUS. All that can be said is, that as a thanksgiving Psalm after the Gospel Lesson it is appropriate and convenient; but that the BENEDICTUS being infinitely more so, it is altogether a mistake, as well as a flat breach of order, to substitute the JUBILATE for the Song of Zacharias, except when we are positively directed so to do. The only days when it would seem to have any special suitableness, would be when the Second Lesson had included the parable in which our Lord describes Himself as the Good Shepherd. For this, perhaps something might be said, owing first to its prophetic reference to the Chief Shepherd of the Church,* and secondly, to its calling upon *all* lands to join in His worship, which answers to Christ's declaration that He had other sheep besides those of the Jewish fold, and that those too He must *call* to follow Him as their Shepherd. Thus much, however, is clear, that nothing can better show the elaborate perfection with which the BENEDICTUS is suited to follow the Second Lesson, than the comparative pointlessness with which the JUBILATE takes its place. Once get into the habit of using the proper Canticle, and you will soon find how difficult it is to find another which shall at once lend itself to so many Evangelic meanings, and be so delicately suited for the early morning worship of men still needing Christ as their Salvation by the remission of their sins, still needing Christ for their Light and Guide each coming day, still needing His deliverance from spiritual enemies, and finding only in Him and in His Gospel their pattern of holiness and their hope of peace.

A. R. A.

* See Blunt's Annotated Prayer Book, p. 17.

THE YOUTH OF AN EARL'S GRAND-DAUGHTER.

IN TWO PARTS.

INTRODUCTION.

'O AUNT SARAH, how beautiful! how very glad I am to have come with you here! And so that is the Castle. It does not look quite like a castle either; but it is a noble house; and then what a park! what green slopes! what a fine piece of water! and oh, what trees! And so your mamma really lived there once?'

'Yes, she was born there, and lived there till she married.'

'And then?—But you promised to show me the Lodge; and the other house you call the White House.'

'I quite intend it. I came here myself, wishing to see them all once more. And by-and-by we will go to the church and churchyard too: so you will have seen the beginning and the end of dear Grandmamma's life.'

So the aunt and niece passed a good part of a long summer's morning in roaming about one of the finest parks in England. They rested under trees, and talked at intervals; but the aunt was grave and thoughtful, and the niece respected her silence. By-and-by they came to the Lodge, a mere cottage, but a pleasant one.

'Aunt Sarah,' at last said the niece Margaret, 'it seems foolish to say so now, but why did Grandmamma marry, and leave that beautiful castle? I suppose she could have lived there all her life, and been always Lady Sarah Pemberton. Wasn't it a pity?'

'She would have been a good woman in any case, dear. But you have not calculated a few little difficulties. The Earl, her father, was rather old when she was born; and whenever he died, she must have known that the Castle was not really her home. Her brothers, one of them at least, would then be Earl of Atherstone, and live there with his wife and family; and though the Castle is a large house, if everybody born there were to stay there, it would soon be too small.'

'O Aunt Sarah! I see: just like a hive that is too full; and some bees *must* turn out.'

'Try if you can find any other reasons.'

'I see one. I suppose, though the old earl was very rich, he could not afford money enough to keep all his children and grand-children doing nothing.'

'I should think not, indeed. And would they have been happier for living idle lives?'

'Why no, I suppose not. And then if they were not happy, perhaps they would begin quarreling.'

'No doubt. So the best thing the head of the family could do, was

to give them all good educations, teaching them their duty to God and man, and then sending them out to make their own way in the world.'

'Yes, Aunt Sarah; and to make money for themselves and their families: I see *that*.'

'I hope you see a good deal more than that. Don't you see that by spreading themselves abroad, they might make a great many more people happy and good, than if they had lived shut up, even in this large park?'

Margaret Withers remained for a little while in a reverie. 'I suppose it is the *grandeur*, Aunt Sarah, that I was thinking of, and the title. You will never be Lady Sarah, like Grandmamma; and poor Papa will never be the Honourable Henry Withers.'

'Very true; you must make up your mind to that. Also, you have seen me earning money by giving lessons in drawing; and Papa draws plans, and builds houses. Have you ever seen us look very unhappy because of this?'

'Oh dear no, Aunt Sarah! Still I don't think I like so well NOW to look at this fine place; we seem to be growing more *little* as we go on.'

'Papa does not like coming here himself, dear; but that is because he hardly knows his cousin, the present earl, and fears he might be thought an intruder. Had it been our uncle, who was Lord Atherstone, or even his son, he might have felt differently; but as *they* are no more, and even Uncle John too, he would not wish us to call on our cousin, whom we have not seen since he was quite a little boy.'

So the present talk came to a close. Miss Sarah Withers (for still, though fast becoming an elderly woman, she retained her maiden appellation) lived with her brother, Harry Withers; having, after the sad loss of his wife, offered to go to him in his northern home, and take charge of his only daughter, the Margaret of our acquaintance. Far away from all her former haunts, Sarah Withers had done her part, as ever, bravely; and now, circumstances having brought her within thirty miles of her mother's home, she could not resist the desire of re-visiting it, and showing her early haunts to her niece—a child it is true, but companionable and loving.

There was a great deal more to see. The Lodge, where Sarah herself and Margaret's papa also were born, did not keep them long; but the White House, a wide-spread old manor-house, took more time; and Miss Withers recognized one or two faces she had known many years before among the farm folk there employed. She asked leave to go in, and was most kindly received by the farmer's wife, to whom her name was well known. It was no small test of her self-command, but she conversed calmly with this person, and showed her niece the rooms she best remembered; and then she mustered courage for her chief effort, that of visiting the village church and churchyard.

Margaret looked wistfully at her as they caught a view of the old ivied tower, and pressed her aunt's hand affectionately. It was a church such as one sees in many another village in England; not remarkable

in architecture; beautifully neat and well cared for; the windows were handsome, and the ivy which garlanded them was kept from damaging the walls by contrivances of the rector, so that you had the ancient and always *best* appendage to an old building without the feeling of injury. Also there was a fine cedar, shadowing a corner of the churchyard, and some carefully planted shrubs. Margaret and her aunt had met the clerk, who admitted them at once; and then the latter reverently pointed out the spot where in old times she had sat or knelt by her mother's side. Entire silence prevailed; but the child understood it all. And then they took their way to where a simple cross was stretched over two graves, raised about a foot from the ground, and railed in, the enclosure embracing also another and an older tomb, a little apart; it was that of the mother of Sarah's father, who had died, a beloved inmate of her son's house, while they lived in the village. The inscriptions on her parents' tomb merely recorded name and age: the father, Spencer Withers; the mother, Sarah, his wife; with the words, 'In Jesus.'

Here then they reposed: the aged mother, the husband and wife.

Margaret had rarely seen her aunt shed tears; but *here* she could not refrain. Memory rushed and flashed upon her, impossible to be repressed, and far too precious to be turned aside; but deep inward prayer turned all to gain, and her calm sweet countenance resumed its look of perfect acquiescence in the Divine Will, as she turned away, at length, and said it was time to proceed on their journey.

So the trying day came to a close. They rested that night at the nearest hotel to the railway-station, which was to be their point of departure next morning; but Margaret did not like to urge her aunt to conversation; and it was not till some time afterwards that she asked and obtained some more full account of her aunt's and Lady Sarah's life. Her papa, who strongly felt the value of his sister's character, had been urgent with her for some time to give her own impression of their mother, and of some of the incidents of their childhood; but he told his daughter privately, that he was afraid Aunt Sarah would hardly do herself justice; that she would tell them how anxious and frightened and nervous she used to be, without saying how she learnt to conquer all this.

However, whatever it was, they must accept and thank her for it; and so in due time the record came, addressed to Margaret especially, but welcome to them all.

PART I.

I BELIEVE you already know, dear Margaret, that I was the eldest of my dear mother's children; and that she had afterwards five sons, and last of all another daughter, your Aunt Susan, named after *the* Great-aunt Susan whom you can hardly remember, as she was quite old when you

were born. She was my mother's elder sister, five years at least older than Lady Sarah; and there were two brothers besides. Their father was the Earl of Atherstone, and the family name was Pemberton, only the eldest son had always the title of Lord Trenton. Lady Susan and Lady Sarah Pemberton were the ladies of the Castle, for their mother died while they were very young; but their father had taken every care of them. First, his sister, a very good religious woman, lived with them, and they had governesses and masters; but by-and-by the aunt grew feeble, and kept chiefly in her own room, and then the ladies had to guide themselves, and receive their father's guests. Very perfect in lady-like ways they both were; but certainly Lady Sarah was the favourite of her father, and I believe, in general, of everyone else; though no one could be more respected than Lady Susan. Both of them were dignified; but there was a little severity and hauteur about *her*, and nothing but pure gracefulness and goodness about Mamma. By-and-by you will understand them both. They went abroad one or two summers with their father, enjoying grand scenery and fine pictures, and learning modern languages well; and they were presented at court, and were much admired, I have been told, in London; but they always seemed to like their own country home best, and were thought much of, of course, when they came back. The poor and the schools benefited by them, you may suppose; but poor people are very quick at seeing differences, and it was said Lady Susan was too fond of the words 'ought' and 'must,' while Lady Sarah won their hearts towards right by her gentle kind ways.

Well, they went on living their single lives for several years. It was thought they must have had offers of marriage, but nothing came of it; and I do not much think Lady Susan was ever attached to anyone, or thought of marrying. It was otherwise with my mother. And now that I have to tell you of her great love for my father, I shall not write otherwise than as I truly think. I believe that she was designed, by the character impressed on her by Providence, to shine best as a wife and a mother; and I think also that she had very strong, natural, and simple affections, not likely to be fixed on worldly objects, but looking always at what was pure and good. She was also very poetical and full of fancy; and when she became acquainted with my father, who was a graceful, gentlemanly, truly refined man, she contrasted him in her thoughts with most of the men she knew, and was won by his singleness of heart and his refined tastes. Also she saw he was serious and devout. She did not enough take note of his indolent time-wasting habits, nor perceive, I fancy, his want of a strong set purpose in life; and when one or two of her friends pointed this out to her, she spoke with greater reliance on his good feelings than was quite rational. Certainly, in the matter of the courtship, there was no want of energy on his part.

The manner in which she and my father became acquainted and

attached was this. My father was the son of worthy parents, who had made their money by business, but had lately given up all but some concern in a London bank. They had been unfortunate in losing several children; and when my father was born they were neither of them young, and all their affections centred on this one son, all the more because he was not strong; and they, having had so much grief, hardly believed he would live to grow up. They were not foolish about him, however. They sent him in due time to a public school, where his health improved; and after that he went to Oxford, for they were unsparing of expense in his education. Unfortunately, while there he had a return of illness; and the doctors advised an interruption of study, and sent him with an excellent trustworthy tutor and companion, a Mr. Irby, to Italy for a winter. There was not sufficient difference in years to make them uncongenial; and in fact, no two young men were ever more attached.

When they returned, my father wished to spend a little more time at Oxford, while Mr. Irby was about to take Orders. The life at the University was just what my father enjoyed; revelling in good society and in books, and paying occasional visits to college friends at their homes. And everywhere it seemed that he was beloved; and all, especially the ladies, admired his poetry, his drawings, and his tastes. But all this while his father was somewhat uneasy at his manifest dislike of any settled career. No profession pleased him: for one reason or other all were objected to; and they dared not press the matter too strongly, lest health should give way. So he stayed on and on at Oxford, taking a good degree, and being quite irreproachable in conduct.

Meanwhile, his friend, Edward Irby, took first deacon's then priest's Orders, and was holding the living of Atherstone, which was in my grandfather the Earl's gift, and was intended for the youngest son, the Honourable and Reverend John Pemberton, when he came of age, in two years' time.

Mr. Irby lived in the Rectory, and fulfilled all the duties of a clergyman so admirably, that everyone dreaded the change, when the Earl's son, who by no means bore a high character, should come. Everyone wondered at the Earl destining him for the Church; the more so, because my grandfather was in general scrupulous on those points. He could not have studied my uncle's character; but he had much to suffer for his mistake; and the marriage Uncle John unfortunately made afterwards, was the most fatal step for his usefulness and improvement. Lord Trenton, my mother's elder brother, was deeply concerned at the prospect; and having known Mr. Irby at Oxford, it was he who had persuaded his father to place the parish in his hands, knowing he would be a blessing to all belonging to it. Of *him* more hereafter. My father's visit to him is the matter in hand.

The Castle was always courteous to the clergyman; and my father

was one of the most gentlemanly of his guests. The Castle ladies I have said were charming ; and Mr. Spencer Withers and Lady Sarah soon found out what a multitude of tastes they had in common. Mr. Irby smiled at first ; but then seriously cautioned his friend against attachment in that quarter, while my father merrily retorted that the clergyman himself was the person most in danger. And so no doubt Mr. Irby would have been, had he not been forewarned and forearmed ; had he not been one of a thousand in comprehension of his proper course, and resolution to keep it.

You cannot well conceive two more different men than he and my father were. Mr. Irby had very strong warm affections ; but I never met with anyone so firm in self-government, so unselfish, and bent upon duty. He was deeply religious—his whole soul in his work ; but there was this peculiarity about him—that he could not endure mere wordy common-place talk on those subjects ; was impatient with it, and so was sometimes regarded as less serious than he really was. There must have been an extraordinary amount of candour about him, however, for when he knew a friend as he did my father, he would not dwell on the points in which they differed, but devoted himself to helping on the *good*. His rectitude was such, as to make him a little too suspicious perhaps of any departure from his own rules ; and thus he was absolutely indignant when he found my father really making love to Lady Sarah. He was rather absurd about it. He might have let things take their course ; instead of which, he well-nigh turned his friend out of doors.

It was of little use. My father had had time enough to see he was liked ; and the Earl had been so kind, and so pressing in invitations, that, in spite of all Mr. Irby could say of his small chance of success, he went back to town, not hopeless by any means. There he found his father, looking rather grave at the idea of marriage for a young man who had not a shilling but what *he* himself must furnish, and who gave no signs of an intention to earn anything. He could indeed make him a nominal partner in the bank, and he did so ; but it was without any hope of his earning it by application to business ; and I have heard that the good gentleman was for once in his life a little cross, and no ways delighted at my father's having taken a fancy to a noble lady, who yet, it was thought, would not be likely to bring him a large dower ; for there is seldom much ready money in the hands of the grandees. Yet, when my grandmother heard what a sweet lovely lady Lady Sarah was, she could not help wishing her son success.

Well, so in a very short time, my father was down at Atherstone again ; and he plunged headlong into the business, determined

> 'To put it to the touch—
> To win or lose it all.'

The Earl was greatly annoyed—at first very angry ; and (but quite

without reason) displeased with Mr. Irby too. He argued warmly with his daughter, said how much better she might have married, and was very cold and repulsive to my father. Likewise Lady Susan was against him. She saw more of the infirmities of his character; and being a strong person herself, and with very little imagination, she had small liking for that form of character, especially when any intimate connection was in question. Mr. Irby kept wholly aloof. Lord Trenton liked my father, and was merely doubtful.

As, however, there could be no doubt of Lady Sarah's affections, a sort of compromise was entered into. She was to go abroad for awhile, to divert her mind and cheer her spirits; and there was to be no correspondence.

What came of it all? Even this, my dear. Lady Sarah returned home after some months absence, thin and pale, and constant at heart to her lover. The Earl had no wish to see her die, or live unhappy. He had none but negative objections to my father; and an interview with the father and mother had convinced him that they were thoroughly good and true, and undesigning; moreover, that they had the power of endowing their son with a handsome provision at once, and would leave him all at their death. And then, it was impossible to withhold the conviction that my father's was a very pure love; that he made no stipulations for fortune; that all his solicitude was to see my mother provided for; and that he really seemed to forget all about wealth or rank; to be wholly absorbed by his deep love for her.

Consent therefore was finally given. The Earl was always liberally disposed, and he fitted up the Lodge handsomely, and rejoiced in the thought of at least keeping his favourite daughter near him. They brought his friend, the Bishop of the diocese, over to marry the happy pair, a ceremony in which of course Mr. Irby assisted; and after a short tour, ending with a visit to the father and mother at their comfortable home in Kensington, they returned to settle at Atherstone.

I do believe that, for some considerable time, a happier couple than my father and mother very seldom are met with in this changeable world. My grandfather, the Earl, fully did justice to my father's devotion to his wife; and loving my mother as he did, how could he help loving anyone who made her happy? besides which, my father never was a man to require much on his own account; nobody could have less craving after luxuries, except indeed that of personal ease. But I can see, as my mother has told me since, that a great mistake was made at the outset, in their settling so near the Castle. Knowing, as I was compelled afterwards to know, my father, I cannot but see now, that living within the domain of a large powerful proprietor, standing in so near a connection to himself, was a most fatal thing for a man of his character and habits. There was nothing in particular for him to do. Field-sports, a little gardening, a little reading and writing, frequent calls from the great people who visited at the Castle, and many

a summons to go and help to entertain the guests there, a want of firmness to stand up for his own freedom; all these conspired against him, and confirmed the indolent do-nothing habits which had gained upon him. I should think my mother saw it all; and in her own department, I know she preserved her independence, though it was a difficult thing. Very early in her married life, I have reason to think, she was vexed at Lady Susan's occasional sharp remarks to my father. His temper was to the last degree placable; but he could not like his sister-in-law; and then he could not but feel that he was of no consequence at the Castle, but only wanted to do the agreeable.

I am a long while coming to my own self; but in reality I did give my presence to the world in no such long time; and being the first grandchild in the family, I have heard that great fuss was made about me. Christening robes and silver cups, and various costly presents, came to the Lodge on that wonderful occasion; and there was quite a grand state christening, and the Bishop came again. Aunt Susan was one of the Godmothers, and the beautiful young bride, whom Lord Trenton had just brought home, was another; but my father and mother both insisted on Mr. Irby being Godfather. More and more my mother valued him, valued his influence with my father, and looked to him as her best helper; and I know Lord Trenton thought the same; while Mr. Irby found at the Lodge more real help in his parish work than anywhere else, for my mother was, as I have said, popular with the poor people, while Lady Susan scolded them too much. Mr. Irby, as long as I can remember anything, and I dare say a great deal longer—made the best use of my father, and tried most perseveringly to put him upon doing more for himself. His own busy clerical life left him quite without the power, had he had the inclination, to join his friend's out-door amusements; but Mr. Irby was very thankful for my father's literary tastes. He was himself a scholar, well read; and now the short second-hand sketches he got from his friend, of books and various matters of present interest, were invaluable to him; and he tried to put my father upon writing himself. What a blessing was the clear insight of so fine and yet practical a mind as his!

My first two or three years must have been very sunshiny. Even the Earl—when at last I, by dint of laborious infantine attempts at friendliness, had succeeded in getting actually into his large arms—could not help saying that I was a fine little creature, very like my mother, who was reckoned very like himself. From that time he made much of me, admired my mother's ways with me, and was heard to quote, 'Our little Sarah,' as a sort of model child. So that though Lord Trenton's marriage, just before my birth, was the occasion of a much grander event, in the birth of a son and heir two years afterwards, I did not lose my popularity. My Aunt Trenton was a charming person, of noble birth and manners, handsome, striking—the very woman after the Earl's

heart. But they did not *live* at the Castle, though often there; for they had an estate and house in the North.

After that, my Uncle John, the clergyman, married, but not till after the birth of my brother Edward—nor I believe indeed till after Harry—your father, Margaret—was born. That marriage of Uncle John's was a sad trouble. He had taken the living upon himself, but secured Mr. Irby's services still, as curate, which all rejoiced at.

Uncle John met with his wife at Homburg. She was clever and managing; and he married her off-hand. She has been dead some time; but I even now remember her coming to the parish, and her odd ways. She was a good-natured woman, did not mean ill; but she fancied the Earl, and all the people about us, were countrified creatures, who knew nothing of life; and all she seemed to wish for, was to cut a dash, and surprise everybody. She was quite beside the mark as to Grandpapa. He could not endure her ways, and set her down, in general, very cleverly; but then she behaved badly to my father and mother, and worst of all, to her husband. Though, unhappily, he was not a good clergyman, he had *some* right notions of what was proper both for himself and for her, and felt the want of all deference on her part to him and his position; and as he had not a good temper, she irritated him. She always called him Pemberton, sometimes Pem, which I thought very odd and unladylike; for my mother never called him *Jack*, though she had been his playmate in childhood; and even my brothers were so tickled by it, that, in spite of all I could say, I heard them talking of 'poor Pem,' and was terribly afraid it would reach his ears. Once, Mrs. John Pemberton made an attempt to call Mr. Irby 'Irby,' but soon found her mistake. He pulled himself up to his full height, and looked down so loftily upon the little pert woman, that she had not another word to say, and never tried it again. They had several children, all boys, and did not agree well about bringing them up. She wanted to surround them entirely with foreigners, which he did not like—but more of this hereafter.

The good old couple, Mr. and Mrs. Withers, from Kensington, did not often come to see us. Indeed, after there were three of us children at the Lodge, there was not much accommodation; and my father even then began to talk of building an addition to the house. I don't think his father liked it. He could not help looking forward to the prospects for young people, boys especially, and wished extremely that my father would make some acquaintance with the banking business in his own lifetime. My mother by that time saw clearly too that we were not taking the right course; and she had a graver more anxious look, and would willingly have had us living near town. It was a sad thing for her, and all of us, that whenever it came to the point, her own father was miserable at the idea of losing her; and as her husband hated business, and loved country sports and pleasures, she had two strong opponents, who were too many for her. Still she set herself against spending

money on building; and so we went on, two more boys coming, and very scanty room.

The Earl and Aunt Susan always went to town for some time every year; and among my earliest recollections, are those of *my* mother seeming to be of more consequence when they were gone; and, Margaret, I am afraid I had a great turn in childhood for exulting in these things. I quite remember having a way of comparing my mamma with the best of the ladies in the neighbouring families, and not only because of her merits, but because I saw, or fancied I saw, that she showed her grander birth in her polished and noble manners. It was certainly true enough. I go back now with greater certainty to the thought of all she was, and I feel how difficult it would be to find a finer specimen of the high-born lady. Her peculiarly beautiful speech, the tone of her voice, her walk, the graceful dignity and ease with which she addressed strangers, and her sweet low laugh, so musical and cheery, yet so refined, can never be forgotten. Nor—when I afterwards observed her manners among her equals, visitors at the Castle—could I help noting that there was a something in her still that was very superior. Of course I found that she was more at home among such people; that there were subjects they talked of in turn with others, which she would never have introduced among the country gentry, or my father's relations; and yet the whole thing was natural; it was no proud exclusiveness; it was only an easy accommodation to what was suitable: and if she did, as I suppose she did, feel birth to be somewhat of a privilege, there was not a symptom of its making her less kind, less sympathizing and open-hearted, with those somewhat below her in that advantage.

Dear Margaret, how well I love to talk of her!

I am sure I should have learnt the wrong lesson from my position on the borders of the great world, but for the gentle watchfulness with which she guided me. It seems only like yesterday since I made myself into a most disagreeable simpleton, by showing off some fine airs to a pleasant little girl in the neighbourhood, who came with her mamma to call one morning. I had two dearly beloved dolls, and on no account would I give them any lower titles than *Ladies;* they were Lady Constance and Lady Lucy; and I introduced them with great pride to my guest, asking her the name of her own doll, which was only *Miss* Mary. And then I told her that the Earl had given me Lady Constance, and Lady Susan had given me Lady Lucy; and I managed, in showing my other treasures, to bring in a great many lords and ladies. My mother overheard me during the pauses of conversation, to her no small annoyance, and sent us out of hearing into the garden; but I did not make myself more agreeable there; and when my visitor went home, I have no doubt she reported me as a conceited proud young Miss. Meanwhile, Mamma called me gently to her, and said, 'I am afraid my little girl forgot her golden rule to-day; can she remember

when and how?' and with a word or two more, I felt how unkind I had been to little Mary Selwyn, and cried to think of my consequential behaviour. 'Don't you think,' said my mother then, 'it would be better for the dolls to be plain Constance and Lucy?' 'O Mamma,' said I, 'but it will not make *them* vain!' 'No, that is true; but it seems to make *you* so: and then, little Sarah, you can never be a great lady; you must think of *real* things, not of things that cannot be. I once heard of a little girl, who happened to see our Queen while she was only Princess Victoria, and who cried because she herself never could be Queen of England. So you see, if one wishes for a different lot to that which God has appointed, how *very* unreasonable we may be.' We talked a while longer; and oh, how glad I am now to think that my mother never frightened me, never made me unwilling to tell out all I felt and thought to her!

I told you of the four eldest boys born at the Lodge. Well, by that time, to say truth, I was rather tired of boys. Edward and Harry were companions for me; but the third, Robert Leighton, and the fourth, Roger, brought more work and care than pleasure, on the whole; and yet I was fond of my brothers, so long as it was possible to keep some order among them; but we were so crowded up, and I had so little room for my own belongings, that I was sometimes in despair.

My father now did not like going to the Castle to announce these events, for they were apt to twit him with their guesses as to what he would do with all his boys. When I knew that another baby was coming, I really was almost in despair; unless, indeed, there should be a girl, and for her I thought I could do anything. But it *was* a boy—named, to please a friend of my father's, Marcus. Well, however, my Aunt Susan—though she was remarkably kind to our boys, and they in return very fond of her—was on this occasion moved with compassion for me as well as for my mother; and I have no doubt it was by her suggestion that my grandfather, the Earl, made a very kind proposal to send Edward and Harry to a capital school. Mr. Irby was more pleased at this than can easily be told. He saw how very little my father did for his boys himself, and how often my dear mother looked tired out; for, of course, though they had some lessons to prepare for my father, and my mother insisted on their being done, she had all the trouble of seeing to it; and when they were released, she could not follow them, and they would sometimes get into scrapes with Uncle John. His children had got a foolish young Frenchman for a tutor, that they might speak French early; and this young man teazed my brothers, by waylaying them, and wanting to accompany them, which they did not at all fancy; and they played tricks on him, to get rid of him, which, being reported to Mrs. John Pemberton, brought down wrath upon us all; and she would say very improper things of my father to me and to my brothers. So the idea of the two eldest going to school was an immense relief.

My mother always tried to preserve some time for me, and she gave me lessons, and so did Aunt Susan; but my education was not satisfactory, you may suppose. We had a very excellent nurse for the younger ones; but still the calls on me were plentiful. The whole day long the strain ran on thus: 'Where is Sarah?' 'O Sarah, can't you mend my gloves?' 'Sarah, you *did* say you would come and see my rabbits!' 'Sarah, sew me on this button, please!' &c.

The elder boys went off to their school; and when they were gone we had more room, but not much more time, for Roger was a spirited youngster, always getting into mischief; Robert, on the contrary, was gentle, serious, and quiet. He doated on my mother, and she on him; and as far as his influence went, there was always rest for her, since he foresaw every want and wish, and would do anything to spare her; but he was always a delicate boy, and Roger had often to go out and have his rough play by himself, or with anybody he could find.

I was now just about twelve years old. I had lost my propensity to boast of my *great* friends. I suppose it had been extinguished by real work, and the having no luxuries; for I did observe that my mother was more anxious to economise, and did not seem to have any plenty of money; and letters came from London, which made her, and my father also, look anxious. I did not know what it was, but I heard the word 'Bank' several times; and my mother and Mr. Irby both wanted my father to go up to town, which he continually postponed. At last there was a letter which seemed to distress them very much; and my father got ready to go directly, and Mr. Irby went with him to the railway-station. When he was gone, my mother told me that Grandpapa in London had had a paralytic stroke. He might recover in part, but it was not likely that he would ever be well; and poor Grandmamma was very weak, and could not nurse him. She was very sorrowful, but said that we must bear whatever was coming upon us, and try and make our trials work out good. She did not say more then; but when Mr. Irby came back from seeing my father off, he asked me to walk home with him, which I was glad enough to do, and then he told me more than I had known, but not much more than I had guessed: that my father and mother had reason to fear the loss of a large portion of their income; that the affairs of the bank were in a bad state, and now that Grandpapa was so ill, it would be very difficult to bring them right. He told me in his clear firm manner, answering my questions, explaining quite sufficiently, and yet not in the least exaggerating the matter. It was not what many men would have said to one as yet but a child, yet I never in my life doubted Mr. Irby's judgment; and in this case I thanked him ever after, for his motive was to show me what a serious duty I had before me, and to prepare me, and make me prepare myself, for fulfilling it. He spoke very gravely of our difficulties. He was as considerate in touching upon my father's tendencies as it was possible for a man to be. In fact, he was extremely

sensible how impossible it was at that time of life to alter them; and he truly loved the fine qualities of my father's heart, and for his own sake and my mother's alone did he venture on alluding to them. 'Your mother will have everything upon her,' he said, 'I fear—all, except what you can spare her; and *that*, Sarah, is a great deal. It must be the work of your life, under Providence; tell me that you will try to do your utmost.' 'Oh, yes, indeed I will!' said I, bursting into tears. 'You must not think,' he added, 'that I call on you to form any plan, or give any counsel—your mother will do *that;* but the charge to be laid on you, is to follow out her plans, to help her to execute them.' That I saw clearly also; and there was no long delay between purpose and action, for my poor father came back two days after, absolutely incapable of settling or devising anything without his wife, and with a wretched tale to tell. The bank had not failed, but it had been drawn into transactions which absorbed its resources, and my grandfather's reserved capital was much diminished. His state was quite a hopeless one, and my poor grandmother's little better, though she might live for years; but she had become almost childish, and, but for the watchful care of one faithful competent female servant, there was no telling what would have become of the household.

My poor father, dreadfully shattered, and incapable of deciding anything, yet could not bear to make this state of affairs known to the Earl till he had taken counsel with Mr. Irby; and my mother prevailed on him to call in her eldest brother, Lord Trenton, on whose kindness and sound judgment she relied. It surprised him, I am sure, that Mr. Irby suggested my being present; but he spoke so urgently on this point, and was so confident that I should be the more serviceable if I were fully trusted, that Lord Trenton agreed, and my mother quietly assented. 'Sarah must be your *child-friend*,' Mr. Irby said to her; and my heart seemed to grow strong at once. 'Her brothers must be working their own way,' he continued, 'but she will be at home—let her be a real helper.'

And then my mother spoke, and went straight to the point at once. She said the first to be thought of were the afflicted old people in London. Had not Mr. Withers, she asked, owed everything to them? It should never be said that they were not his and her own first objects now in their age. But we must have more room; we must not think, of course, of building now, or of anything which would be expensive and unnecessary. But she had thought much about the large old manor-house, just now empty, called the White House; she believed it would afford us, with repairs, all we wanted; it might be had at a moderate rent; and it would be much better than our going far away at the present time.

I looked from one to the other, and saw that my father, and even Mr. Irby, looked astounded. They had not for a moment thought of the Earl's daughter making such a proposal. What pleased me most,

was to see how Lord Trenton, though he was a good deal moved, looked at Mamma with more love than ever; and how at once he seemed to feel that she was the best and only judge. As for myself, I rather liked it: I knew more of the place than any of them; had sketched the old porch and a picturesque turret, and a fine gnarled yew-tree at the corner; and then I had played at hide-and-seek with my brothers there; and after the cramped upright little square rooms at the Lodge, it seemed to us the paradise of *space*. So I said, 'Oh, what a nice plan!' with all my heart, and surprised even my mother with my eager assent. 'But what *will* the Earl say?' my father piteously exclaimed.

My mother soothed him, smilingly; and Lord Trenton also undertook to reconcile his father; and they agreed that my mother should go to the Castle and tell him the whole, and her plan. It was wonderful to see how they all managed to cheer Papa. To do him only justice, it was not of *himself* that he thought; it was for his wife and for his old father and mother that he had been in such despair.

No time was lost. My dear mother once resolved, (and though *she* had formed the plan she did not lay down the law, but made it clear that my father was willing,) went to the Castle. The Earl stormed, I heard, and spoke at first as if my poor father was to blame for the whole; but my mother soon smoothed him down—expressed what she felt of their duty to the old people, and the Earl was too good a man to deny the justice of what she said. He could not help admiring her resolve; and to have lost her altogether would have been a terrible blow. Then Lady Susan had to be told; and she, having previously had a conference with Lord Trenton, was on our side.

I went to meet my mother as she came home, walking with the nurse and our baby boy, Marcus. What a pleasant glow there was on her face! She told me it was all settled, and she and I would go to the White House next morning. So we did; and the first thing we saw was the Earl himself and his bailiff and work-people, planning all sorts of nice repairs, which the Earl insisted upon doing at his own expense; and he had laid his charge on Aunt Susan, to see that my mother's own rooms were made quite comfortable. My father was gone up to town again. Best so; for this was dear Mamma's great trial; she felt they were not considerate enough to him; and it was true that in this case there really was no blame imputable to him. What *could* a man do at his time of life, who had never learnt anything of business? He was ready to give up any luxury or comfort himself, she said to her father; his only trouble was for her.

Well, the next news we had from town, was that poor Grandfather had had another stroke, and was dead. Then my father stayed for the funeral, and to have part of the furniture sold—part was to come down as soon as the White House could be got ready; and we kept my father away as long as we could. And when he did come, he brought his mother and her excellent attendant, Finley, with him; and room was

made for her at the Lodge, till a charming pleasant apartment, with all her own furniture, could be thoroughly prepared at the White House: and she took to it all beautifully. She was the sweetest old lady, even in her decay—quiet, smiling, childish no doubt, but yet not distressingly so. To see the baby washed and dressed, and to sit near the window and watch the cattle and the birds and the flowers, seemed to be pleasure enough; and then she would talk child's talk with my father, and stroke his head fondly. She was very fond of my mother too; and if now and then there was a very little trouble in managing her, a caress from Mamma would always settle it.

We all liked the White House after a time much better than our Lodge. And I had not only more room and more quiet, but had the comfort of seeing my father and mother happier than ever in one another. Indeed, my father could not but feel the value more and more of his wife's character: it came out continually; and those four years after Marcus's birth were among the most precious ones of my life. The dear old grandmother dreamed out her quiet days among us for three years, and did us all good; and we blessed her every day. She had been brought up early in life in the country, and had never liked London; so now, though she could not give an account of her thoughts, it was easy to see that when she heard the cows lowing, the birds singing, and the cocks and hens making their merry music, she took up the old young life again, dropping the middle years; and her pretty ballads came warbling forth once more, though the voice was weak and quavering. We had 'Auld Robin Gray,' and 'Winifreda,' and 'In the Merrie Month of May,' in turn with good old psalm tunes. My brother, Robert Leighton, who was very musical, caught all her melodies, and used to sing them sweetly, *she* putting him right when he was wrong. I remember one spring evening, when the Earl and Lady Susan were taking a walk together, and came past the window of the room where this was going on. They stopped to listen; and I shall not forget how moved the tall stately Earl was; the tears stood in his eyes, and he and Lady Susan hardly could leave the spot while the pretty airs succeeded one another: they said it was worth anything to see how the memory of her music remained with her, and what a charm there was in it still.

But the dear old life was ebbing fast away. The nightingale's song was nearly over; and just before the third Easter of our living at the White House, she gently sank to rest, while we all stood round her bed. I cannot believe she knew the time of year, but something had brought the Easter Hymn to mind, and as I stooped down to listen, I heard her murmur, 'Jesus—Jesus Christ is ris—'; there Robert caught it up, and he sang very gently, 'Jesus Christ is risen to day;' and in an instant the dim eye opened, and looked at him, and a sweet smile came; and what was more, I heard quite distinctly her weak voice joining in the 'Hallelujah;' and scarcely was it over, before the dear lips closed in

death. Poor Papa! how he clung to her at last! and how he thanked and blessed Mamma over and over again for all her love and care of his mother!

We all, every one, (for Edward and Harry were at home from school for Easter holidays,) went with her to her last earthly abode; and Mr. Irby read the Service in such an impressive manner. Even the Earl and Lady Susan were there, and all the village almost; and we sang the Easter Hymn as well as we could over her, and then we went home; but long, long was she missed by young and old.

PART II.

I HAVE said that our grandmother was attended to the last by her faithful servant. Finley was her name. I must tell you now something about this valuable woman, for to her we all owed very much indeed; and I can hardly say how important she was to three generations of our family—to my grandmother, to my own parents, and ourselves, their children.

Finley, when she came with Grandmamma to Atherstone, was still a young looking woman; but she was drawing very near to forty-three. I have never met with anyone quite like her—with anyone, that is, I should say, who possessed such rare judgment and general cleverness, with so little bustle or pretension.

She was by no means without faults. Her temper was somewhat obstinate. My dear mother used to say it took time to conquer Finley, and she never attempted it but when the matter was important; but when she *did* set to work, the victory was always gained at last; and I suppose no one ever reverenced another more than Finley reverenced my mother. It was a good thing for her that her *two* periods of command—that first with my grandmother, and afterwards with us young people—were divided by a time of submission. She was so much worn out with her attendance on my grandmother, that there was no question about her remaining at the White House to recruit; and very soon afterwards our servant, who had been Marcus's nurse, gave my mother warning, having a marriage in view. Then Finley implored leave to take her place. My mother only scrupled, because she thought her qualified for a higher service at better wages. But this formed no obstacle in Finley's mind: she had made her decision, and stay she would, and on *half* her usual salary, if we could not give more. My father was eager to keep her; and I felt what she might be to my mother; for her economy, her ingenuity, were wonderful. I have heard my father tell of his real sorrow when my mother deemed it her duty to part with rather an extravagant maid, who had accompanied her on her marriage from the Castle. Like most lady's maids, she thought of

her mistress's quality and dignity, and did not comprehend nearly so soon as did my mother herself, the good sense of submitting to an altered position. It was, I do believe, very difficult indeed to my mother at first to do without her, to see to her own wardrobe, to dress herself, and mend, and even make, Archer having saved her all this; but it was done in her usual quiet way, and no one but my father seemed to think much of it. These are the sort of sacrifices which—when women make them gracefully, and without an air of doing great things—are among their little known, but most creditable, acts.

Finley answered all useful purposes well; and then her sterling principle, her clear taking in the *meaning* of Christian duty, made her very precious in a household of children and servants.

Well, this point being settled, other questions arose. My Aunt Susan was anxious about my having greater opportunities of improvement; but it really seemed impossible to send me to school, and therefore she thought the next best thing would be for her to send Roger where Edward and Harry were already gone; and she proposed this to my father and mother, observing that I should then have much more quiet time and opportunity for study. She herself was really a good teacher of modern languages; and my mother kept me up to Latin, and to some good reading. Also, my father really liked teaching me drawing. The difficulty was chiefly about my brother, Robert Leighton: he was the least strong in health, and no one could think of his going to school, to rough it with the other boys; yet it was hard upon him, for he was bent on learning, and would have improved every advantage. If my mother had the least particle of favouritism in her, it was shown to Robert; but it was acquiesced in by all of us, for he was the sweetest, most engaging of boys, conscientious, earnest, and more truly manly than the stronger ones.

In our anxiety for his share of the education that could be given, Mr. Irby came once more to our aid. He had married about two years before this time. He could not have done so, had not a near relative, dying, left him a large legacy. I own I was not satisfied when I knew who was to be Mrs. Irby; but then I had set my standard very high; and the lady was only not good enough for *him*, who was too good, I thought, for anybody. She was one he had known a long time; she was clever, energetic—would be a very useful clergyman's wife. Then she had lost her elder friends, and was left somewhat forlorn. Still as to what was best and highest in him:—as to that lofty, spiritual inner life of his, which was his truest self, I could not believe she was able to understand it; and then I often speculated and moralized on the odd fact, which I have several times since witnessed, (never without pain,) of a very first-rate high-minded man being satisfied with the companionship of a very common-place woman, one approaching even to the vulgar in tone and temper; and then I speculated upon which of the two parties, the man or the

woman, would be changed by the union—whether the inferior would rise, or the higher sink. Mr. Irby, I must say, never appeared to me to be lowered: he was a true, unselfish, excellent husband and father; and his wife improved upon us. She was taken from a very poor-minded set of people; but with such a companion as he was, and great love for and pride in him, she certainly had every help.

Then they had living with them a nice intelligent boy, a brother of hers, older than our Robert by two years, but backward in learning, because he was lame, and not fit for school: and when Mr. Irby heard of our difficulty with regard to Robert, he proposed taking him as a morning pupil for a year with Charlie Manners, this lame boy. It was not what Mamma liked for him altogether; but she thought Mr. Irby would be watchful over Robert, and be willing enough to give him up, if the plan did not answer. Thus Roger, the strong boy, was sent off by Aunt Susan to school rather before his time, and only Robert and Marcus left at home.

I was now just fourteen. I had not been confirmed; but the Bishop was coming this summer, and my mother wished that I should be prepared by Mr. Irby, with a few other young people. He was quite desirous of presenting me on this occasion. He said that circumstances had made me older than my years. For myself, it would hardly be right, perhaps, to speak of my own wishes, for I was of a nervous anxious habit, and what I chiefly felt was great awe; I was so strongly conscious of my unworthiness to receive the full blessing of a member of Christ's Holy Church, that I more than half shrank from it; and—but for my dear mother's calm confidence that it was right, and the duty quite a clear one, I should have begged to put it off to another year. How thankful I afterwards felt that *she*, not I, had settled it, you will readily guess as you read on. To have received my first Communion with her is a blessing I would not part with for all the treasures fortune could bestow.

It was towards the autumn of this year, after my Confirmation, that my mother surprised me very much. She told me that after this interval of four years, she believed I must prepare myself for the birth of another little one—and *if* this should be a girl after all! 'Would I *still* be glad to have a little sister?' 'Oh yes, *indeed* I should!' I said; 'but, Mamma,' I added, 'I will try not to be disappointed if it should not be so.' She kissed me, and said she was sure I would do my best. Then I looked up at her face more attentively, and I was suddenly struck by her looking paler than I had ever seen her before, and her black eyes looked larger than usual; and it came into my mind that our doctor had said she had rather an ugly cough, and must take care of herself. My heart was very full, and I could not speak at all for a few moments. I suppose she saw it, and put on a cheerful tone. 'We must make home as bright as we can for Papa, now Roger is gone, and Robert a good deal away; and what a pleasure it is to have Marcus!' Yes, she knew

that the mention of Marcus always made me happy. He was the merriest child I ever saw, and no one could be dull when he was near. Then we talked of Finley—what a treasure she would be; and my mother told me she should prepare her at once for this addition to her cares, and consult her about taking a young girl to assist with Marcus. What was settled after this talk was, that Finley would try at least to do without nursery assistance, when the usual monthly nurse had left. I spoke of the good she had done us already, and how much Marcus was improved by her care. Our talk grew quite animated then; but many other talks were to come; and more, far more, than I could put into speech was in my heart, day and night, for the coming months. Sometimes I was surprised to find how much I could say to her. It is a proof to me how very much she must have understood the right way of bringing up children. She never repressed them; she never shrank herself from telling *me*, at all events, her feelings and thoughts, and drawing out mine. I have often felt since, how dreary some of my own thoughts would have been, if she had not tried to make me avow them with ease and courage, instead of hiding them up in my own bosom. Surely it helped me unspeakably to bring my burdens to the loving Saviour of the weary and heavy laden. And it *must* be right to speak out our trials, and to sympathize in the help He gives us under them. Are not we all His children, whether young or old? What a mistake then it is to be silent and reserved on these great subjects! Yet we are not all made alike; and I would have you be very careful, Margaret, of judging of the piety of other people merely by their freedom in expressing it, for I am convinced that some never *can* get over the restraint of a want of confidence in early years. My brother, Robert Leighton, could always be easy and open with our mother on those subjects; and I know also, that she loved to talk with her elder brother, Lord Trenton, and his wife. But it was more difficult with Lady Susan, who seemed to be rather suspicious of religious conversation, lest it should lead to insincerity.

And yet what a really *good* woman was that Aunt Susan! I should be so very sorry if my sort of sketchy way of telling you what you ask for should give you a wrong impression of her. You will find, as I go on, how my love for her grew and strengthened; but it is quite certain that in early days I was afraid of her, and that I kept out of her way as much as I could. My brothers could not understand this at all. They were all fond of her; and the wild and mischievous ones seemed to be the fondest, and she also was kindest to *them*. They said she was just like a regular boy with them; that she knew everything about their sports, and called out all their school stories; and yet she kept them in high order; and when they went to the Castle, took care they should not annoy her father. She was uniformly respected, I am sure, but loved, perhaps, only by few. A woman of the highest principle; true to the core; but her manner was often ungracious; and while she

seemed always gentle, loveable, even playful, with children, she was reserved, heavy, and wore a haughty look with many of the poor. Her affections were as strong as her mental powers; which was saying a great deal, for she was really formidable when her views did not accord with those of her near connexions. Thus you may easily see how uncongenial her character and my father's were; and for a long time, the perception I had of her not treating him well, stood much in the way of my pleasure in her coming to see us. It was a very great pity: she might have been of service to him often, but for his being quite afraid of her, and distrusting her kind intentions; but when an amiable irresolute man is once put to shame by an energetic woman, he never appears at his best before her; more and more he hesitates, and shows his weakness, and she grows harsher, instead of being more gentle.

About the time to which I have brought my story, I was more anxious than ever I had been, that Aunt Susan should not irritate or vex my mother. Yet I knew it was not for the good of either that they should be long separated; but had I told Aunt Susan my anxieties, she would have been coming every day, fair or foul; coming with a whirlwind of suggestions, and some vials of wrath ready to be poured on me, for neglecting really impossible pieces of management. I had, however, found her a very kind teacher, and was certainly understanding her better as time went on.

The Christmas holidays were approaching, and dearly as I loved my brothers, I looked forward to this time with dread. Had my mother been well, been able to cope with doubtful exploits, it would have been far otherwise; but the misfortune was, that three out of our four eldest could not be trusted, but were sure to get into mischief, unless an influence stronger than mine was over them. They were at the exuberant age, when boys must be employed, and when mind and body are always contriving for amusement of some kind—when ambition to be manly too, leads to attempts very hard to combat. What I dreaded was their neighbourhood to the Castle, where they were not favourites—not, at least, with the Earl. He was dreadfully particular about his preserves, about his hedges and gates; and if he saw three or four rough boys running at large over them, would be absurdly angry. As to either of them having a gun, *that* would be high-treason indeed; yet I knew that, somehow or other, they had got possession of one in the summer, and I distrusted the gamekeeper. My father might, of course, have settled the matter at once, but, as usual, he was not decisive, and relied on the chapter of accidents. He was always kind, always ready to promise; and I spoke in as earnest a manner as I could to him this time; tried to make him see that we must not bring my mother into the matter, but that he and I must be the authorities now. But I never felt sure of his power of keeping anything important from her. Altogether, my dear Margaret, if you suspect that I was a

great deal too fidgety and anxious a girl, you will suspect rightly. I was so, indeed. I can perfectly remember lying awake at night, in terror at some dim apparition of coming trouble; and I felt not as young people ought to feel, but like a weak nervous old person—I wanted cheerful trust.

Well, my brothers came home. At first they were all goodness, and their tenderness to my mother delighted me. Even rough Roger was soft and gentle. Of course, Robert had his holiday-time too, and they went through ten days beautifully; and then it was such a comfort to see that my mother seemed to have no fears about them—that when they went out she did not ask where they were going, or tire them with good advice. I am afraid I did more than my part in that way; and they begged me to hold my tongue at last, and asserted their own powers of self-government.

It so chanced that Finley, crossing the room while I was being set down thus, (by my brothers,) gave us a very meaning look all round, but judiciously forbore to speak, because she saw that we were both angry and vexed. The next time we were alone together she read me a little lecture in this wise. 'Miss Sarah, my dear, mind you don't shut up those boys' hearts against you.' 'But, Finley, what can I do? I am the only person to speak to them.' 'That's the very thing, don't you see; your words should come few and strong at a time; you mustn't waste them—not on no account.' (Finley's grammar was not unexceptionable.) 'Well; but, Finley, what words did I say that were too many?' 'I am afraid, dear, it is too much like a continual drip, drip. They see your face growing a little too old and anxious, and they think it's altogether that you're *fancying* things, and then they leave off minding you. They're good boys enough, bless em! but a little thoughtless now and then; and don't you, now, go for to worry them too much.'

I dare not say that Finley's remarks produced an *immediate* result, but I am sure they did me good in the main; and then she might be trusted for not censuring one party alone and letting the other go free; and I have no doubt my brothers had their little lecture also.

The gamekeeper was my *bête noir*, and the stories I knew of him I told my elder brothers, and they did not believe them, for to them he was a fascinating person. Soon it came to pass that he was very generally their companion, and I am sure he led them into mischief.

Uncle John's boys were always under a tutor. This tutor, I have said, was a foolish young man, whom my brothers disliked, and to whom they were of course impertinent occasionally. In return, he made it his business to be a spy upon them; and if he saw anything amiss, he would tell my uncle, and thus it would get to the Earl. So it happened one unlucky day. My four brothers were all walking in the park and plantations with the gamekeeper. The Earl was not expected home till evening, and they took a little more liberty; and Luke, the keeper, let them fire off his gun two or three times. Not, of course, at the game,

nor in the park; but, most unfortunately, a fine pheasant ran across a field-way in their very path, and Edward, who at that moment had the loaded gun in his hand, pulled the trigger, and shot it instantly. It was with great dismay that they saw what they had done, and the keeper swore at Edward, and was angry and alarmed for himself.

None of my brothers could bear to take up the poor bird which was lying upon the ground, when the unlucky tutor, who had seen it all, jumped over the hedge and confronted them. His exclamations did not mend the matter; and Edward and Harry were irritated by his threats, and told him it was no business of his. After some squabbling, the gamekeeper took up the gun, and the tutor the bird, and our poor guilty boys had to make the best of their way home, looking dreadfully out of spirits, but at the same time violently angry both with Luke and the tutor.

Before they reached home they encountered Mr. Irby, and without hesitation Harry told him the whole truth; and he came with them, by their earnest entreaty, to advise with them what best to do. There could be no question, he said. They must tell their story exactly to their grandfather, and ask his pardon. He was coming home this afternoon, and they must go to the Castle to wait for him. Mr. Irby came in to urge this upon my father, and my mother could not be kept out of the council. Indeed, I felt it was too important to be concealed, for I wholly distrusted my father's decisiveness. My dear mother was of course much vexed and shocked at the whole affair; she had no idea of her boys breaking bounds thus, and the severe *grieved* tone she took broke down the spirit of defiance which had been aroused in them. She agreed wholly with Mr. Irby—nay, she declared she could not forgive them till the two eldest, at all events, had made their peace with Grandfather. The boys looked much dismayed. Still they clung to Mr. Irby, their friend in need, and said they would go with *him*, if he would not leave them; while he, in return, declared he would have nothing to do with it unless my father went too. There was much shilly-shallying about this; my father allowed it was right, but thought to-morrow morning would be time enough.

Then my mother spoke to him with almost indignant urgency—more strongly than I ever heard her speak—and he could not but yield.

She would not hear of delay; and the two younger ones were to remain close at home, while the others marched off in great dudgeon—Edward looking as black as night, Harry crimsoned with shame and anger.

Of course, we at home waited and waited in great anxiety, and I saw that Finley had her full share in the trouble. At length (but it was a long time first) we saw them returning, and to our great relief, Mr. Irby was still with them. My father, I saw, looked hurt and disappointed; the boys in no better temper, though disposed to be talkative. Mr. Irby kept silence.

'Well, my dear,' my father said. 'We have done your bidding.—Confound me, Irby,' he added, 'what am I to say? Have we done any good at all?'

'I know this much,' said Master Harry, 'you won't catch me going to the Castle again in a hurry. A pretty thing, indeed, when one has gone and told one's fault like men, and asked pardon, and then not to know whether we have it or no.'

'After all,' interposed my father, 'I think your grandfather *did* like your coming, though he might have spoken more kindly; but you know he had only just heard of it, even before you came, and he was sure to be angry at first; and then Uncle John was by, and the tutor had been making the worst of your speeches to him.'

'A mean, sneaking, revengeful fellow!' exclaimed Edward; 'and I declare Uncle John made me so angry. Though we had told Grandpapa exactly how it was, he said we were in training for poaching and stealing, and that he would take care his boys should keep aloof from us. Wasn't it horrible?'

'Yes,' said Harry, 'I couldn't help telling him we did not care a straw for all the game on Grandpapa's land; but then Grandpapa got angry, and said I was insolent, and must hold my tongue.'

'Harry, be fair,' said Mr. Irby; 'you have not told the whole; you know you did *not* do as the Earl bade you—you did *not* hold your tongue, but made a most saucy impertinent speech to your uncle.'

'Well, Sir, I believe I did, and I am very sorry now; but at the time I seemed as if I could not help it. I told him it was not half so bad in a school-boy to shoot *one* bird as in a parson to be shooting and coursing all day long.'

'Oh, Harry! and you said *that?*' exclaimed my mother.

'The long and short of the matter, Lady Sarah,' said Mr. Irby, 'is, that our hopeful young gentlemen here have done a great deal of harm this morning; and it is my turn to tell them that they have not kept faith with me.—You, Harry—do you think I would have gone with you to the Castle if I had supposed you were going to insult your grandfather and uncle instead of being properly humbled as you ought? I am very much disappointed in you.'

As Mr. Irby spoke with gravity and earnestness, a change came over Harry's countenance. His pride gave way before that expression of calm displeasure, and turning away, he then and there burst into a violent fit of crying.

We all loved Harry with special fondness. He was a boy of real tenderness and kindness of heart; and most who knew him, seeing this, were inclined to forgive his faults too readily. But this time no one came between him and his sorrow. He had his cry out, and Mr. Irby took no further notice; but he had hardly left the door, than Harry darted out after him, and after a time returned with a subdued and really penitent look.

My mother was much exhausted by all this, yet she *would* speak to all her children before she went to bed; and she did not leave them in anger, but with a pitying affectionate look, and a kind kiss to each.

As she went out I saw Finley watching with an anxious face. It did not occur to me that there was any particular reason for this; but about an hour afterwards Finley beckoned me out of the room, and begged me to send for the doctor, 'and the nurse also,' she added. Then I knew how it was. The stir and discomfort of the day had been too much for my mother, and—but not till after we had succeeded in getting her usual attendant to her, did there come into the world somewhat prematurely the little girl I had so often longed for.

Finley came in and out of the room, always looking firm and quiet, but entreating us and my father also to remain where we were, assuring us that these were the doctor's orders. The boys sat hushed and still, keeping Marcus quiet; my father looked white and miserable, but was obedient. It was now a good while since the event had been announced, and still the doctor stayed. My father could bear it no longer, and beckoning to Finley, who was going into the room, he gave her a slip of paper for Mr. ——. He had written, with a shaking hand, 'Do you wish for further advice?' The answer was 'Yes, as soon as you can.'

Oh! the look of unutterable dismay on my poor father's face! I knew I must act, that he could not; without a moment's delay our only horse was saddled, and then it darted into my mind that Lady Trenton's physician from London was expected at the Castle that evening, and if we could get at *him*, it would be a saving of time, and we should have a more satisfactory opinion. My father caught at the idea; but when he sat down to write a line to the Earl, I found, to my utter dismay, that he had not power to do it. He was as one paralyzed. I snatched the pen from him, and wrote—

Pray send Dr. —— here directly if you can. I am afraid dear Mamma is in danger. Mr. R. says he wants more advice.

P. S.—There is a little girl. SARAH.

In less time than we could have thought it possible, my note was answered, and the doctor and the Earl and Lady Susan were in our parlour. The doctor's presence was relief unspeakable. He found the danger already somewhat abated, but still considerable. He prescribed further remedies, for which my grandfather sent without a moment's delay; then Lord Trenton came, offering to go anywhere, to do anything required; but no more was needed, and no one left the house till it was declared that the cause for alarm was removed, and both of the doctors concurred in hopes of our dear patient's safety. Our own medical attendant was to remain at hand all night, and a quiet house was of the utmost importance. The Earl looked at Lady Susan. 'We must take some of the children,' he said. No one, I believe, thought of the cause of offence so recently given; but I saw Edward and Harry shrinking

at leaving us, and I said, 'If you please, Grandpapa, will you let it be Robert and Roger, for the two eldest will help and go on errands for me.' So it was agreed. Aunt Susan kissed me, and said some kind things; and what I most of all thanked her for, she did not want to see Mamma. I had borne up till that moment, but her kind kiss upset me. I threw my arms round her neck and sobbed. 'Please, dear Aunt Susan, don't be angry. I can't help it indeed.' She saw what was in my mind. Who but Aunt Susan could have been my mother, had I lost Mamma? Well might I cling to her, and well might she return my close embrace, as she did—mingling true tears with mine. I believe from that hour we really understood one another.

Then the Castle family left us, and we were alone:—No, not alone; Mr. Irby, ever welcome, ever precious to us, came, bringing sympathy and some return of strength to my poor father's shattered nerves. No one else could be to him what his friend was. The Earl and Lord Trenton had been most kind, but he never was at ease with them; and as to Uncle John, though he was a clergyman, it was not to him we went for spiritual help. Mr. Irby was everything—the priest, the friend, the strong helper. Once in the house, he did not mind how long he stayed if he was wanted; and nearly the first question my mother asked was whether he was there, the next whether she might hear his voice in prayer. The doctor did not object, and, without any over-excitement, we all heard the calm consoling words, and felt our spirits raised and cheered by the simple utterance of them from the lips of one who so fervently felt every syllable. Then I took care that all arrangements for the night should be made, and warned even my father that he must go no more near my mother after this. He was as usual but half inclined to acquiesce; but the doctor was decided, and Mr. Irby stood up for me. 'Sarah is quite right,' he said. 'You see she is calm and quiet. Let her sleep in the next room: she will then be more likely to sleep herself, and will be at hand if the nurse wants her. Trust all to Sarah.'

'To-morrow night,' he added, 'I shall ask whether you will come home with me—you might have our spare room; and I don't see what you can do here if all goes on well. You must husband your own strength, my good fellow, or we shall have you to nurse too. I don't wonder this has been too much for you. Now good night, and God bless you both!'

But, though it was past midnight, he did not go without a private word or two to me. 'Remember, Sarah,' said he, 'if any new difficulty should arise, you are not to spare me by day or night. Send Edward or Harry for me.' 'Oh, what a comfort! dear Mr. Irby; but shall we not be troublesome? What will Mrs. Irby think of us?' 'Think! she will only be anxious to help you; she will come to-morrow and see if she can be of any use, and if not she will come away. And, Sarah, listen to me: make real use of her if you can; I would not have her go to

your mother, but let her do anything for you or the children; and encourage your father to come to us. It will be best.'

So he departed. After that, late as it was, my father wanted me to sit down and talk, for a very few minutes. I yielded: but indeed I was almost worn out. It had all been so sudden. I was so overwrought, and then I wanted to be close to my mother's room, so I left the doctor with him and went up-stairs. There sat the nurse in the darkened chamber, with the baby on her lap, and all was quiet; and I heard the gentle breathing and knew my mother was asleep, so I knelt down and kissed the tender baby fingers, and thought, shuddering, what a price we had been near paying for this little life. Even now, was the elder life safe? Could I ever love my new-born sister as I ought if I lost it? I hoped, I prayed, I longed to do my duty, whatever it might be; but oh! how much more natural it seemed to pray that the bitter cup might pass away!

Nurse was a good kind woman. She begged me only to go down for a few moments to see my father, and then she promised I should bid my mother good night if she were awake, but I must have some refreshment first. So I went down; and Papa's mind was lightened by news of the quiet sleep, and Finley made me take some nice warm supporting mess which had been made ready, and then I kissed Papa, and we parted.

To my still greater relief, Mamma was awake and asking for me. She was all her own self. She kissed me fondly, stroking my face. 'Poor Sarah! poor little woman! This has been a heavy day for you; but I think God will spare me. Go to bed now, my child, thank Him for me. How is your father?'

I assured her he was much relieved, and that Mr. —— would see to him, but did not wish him to come to her again that night. She pressed my hand in token of assent, and I left her with nurse and baby, and went to my own little room; but not till I had just peeped at my brothers. Finley had been everything to the younger ones. Poor Edward and Harry were still awake, and so was Marcus; and they had been crying, I saw. I could give them great comfort; and I dare say we all slept the deep sleep of weariness.

In the morning we were, not refreshed only, but almost joyous. Finley went from one room to another, cheering us all. My mother had had a good night. The doctor was quite satisfied. Yet I was all for prudence, and begged he would be strong in his injunctions against her seeing the children or anyone else, for the flush on her countenance now and then alarmed me. He said he would second me, and he did so—even extending his prohibition to two days following, much to the poor boys' discomfiture. But the Earl and Lady Susan coming, the latter did me infinite service. She would on no account see my mother herself, and she told the boys they must submit, which it was easier to do after her example. She was very kind indeed to us all, and I could say anything to her now; and to my greatest relief, she spoke most gently and tenderly

to my father. Even our poor little Marcus, who had been wandering unlike himself about the house, finding no one to play with him, came in for her notice; she made him ready, and insisted on taking him to the Castle for the day, which he was delighted to agree to, especially as Roger and Robert were there already. Aunt Susan seemed to have thought of everything; and as for the Earl, there was nothing he was not ready to offer. All expenses he entreated might be his, and nothing spared.

Aunt Susan drew me aside. 'The dear baby, Sarah,' said she, and her voice trembled, 'what is its name to be?' 'Susan,' I said, 'of course; Mamma always intended it—and she said, Aunt, that she hoped you would be one of the Godmothers.' The tears stood in Aunt Susan's eyes. 'Did she say so, dear? oh yes, of course I will.' 'About the others, Aunt Susan; we had not thought, but perhaps Aunt Trenton would be one, and Mr. Irby would be Godfather.' 'Very well; but, Sarah, I don't see why Aunt Trenton should be asked—why should not you be the other? you are confirmed, and you know your duty, I am sure.' 'Oh, Aunt Susan, but I am such a girl; and then to be joined with you, who are so old and so wise!' 'That is as people think,' said Lady Susan, half laughing; 'for my part, I think we may do one another good. Who knows but I may learn a little from you, wise as you think me?' 'Oh, Aunt Susan, you can't mean it!' But she only smiled, and there it dropped for that time.

If I were to tell you the many changes of the next few weeks, I should write a volume. My dear mother could not be said to 'do well.' She was better and worse alternately, and her cough weakened and exhausted her. She did not gain in strength, and never from this time lost her pallid looks. It was impossible not to feel uneasy; and though my father tried to blind himself, I could see he trembled when the cough came, and listened with apprehension to her shortened breath. I do not think my mother herself ever was deceived; she had so calm a look, was so attentive to the concerns of every one of us, that those who did not know her as I did might fancy she was too busy to think about herself; but there were small indications which led me to be certain that she did contemplate her own departure at no very distant time, and she was at no pains to hide this from *me*. On the contrary, I believe she had settled it as best for us all that one at least should know what she had in view, and what her earthly provisions were for the event. As to the higher preparation, I doubt whether there was any change. She had regular established deep-seated habits of communion with her Heavenly Father, and she was by far too consistent to view the nearer approach of death as an unexpected event. One thing impressed me in particular. She seemed to wish that I should have the dear babe in charge as much as possible, and often gave her up to me when otherwise perhaps she would have kept her nearer.

As Lady Susan had wished, I *did* stand sponsor for this little one; and my mother was pleased at this arrangement, and commended the darling

to us both. During the next few weeks dear Aunt Susan was all that we could desire. Her kindness and her calmness, her thoughtful considerate attention to us all, how can I ever forget! I know she and my mother were always attached, always frank and sincere; but now they were sympathizing and confidential, and there was no abrupt rough dealing with my father. He felt this deeply. How my heart ached for him! How large a stride did my love for him take as I saw what was coming upon him! How much this divided interest helped to keep me up it would be hard to say; but I am sure it was good for me, that every thought of my own probable loss was quickly followed by the consciousness of *his*, and the desire to comfort him. He looked very ill. He had always been delicate, and the physician, whom my grandfather sent for again from town to see my mother, told the Earl there were threatenings of paralysis, such as had shortened his father's days. I did not know this, but Mr. Irby was told, and it made him very watchful. I have no doubt that some slight attack of this kind had indeed taken place before, though not understood at the time. On the night of my mother's confinement, he had been unable to speak for some moments, and said afterwards he had no power in his hand. My mother was not at all aware of this; happily, therefore, she was spared some anxiety; but still I am sure she saw he looked ill, and when he was resting on his couch, for a small exertion tired him, I have seen her eyes filled with tears while looking at him. Just at that time it was that I chanced to light on Motherwell's exquisite poem, 'Jean Morison,' and I could fancy my dear mother's tender feeling for my father being just that, and that she could truly say to him, in her undying love—

> 'The fount that first burst from this heart
> Still travels on its way,
> And channels deeper as it runs,
> The life of love's young day.'

She was obliged to live in great quietude all this spring, which was good for them both; and when my brothers went to school we were a small party, and could take care of each other without difficulty. March winds were thought very bad for both my parents; they therefore remained prisoners till Easter, and April brought bright and cheery days. Then the question came—should the boys come home or no? I was disposed to advise against it, but my mother pleaded hard for them, and Lady Susan also thought it best, promising to keep them often at the Castle. Finley too, who never minded trouble, said it would be quite a pity if the young gentlemen were not to come home to see little Miss Susan, the baby. She was right, I believe; and we had a happy time. It was the loveliest Easter Sunday I ever saw, and the Earl gratified my mother by calling for her in the carriage, and afterwards carefully guiding her steps into the church. There we all joined. Yes! I was very glad of that—glad that we could sing the Easter Hymn once more together; and that

afterwards, though the younger ones went home, there was still a large family assemblage at God's holy Altar. My father was always devout; and whether it was from his consciousness of approaching separation, or from bodily weakness, I know not; but his whole frame shook as he knelt at the Altar between my mother and me. She looked like one invigorated and cheered, and her countenance shone with calm satisfaction as she walked away, again leaning on her father's arm. I was a little way behind, between my father and Aunt Susan; *but* a little way, and yet we were not in sight, being hidden by some shrubs and a turn in the pathway. And there was quite a group of us, for Lord Trenton was there, speaking to Mr. and Mrs. Irby as they lingered near the porch. How shall I tell you the rest? Suddenly I felt my father stop. What could it be? I had hold of his arm, but it seemed to drop from me, and I saw his limbs sink, and felt he was falling. Aunt Susan saw it too, and looked round terrified. Mr. Irby sprang forward to support my father, who otherwise would have fallen with violence. He saw instantly what had happened. Paralysis had done its work with fearful speed and certainty, for never more did my father recover speech or sense. He was struck down in that moment. No more griefs for him! no more fears of mortal separations—no more self-reproach for weaknesses he had no power to conquer; but as we all humbly trusted, an exchange from God's earthly to His Heavenly House. It was a moment of bitter anguish to me. I felt as if I had not half loved him enough—had been impatient with him—had not realized his kind gentle humble character; had thought of the faults that tried my mother, rather than of the pure love that made her happy in spite of everything. In that first moment of awe and distress, I yet could not but feel it merciful that my dear mother was sheltered from the immediate first shock, for the Earl had taken her to the carriage, and all had passed so quickly, that no one there had any suspicion of what had occurred. The carriage rolled rapidly homeward, and we were left to bear the sudden stroke, to consider what was best to be done with the dear remains—for it was plainly death, instantaneous and irrecoverable—and next and most important, who should break the solemn news to her who would feel it the most. We had sent for our doctor, though knowing it was in vain; and some strong assistants carried the lifeless body into the nearest dwelling, a farm-house, till we could precede it by our communication to my mother. We had not far to go, and Lord Trenton, always kind and considerate, volunteered to stay behind, entreating our dear well-tried friend Mr. Irby to go with Aunt Susan and me to our house at once.

He, though deeply affected, for he loved my father as a brother, was equal, as he always was, to his part. My mother had retired to her own room, fatigued by the exertion of the morning, and doubtless wishing for calm recollection and prayer. We allowed her a few minutes, and took care that she had her usual strengthening medicine before an approach was made to the subject which absorbed all our

thoughts; then we asked if she would allow Mr. Irby to speak to her. She acceded, though with an expression of surprise. We waited in deep anxiety; at last he came out of the room, and told us that she seemed to realize what had happened as soon as she saw him; and at first, he feared the effect of the blow, and knew not where would be the end of our affliction on this memorable day; but to his infinite relief, her tears soon flowed freely; her tender heart realized the blessed freedom from mortal anguish for him; and she thanked God that to her was assigned the part of weeping for him, rather than that he should mourn for her. Then she mentioned their children. 'How did Sarah bear it? Poor Sarah! she is so young, but has had so much trial!' Then she turned to the tried, trusted friend before her. There she gave way again, for every thought of her husband was interwoven with that of his friend. 'He loved you, Mr. Irby. He rested on you; and now you will not forsake us; you will help my poor fatherless boys!' Mr. Irby could hardly speak; but she knew what she might depend upon in him. After a little while, she said she should like to see her sister and me; and gradually we all visited her, and felt it our greatest comfort in the end.

Meanwhile Mr. Irby and Lord Trenton made all proper arrangements, and that night our father's body was placed in the little study he had mostly occupied. There my mother visited it, and was soothed by the placid calm repose of the well-known features. She wept, but silently and quietly, and she knelt down by the side of the dead, absorbed in that inward prayer which God only sees and knows of.

All the outward arrangements which were to follow she left to Lord Trenton and Mr. Irby, only signifying her wish that my father should be interred in the churchyard near his mother, and a place reserved for her. We knew this to be her strongest earthly wish; and though the Earl did not like it, and still harped upon the family vault, where all his people rested, he was persuaded to give way, even his sons and Lady Susan taking their sister's part, and we, the children, of course wishing to have our parents where the pure breath of the outward air might pass over their graves, and where we could go and visit them without worldly pomp or distinction.

So all was settled. You, dear Margaret, have very lately seen their tombs. It was long since I had been able to visit them, and my heart was very full; but I trust that thankfulness to the merciful Being Who has carried me so far on my way towards the world where they are gone, was the reigning feeling in my mind.

I must ever feel it to be one of the greatest mercies of my life that my dear mother was spared to us for about six months after we lost our father. None of our medical friends had anticipated it; but whether it was from the exceeding calmness of her life, or from a rousing up of all her latent energies for our sakes, she did not for three or four months become perceptibly worse; yet she had a feeling of certainty that the

event was postponed only, and she gave much time and thought to *our* future, thankfully feeling that *she* could carry certain points which she had greatly at heart with her father, and would not have to leave them to me. As soon as her mind was made up, she saw him, and gently but firmly explained her views for us. They startled him at first, and I do not wonder at it; but she had talked over the whole with Lord Trenton and Mr. Irby, and they saw strong reasons for approving her plans.

She pointed out to him that my brothers' education and placing out in life could not be satisfactorily managed if we remained where we were; that it would completely separate me from them, which was undesirable; but still more she dwelt on the fear she had of allowing them to reckon, as lads and young men, on the indulgences of the Castle. She said it was her earnest hope that they would early see that they must make their way to their own maintenance, and, better still, to useful valuable lives, spent in the service of God and man; and she besought him to give them help in the right manner, affording them the means of beginning a practical life with advantage. She spoke, I have no doubt, with all the warmth of gratitude and affection, but she appealed to his own sense of right as to whether it could be fair to run the risk of having her boys burdens upon their uncles whenever it pleased God to take *him* away.

Dear Grandpapa! at first he was both bewildered and distressed, and did not comprehend how she *could* think of removing us from his neighbourhood. It seemed so natural that the orphan family of his daughter should be his charge. He went home, however, talked of it with Lord Trenton and Mr. Irby, and came round to a more full insight into my mother's views; and then, having done so, he was thoroughly faithful to what he promised her, never afterwards interfering with our guardians, but helping in the most generous unselfish manner to carry out their aims.

Then by degrees my mother's plans matured. I ought to say that Finley's continuance with us was quite essential; and I believe the thought of her fidelity, of her good sense, prudence, and many fine qualities, contributed much to the peace and comfort of my mother's latter days. To have formed a household for our family, with only me, a girl of seventeen, at its head, would have been too great a risk; but with Finley she did not feel it so. My mother, after considerable deliberation, decided on our moving to the immediate neighbourhood of the respectable town where my brothers' school was located. There were many recommendations in it. Part of our expenses might be saved if the boys went as day scholars instead of boarders; and Robert Leighton, as well as Marcus, could attend then. It was true that my elder brothers felt it somewhat lowering to their dignity, as day boys did not in general rank so high as boarders. Happily, however, they had established a good character, and the head-master treated them with great consideration. I must say they behaved very well in the matter. My own greatest trial would be, I felt, leaving Aunt Susan and Mr. Irby, whom we dared not

hope ever to have for our clergyman again; but we were not far off Uncle Trenton; and, making a skip of four years, I will tell you that the old Incumbent of Swanstead, our new home, dying, the master of the school and some of the principal inhabitants, who knew Mr. Irby well, applied to Lord Trenton to negociate with his brother about his removal from the Curacy of Atherstone to Swanstead, where a vigorous and discreet minister was much wanted. Of course Mr. Irby was no longer young, and it was not a place of rest, but there were great helps afforded by the masters of the school, who were mostly clergymen; and in preparing for Confirmations especially, they felt how valuable Mr. Irby would be. He was sadly tried at Atherstone by my uncle and aunt, and hardly saw his way to good; and then his own family, several of them boys, would attend the school. You may imagine the delight it was to see the well-known head, now very grey, again in the pulpit, and to hear the long-familiar voice.

Before we parted with him at Atherstone, however, much, much that I can hardly even now write, had to be passed through. His visits to my beloved mother were very frequent, and never did he leave the house without a few fatherly words to me, nor ever fail to express his deep sense of my mother's heavenly-mindedness, of her holy trust, and that rare mixture of thought for those who had still to bear their part in the battle of life, with her own spiritual communion. Gently, most gently, the precious life ebbed away. Calm to the last, and full of the peace which passeth understanding, she seemed to bring into our house a higher atmosphere; and while no one was reduced to sadness, all were softened. Your dear uncle, Robert Leighton, he who is now the helper of many a darkened soul in those islands of the Pacific where his missionary charge lies, was more than ever her companion. He hung upon her words, and even when away from her seemed to be thinking always of her. The end was sudden at last. She died one quiet autumn day in her sleep, when we had left her to her usual afternoon's repose, which she always wished to have undisturbed. The beams of the evening sun fell on her dead countenance (yet lightened by a smile) when we went into her room; but the voice that always so sweetly responded to our greetings would never more answer to our call: so farewell, dearest Mother, writes the child who is now almost an aged pilgrim herself, but whose daily prayer it is—

'Oh! cleanse us ere we view
That countenance pure again,
THOU who canst change the heart, and raise the dead.'

After a time, and as soon as all nearer affairs could be settled, my Uncle Trenton and Mr. Irby secured the house we had heard of at Swanstead, and then we gradually removed ourselves and our belongings to it. It was all very strange at first. Finley went to see to a good deal, and she had her own private instructions from my grandfather and Aunt Susan; so that when I followed, I found a home well furnished with comforts.

And yet, you must not suppose that the first two years were easy or uniformly satisfactory ones. We were a young set of housekeepers, and I am sure, but for Finley, I could not have managed our family purse satisfactorily. I knew well enough that if I ran short of money, our kind helpers at Atherstone would be ready enough to send us some; but this I was bent upon avoiding, and Finley, who had caught my mother's spirit, was bent upon it too. Your father, dear Margaret, and also Robert Leighton, shared my scruples; but Edward was both a little extravagant, and not so particular. He laughed at me first, and then was angry; and, spite of all my remonstrances, he brought us into one or two troubles, which vexed me the more because Roger was too much under his influence. I dared not speak to Uncle Trenton, so I wrote to Mr. Irby. My letter brought him over directly—speaking in the most resolute yet kind manner to Edward, and refusing to make any application to my grandfather, but *lending* himself a sufficient sum to pay a debt or two. Then Edward had to see, that in order to repay this loan, we had *all* to forego some indulgences, and this vexed and mortified him.

In several instances I myself made some great mistakes, though not of the same sort as Edward's; and one of the most curious proofs of Finley's judgment was the way in which she behaved to me on these occasions. A common person, though one of some experience and cleverness, would have rushed in to save me from making a blunder, or would have helped me out of it in a trice; but Finley had not the least desire to show off her own superior wisdom, only to make it useful to us; and her good sense told her that it was better to let us suffer a little now and then, than to be always intruding cautions. In bringing up your Aunt Susan, who was a dear little child, most precious to us all, but very likely to be over-indulged, I was most of all thankful for Finley's wise well-principled ways. Indeed, so dear was the child to her, both for its own and my mother's sake, that I believe she would not have compromised its real good for any consideration whatever; and about Susan she was always frank and open, never on any account concealing her opinion of what was best for her. And though Finley was so attached to us all, she was not what we may call a sentimental servant, such as one meets with now and then, bringing in fine borrowed expressions; no, she went beyond all that, speaking in her homely plain manner, sometimes a little bluntly, but always with a deep-seated respectfulness too. Her temper, which I had rather dreaded, was, I am sure, carefully watched over by herself, and I can scarcely remember the time when it troubled us.

Your great-aunt Susan used to come to stay with us now and then, and I did not object to my child returning the visit. Susan was very like my mother in face, and my grandfather doated on her. Certainly she was the great object in my life.

I am not going to enter on the history of all my brothers and sisters. Uncle Edward, you know, is settled in business in London; and your papa, being an architect, and having a good opening in the north of

England, went there; and there, after some years, he married. There you were born, Margaret, and there you had the misfortune to lose your mother.

At that time my ties to Swanstead were loosened. Robert was gone to Australia, Roger was articled to a solicitor, and only Marcus was left; for your Aunt Susan had won the affections of Mr. Irby's eldest son, then one of the masters of the school, and she was happily settled, and did not want me. The dear *elder* Aunt Susan was no more. She had nursed her father through his long dying illness, and her health had been impaired; and though she lived on with Lord Trenton for the short time of his *reign* as Earl of Atherstone, she was quite an invalid, and a suffering one, and desired her release, though very submissive and softened.

Then, on your mother's death, when your father wrote to me to entreat me to come to him and his child, he said, 'And, of course, let Marcus come also.' He promised that if Marcus liked what he saw of his business, he would take him without a fee, and would be happy to give him a home. Then there was a special message to Finley—and Finley never could resist your father's propositions—so it was settled, and, old as she was, she was useful to the last. She was in a great measure your nurse, and she took the whole charge of Marcus' belongings, and watched over us all with her usual tender care. I am sure, to the week of her death and to her very last hour, we rejoiced to have her with us; and *she* was ever blessing Providence for enabling her to share our lot.

My dear old Aunt Susan left me a handsome legacy when she died: till then I had given a few lessons in drawing, for I did not like to be a burden on your father; but after that I was able to pay sufficient for my board, and my brother made me give up all care of that sort. You have seen how kind and thoughtful your father always is to me; and all my desire was to be as much as I could of a mother to you. Our good uncle, then the Earl, soon followed Aunt Susan, and after that we had little to do with the Castle; but we have Mr. Irby still, our faithful attached FRIEND, and we manage a meeting with him every summer. He is a grand specimen of the old English clergyman. I love to look at his long white hair, seeing his eye as bright as ever, and his fine forehead full of the lines of thought.

Yes! I have indeed cause to bow down my head in thankfulness to the Preserver of men; and I thank Him with fervent gratitude that the children of my dear parents are all conscious of His over-ruling Hand, and that none of them forget the past. I am glad, my child, that you yourself have been with me into Atherstone churchyard, that you have asked me to tell you about my early days, and that I have at least *tried* to comply with your wishes. You will not forget those peaceful graves, nor the story they tell; and I think and believe you will always feel that they speak to you with voices of warning and encouragement, upholding you in life, and cheering you in death.

T.

THE MYSTERY OF THE CAVERN.

CHAPTER X.

THOSE were days of distress and perplexity at Torwood. Damaris had just received the awe-struck communication that she was possessed of the tibia and metatarsal bones of a young child, and was further being told what they were, too scientifically to understand, until Mr. Lebrun shewed her the same members in her own hand and arm, when that discomfiting apparition appeared for a moment at the church-yard gate.

Damaris, in horror and dismay, hurried out her recommendations to secresy, and her refusals to explain for the present, refusals the stronger perhaps for that face she had seen looking at her; and telling her future hero that he would hear all, but not now, she shook him off, and flew home, tossed amid conflicting feelings. It was true—true that dreadful secret! How was it to be made known? What would Mr. Newton think of her? Would Lady Maynard say any more to her? And while half frantic between the horror of her discovery, and her perplexity, there was Lady Maynard knocking at her door, and on entering, beginning, in the gentlest manner, to caution her that silly boys might have their heads turned by a little notice, and that people would remark.

'Did Mr. Newton say anything?' demanded Damaris hastily.

'Only that he was afraid he was disturbing you.' Damaris drooped her head. 'My dear, if you would only treat me as a mother, and have no secrets—'

'I have no secret that—that—it would not break everyone's heart to hear,' said Damaris, bursting into tears; and then, perceiving the effect of these strange words—'Oh, what have I said? I did not mean it!'

'Indeed, my poor child, I am afraid you are not well; Mr. Pigou had better—'

'No,' almost screamed Damaris, 'I am well, quite well. I would not see him for thousands.'

'Damaris,' said Lady Maynard gravely, 'all this strange manner only convinces me that something is wrong; I thought I could trust to your perfect truth.'

'You may! Dear Lady Maynard, I never have deceived you. I am not doing so now,' said Damaris more collectedly. 'As to Mr. Lebrun, that is all nonsense; I know I have spoken to him a few times—but only as Jane might.'

'Nay, hardly that, Damaris.'

'You will know all. It concerns him, not me,' said Damaris proudly.

'Do you know who this young man is?' said Lady Maynard. 'He is the son of some foolish servants, an orphan, and entirely dependent on Miss Maynard; and it would be very hurtful to him to let him indulge in any foolish fancies.'

Damaris had had time to recover some composure, and was able to say, 'I know what you are thinking of, dear Lady Maynard, and I solemnly assure you it is nothing of that sort. That there is a painful mystery about which I had to speak to him, I do not deny; but it is nothing that affects my feelings towards him. Only trust me—a little, little longer.'

She spoke so reasonably, that Lady Maynard was somewhat reassured, but only said,

'Mysteries are dangerous things for young ladies to meddle in, my dear.'

'They are—they are—wretched things!' cried Damaris, with fresh tears. 'Would that I could tell you all.'

'Might it not be better, my dear?'

'No, no—it is impossible—it would only be making you more miserable than I am now.'

Hysterical crying here set in, and the confusion that ensued put an end to further interrogation; until at last the poor girl was calmed enough to be left to fall asleep, while Lady Maynard wondered what could be done. She would have written to Mrs. Foley, but she knew that lady to be from home, and did not like to ask Damaris her direction; and sending for the guardian solicitor, Mr. Thrupp, was too extreme a measure to be resorted to, while it was possible that the mystery might be a mere girlish fancy enhanced by some derangement of nerves. She felt sure it was not love for Baldwin Lebrun; and if it were not that, patience was possible. Damaris meanwhile lay on her bed, dozing at first, then waking from a mixture of horrible dreams to think over what had passed. Her first impression was utterly wretched, but all she could recollect to cause it was that Harry Newton must think ill of her. Foolish girl! then she thought, Have I not infinitely more to be wretched about? Dear Lady Maynard spoke in all good faith—but, on the whole, her story convinced her all the more that Baldwin Lebrun was in very deed the son of Sir Walter and Lady Isabella, and filled her with a horrible ghastly terror of Miss Maynard and her tool.

But what was to be the next step? What gulf would surround her if she spoke? And if it were once suspected that she knew, might not her life be sacrificed to the preservation of the secret? The poor girl felt a cold dew of terror break out on her brow, she threw herself on her knees, and prayed an agonized inarticulate prayer. After all, as she became calmer, she came to the conclusion that she was a chosen instrument; the monstrous crime must be revealed, even should she fall a victim, or should every friend be alienated.

Then came the old horrible perplexity—to whom to speak; and once and again recurred the desire to consult Harry Newton, guide him to the cave, and let him begin the discovery for himself, since there must certainly be much more to be found. Just, however, as she arrived at this conclusion, there was a knock at her door; Lady Maynard stood there, with Mr. Pigou behind her.

Damaris's eyes grew round, as Fair Rosamond's might have done at sight of the bowl and dagger, but she had sense enough to recollect that matters would only be made worse by any resistance that should reveal that she suspected him; and after all, he could not poison her if she took none of his drugs. So she hardened herself to bear it, and answered his questions with resolute regard to manifesting perfect health, though as to not shuddering at his touch, and feeling her flesh creep at his hypocritical silky pretence at a gentle fatherly manner—that was quite impossible. He pronounced, however, that nothing ailed her but a little agitation of nerves, and horrified her still more by assuring her with a smile that she need not be afraid of him, he should only send her a few draughts, and recommend more exercise and less reading—change of air perhaps.

'Ah! no wonder they want to send me out of the way,' thought Damaris. 'No doubt they know I am on the scent; but as to the draughts—never!'

So she poured out the medicine, greatly expecting that the grass would turn brown where it fell, and she struggled hard to shew herself brilliantly well; but that was not an easy matter for a person who was actually standing in terror of her life; as actually, that is to say, as a young person can ever realize anything very horrible, especially when not mentioned. In spite of the tangible bones, the glove, and the locket, the whole matter had an incredible dreaminess to Damaris's mind, which increased the exceeding difficulty of uttering a word, and her bewilderment and struggle therewith became constantly more manifest.

'My dear, did you take your draught?'

She could not be false.

'I am going up-stairs. I will fetch it for you.'

'Oh no—no, thank you;' and Damaris flew up-stairs with wild eagerness.

Then one of the maids told Lady Maynard that she had seen Miss Brockensha pouring away her medicine into the garden. Lady Maynard spoke to her gently about what seemed such wilful folly. Damaris at first answered with a gasp of consternation. 'Never, never will I touch what comes from thence. You know not what you ask!'

'This is nonsense. Have you any objection to Mr. Pigou?'

She recollected herself. 'I hate all doctors, I need none—but if you love me, Lady Maynard, never ask me to take what comes from him. It will all soon be known.'

It was becoming doubtful whether Damaris could be a good companion for Jane, who, though better, might be much injured by a friend in so nervous a state; and Lady Maynard began to revolve the change of air plan.

Miss Maynard was going to send Mrs. Bramwell and her children into sea-side lodgings for a month; perhaps Damaris might join their party.

'I—I don't wonder,' almost sobbed Damaris, 'that Miss Maynard

wishes me away. But I will never go—never—even if it costs my life, my duty shall be done.'

'What duty, my dear?'

Then came the silence and the tears.

Though looking wretchedly ill, and with a startled look about her eyes, Damaris appeared at luncheon, and comported herself with fair composure, on the day of young Newton's arrival. It was a lovely autumn day, and the move from the table was made into the garden. She walked up and down the gravel walk, talking over old friends at Allingthorpe, her mind pleasantly soothed and drawn off from her troubles, and with a sense of protection, as though she feared neither Miss Maynard nor Mr. Pigou in his presence. He began, however, at last: 'I must commence my siege on Monday. Would it be the wisest way to send a summons?'

'A summons! do you know?' burst forth Damaris.

'What, a magistrate's warrant? No, no, I meant metaphorically a polite note, requesting admission to the Park. Or shall I call? Is she so very formidable a person?'

Damaris shuddered.

'Nay, surely,' he said indignantly, 'no fine lady can have dared to be other than full of courtesy to you.'

'I have nothing to complain of personally,' said Damaris; but lowering her voice—'Oh, take care of yourself, this is a place of horrors!'

'Of horrors!' he repeated, looking at her full.

'Hush! of horrible secrets. Mr. Newton, does your work lead you to—to—' she sunk her voice till it was almost inaudible, 'to the quarry wood overhanging the river?'

'I have not learnt the localities enough to be certain.' He would have said more, but she went on.

'Look well to yourself if you do. There are dark secrets there, and those who guard them are unscrupulous.'

'I thought the days of poachers and smugglers were over,' he said, much perplexed. 'If you know of any dangerous people there—'

'Oh no—no; but there is a web of horror here. The key to it lies in that cave. There—and in yonder grave—so vainly decked—the grave I saw you looking at with admiration—are terrible evidences.'

He looked at her as if he thought her raving. 'What is this horror?' he said; 'I do not understand you. Is it any old legend connected with the family?'

'Would that it were but an old legend, but it is only too real—too dreadful—too present. It is a fearful secret that I have had the miserable lot to discover! One on which a terrible cruel injustice is founded.'

'But why not reveal it, then?' She trembled all over. 'If not to this good Lady—'

'Oh, never; it would be too shocking for her. No, no—forget what I said. I know nothing. See, there are the cows being driven to the farm,' she added, trying to speak lightly.

'I am sure you have been much annoyed,' said Mr. Newton anxiously.

'No. Lady Maynard is goodness itself. I could not be happier; but—'

'Ah, that but! You have not seen Mr. and Mrs. Foley,' he added suddenly.

'Would that I could!' she sighed from the bottom of her heart; but then again, 'Ah! they could not help me. Forget what I have said—till you reach the cavern; then—then search, and be on your guard.'

'On my guard?'

'Ah! you little know what desperation can do. Some other time,' and she looked fearfully towards every bush, 'I may say more.'

At that moment Miss Maynard was seen coming up to her aunt on the lawn, and an uncontrollable shudder crept over Damaris; it seemed as if she would have cowered behind Mr. Newton had it been possible.

'Only tell me,' he asked earnestly, 'is anyone unkind to you? Is there anything that makes you unhappy in your present life?'

'Lady Maynard is like a mother, Jane like a sister. Nothing could have been happier than I till—'

'Till?'

'Till—*this*. But hush, they are coming.'

She started up, with a distressingly manifest effort to control her terror, and submitted to be shaken hands with by Miss Maynard; whose aunt—thinking to take the bull by the horns—at once introduced Mr. Newton; and Eleanor, with equal resolution, volunteered to say, 'I think you wish to conduct some surveying operations in the Park. If you will appoint a time, my keeper shall admit you.'

Mr. Newton thanked her, and said that he believed he should be ready to set to work on Tuesday, to which some cold common-places were replied; and he then took his leave.

The visit had somehow cheered Damaris's spirits for the time; the contact with an old friend external to the horrible web of mystery had refreshed her, and she had a sense that he would stand by her and protect her when the catastrophe should arrive. But the relief was not of long continuance, for had not she been trying to draw him into these same meshes? What might not the consequence be of his shewing perilous curiosities while attended by a keeper with a gun? To be sure, it would be awkward to shoot an engineer in broad day, with his assistant looking on; but though poor Damaris recollected this, it was with the painful sense that, in the shock she had suffered from the atrocities she had seen proved, she really was losing the power of discerning what was rationally possible and what was not; and agonies of terror—she knew not whether reasonable or unreasonable—haunted her for him as well as for herself.

Then, when they hunted her out to take exercise in a walk with Lady Maynard, to make things worse, whom should they meet but Mr. Pigou

and Baldwin Lebrun; and as the lady and the doctor happened to have much to say to one another about a sick woman in the village, young Lebrun had time to be very tryingly demonstrative, and to put her in great anxiety lest the understanding between them should excite attention. Then in the midst, Mr. Newton actually appeared in a dog-cart, driving direct for Rolleford.

Was he displeased at the sight? Nonsense! Or worse! Had he gone to lay some information before a magistrate, which would betray all, and leave her a victim? What had she said to him? What could he gather from her hints? She seemed to be without power either to recollect her words or to weigh them when recollected. She longed to throw all her wretchedness and perplexity upon Lady Maynard, while yet her recollection served her, but the morbid terror that had come on her seemed to chain her tongue.

Still, she really was struggling to do right. She had no selfish motive in trying at her own peril to accomplish an act of justice in the manner that might bring the least distress and horror to those concerned; and thus, in an honest and good heart, she could pour out her anguish of mind in prayer, and entreat to be directed and protected, and led on to the right manner for making the dreadful revelation. Yet at church on Sunday, she was greatly disturbed by the absence of Mr. Newton, which she could not help connecting with herself; either he was acting in some sudden way on her hints, or else he had taken umbrage at her conversations with Baldwin Lebrun. Folly, folly, double folly, she told herself, to imagine that he cared what she did—and tenfold trifling and vanity to be occupied by such an idea, when, like Hamlet, she ought, in her fearful mission, to blot all such records from her mind! There could, however, be no doubt that she was the more shaken by his absence; but when after the second service, Lady Maynard proposed walking up to the Park, her fear of exciting suspicion prevented her from objecting.

Lady Isabella pitied her wan looks very much, and shewed much concern at the appearance of feverish languor that she could no longer conceal. Some delicate little china coffee-cups were brought in and handed round; but Damaris, never at any time a coffee drinker, declined, and did not perceive a glance between the step-mother and daughter—the effect of which was that a cup of tea presently appeared, and Miss Maynard offered it to her with unusual solicitude.

Here was almost certain destruction. One cup, meant for her alone! She thanked—refused—then, as self-command more and more deserted her, she absolutely entreated. 'Oh no—no, pray have pity on me, pray do not make me drink it.'

Jane could not help laughing, and Lady Maynard said gravely, 'What do you mean, Damaris? no one wishes to make you take anything.'

'Oh no,' said Damaris, recalled to herself. 'I know! I beg your pardon, but *indeed* I could not;' and she shuddered at the potion. 'Please let me go home:' and with a hasty manner she signed a sort of

farewell, and hastened out of the room—Jane almost by the same impulse following her, and entreating to know what ailed her.

Damaris was steeled against saying a word that might hurt Jane, and in answer to her caresses only began to cry bitterly as she walked across the gardens. The more Jane implored, the more she answered that it was nothing, and then wept floods of tears, as the soft touch and tender words reminded her of the pain the discovery would give delicate little Jane.

'What does she mean?' sighed Lady Isabella, amazed; 'she looked as if she thought it poison.'

'The poor child has been in a very strange way lately,' said Lady Maynard anxiously. 'I think, if you please, I had better look after her.'

Eleanor came with her aunt, and as soon as they were out of the drawing-room they looked at one another with significant faces of consternation.

'She has been pouring away Mr. Pigou's medicine, poor child!' said Lady Maynard.

'Imagining that everyone means to poison her! It is a well-known symptom,' said Eleanor. 'Poor thing! My dear Aunt, I am very sorry for you.'

'I think I had better write to Mr. Thrupp,' sighed Lady Maynard.

'Certainly; and I would call in other advice. Perhaps it would be well to send Jane up to us, and take her to London.'

'Thank you. I shall wait till I see how she is, or what Mr. Thrupp wishes. If I see cause, I know you will be so kind as to take Jane.'

'If you will let me, I will come down after Mamma has gone to bed, and sleep in the house. I should be much better satisfied so. Pray let me.'

To this however Lady Maynard would not consent; and they walked on together, keeping the two young girls in sight, and consulting together whether this strange behaviour were brain fever or incipient insanity, and what would be the best means of getting advice without adding to the sufferer's excitement and alarm. It was on occasions of distress, Lady Maynard thought, that Eleanor showed her real consideration and unselfishness.

It was thought better that no notice should be taken of this last strange aberration; and for the rest of the evening Damaris was on her guard and more like herself; but on the Monday she took fresh alarm. She perceived a certain reluctance to leave her alone with Jane; she knew that Miss Maynard came down in the morning, and had a long conference with her aunt; she saw a groom come down on horseback from the Priory, and call at the Hut for a note; she was sure that Lady Maynard practised unusual caution in concealing the addresses of her letters. She noticed likewise a strange gentleness in the manner in which Lady Maynard and even Eleanor addressed her, avoiding all that could lead to a difference of

opinion, and turning the corner of a contradiction, and leaving her her own way with studious forbearance.

Then the notion struck her that Miss Maynard was destroying her competence as a witness by persuading everyone that her mind was unsound. The terrors that seized her were worse than even those for her life. She felt even more helpless. To whom could she appeal? Her friends would turn against her, and the greater her misery the less would she be believed! Sleeplessness, terror, perturbation, and the constant shock of the presence of Miss Maynard, watching her as a cat watches a mouse, were shaking her so much that she could with the utmost difficulty keep up the least semblance of calm or composure, which she felt to be her only safeguard against all the horrors she had read of perpetual imprisonment in a private lunatic asylum, while, as crime always grew upon people like a mania, Miss Maynard would go on to destroy. Her brain would indeed reel if she thought of that. Oh! where was Mr. Newton? Would that she had spoken more fully to him! She shut herself into her room, and after a fresh agony of supplication, she addressed herself to the work of drawing up a clear statement of all she had discovered, which she would—

What would she do with it? Post it, to be forwarded to Mr. Foley, wherever he might be? Commit it to Harry Newton? To Baldwin Lebrun? All modes seemed equally dangerous and perplexing. She dropped her pen, and burst into tears.

(To be continued.)

THE FAIRY OF THE SANDS.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.—PAUL FEVAL.)

PART II.—CHAPTER V.

THE APPARITION.

THE noble appetite of these honest Breton soldiers was a marvel; they ate, they drank without ceasing, imitating the example of their venerated chief, Méloir, who on this occasion displayed a capacity of gormandizing beyond all praise. This winged host, whose feathers formed an actual mountain in the middle of the room, were swallowed up, with the exception of half a dozen chickens: a grain of sand arrests the fury of the ocean, so a few fowls from the village of St. Jean stayed the furious appetites of these Bretons. They said, as they wiped their well-fed lips, 'We must breakfast to-morrow;' for there are capacious stomachs that can breakfast even after such a Homeric supper.

The fire smouldered on the ashes in the fire-place; it grew late. 'Comrades, I wish you good-night,' said Méloir; and he began to snore in his great chair, one hand on his sword, the other on his purse. They all followed his example; nothing was now heard in the hall, which had lately resounded with merry songs and all the various noises of a feast, but the hoarse and dull sound of oppressed breathing. Corson, the learned herald, was sleeping on his back, his legs extended symmetrically; and if it had been possible for a man of science to see himself asleep, he would certainly have said he was like a *Pairle*. But Corson, tired as he was, could not see himself asleep. Besides, he was dreaming that he was swimming in a sea *simple*, surrounded by mermaids *proper*, and that diverted him. The others did or did not dream; Méloir saw in his sleep a fair beauty, smiling and timid, who called him Monseigneur, and respectfully helped him to unlace his armour.

The torches that had been fastened to the chimney had gone out. Two half-consumed torches of pine-wood only remained to struggle with the moonlight.

Was that Méloir's dream that stood down there on the threshold? A young girl, pale as a spirit, beautiful as the first thought of love; with long fair hair falling in heavy curls on her carefully-covered shoulders; a child-like smile, which once was lively, but now burthened with fear and sadness.

By the uncertain light of the torches the beautiful profile was seen indistinctly; something vague and supernatural surrounded her. There were no poets amongst these men of iron stretched upon the floor asleep. A poet would have thought directly of an angel if he had seen that graceful apparition. The angel who is the spirit of ruins, or the fairy who is the breath of the sands.

Angel or fairy, she trembled. Women may tremble—they dare. She looked for a minute at this strange revellers' dormitory. Then those dark blue eyes lighted up; she made a step forward into the moonlight, and its azure tints lighted up her wavy hair. You would then have known her again; poor Reine! how many tears have filled those eyes since we partly saw her behind her mourning veil! That day had been the commencement of her misery; ever since had her old father been struggling against the resentment of an angry prince—fearful and unequal struggle! Ever since that day, Aubry had been a captive in the subterraneous dungeons of Mount St. Michael. And her father had no one in the world to help and protect him but herself and Aubry; oh! what could Reine's delicate white hands do against iron bars and massive granite walls! Oh! how many tears she had shed! But beneath that frail and graceful exterior, and concealed by her adorable humility, which is to the maiden as perfume is to the flower, there was a sort of latent courage. And with courage comes cheerfulness, because cheerfulness, which is a sort of enthusiasm, emanates from every moral effort, as heat is produced by every physical exertion.

Reine's tears often evaporated in a smile; she was so young, and she met with such strange adventures.

This night, for example, amongst the snoring soldiers; it is true that she was in much fear, but an arch smile came to her lips when she perceived the newly-made knight, Mélior, enthroned upon the seat of honour. Formerly, at the feasts at Avranches, this man had spoken to her of love; afterwards, on Aubry's noble refusal, he had offered himself to undertake the pursuit of Hugh de Maurever. He was now a knight; however, Reine laughed, because there are men too despicable to be soberly hated.

The hall was large; Reine wished to reach the table; she had a basket on her arm, and she looked with longing eyes at the relics of the supper. She advanced slowly amongst the human impediments; every moment she had to avoid a head, to step over an arm, or jump across an iron-guarded breast; often, as one of the sleepers moved, Reine stopped in alarm. But soon she resumed her task, and the nearer she came to the table, the more arch became the smile upon her lovely lips.

At last she reached the table, over the ill-built body of the Sieur de Corson, who was dreaming of *chevrons*, *bands*, *bars*, and *pales*. She put into her basket two fowls, a large piece of bread, and a bottle of old wine, which fortunately remained untouched. Then she stood upright, quite proud of her success, shaking her fair locks with a saucy air. Certainly the dull soldier, Méloir, never saw her so lovely, even in his dreams.

As she was preparing to retrace her steps across the hall, to fly with the trophies of her triumph, she cast a look upon the knight. Méloir still had his hand upon his plump purse, and Reine's eyebrows contracted with a frown, and her eyes shone with a proud lustre; she murmured, 'The gold that is to pay the price of my father's head.'

We must suppose that in those early days ladies carried scissors on their châtelaines—Toledo scissors, perhaps—at least, a glance of bright steel might be seen in the hand of Reine, which passed between Méloir's fingers. The string which tied the purse was severed in a moment. But the purse did not fall. Méloir's hand was still upon it. Soldiers are watchful, even in their sleep. Reine pulled the purse very gently, then more strongly; but it was impossible to make Méloir let go his hold. Reine tried to open the purse between his fingers; impossible again. However, she was determined to have it; perhaps it was not to obtain a little of that money, so necessary to an outlaw, certainly not to indemnify herself for the ravages committed on the domains of Maurever. Reine did not possess a farthing, but she knew where to get the bread which supported the old man. Truly, because the purse contained, as she thought, the odious recompense of treason, the fifty crowns promised to him who should deliver up Monsieur Hugh. She would have it, and the will of that delicate fair child did not go for nothing.

That fair child, so frail and delicate, had braved the bolts and arrows of the cross-bows for ten nights, to carry food to Gilles de Bretagne; and orders had been given to the archers of Jean de la Haye to take sure aim about the bars of the dungeon. For ten nights more this fair child had crossed the sands to convey food to her father.

What she willed must be done; Méloir scolded in his sleep; he had a confused perception of her efforts, and though not quite awake, his hand stiffened on the purse. Reine became quite impatient; she tapped the floor with her little foot, the audacious child! and if that was not imprudent enough, by one quick and vigorous effort she tore away the purse.

Méloir waked up with a start, crying, 'Alarm!' In a second all the escort were on foot. In a second, but that was ten times more than Reine required to effect her retreat. Light as a bird she bounded amongst the rousing sleepers; with one jump she reached the ledge of the window, and the soldiers were still rubbing their eyes when she had already cleared the threshold of the court-yard gate.

As she had passed the table, she had blown out the two pine-torches. The moon was under a cloud. All was disorder in the hall; they struggled, they struck each other in the darkness. The cramped limbs of the sleepers were entangled in the hay which had served them for a bed, and more than one had a heavy fall, mingling the resounding sound of cold iron with the confusion of cries; it seemed as if a desperate struggle was taking place.

'Light the torches!' Méloir commands; and everyone repeats, 'Light the torches!' but where all command, no one obeys. They hurried about without purpose; they sought their arms, swore, abused each other, stumbled over the empty bottles, and gave their souls to the devil, who did not thank them for the present.

Méloir was amazed. There was no end to the confusion, till the moon shone out again; for one instant her silver rays lighted up the hall, and then all was dark again. But there had been time to know each other, and Conan and Kervoz were striking a light.

'Did you see—?' began Méloir.

'A phantom,' interrupted Keraval. 'Something that glided into the night like a light fog.'

'A vision.'

'A ghost.'

'Something,' cried Méloir, 'which has cut the strings of my purse!'

'Really!' they all said.

'Something,' added Keraval, raising up one of the newly-lighted torches, 'that has carried off two chickens and our last bottle of wine.'

Méloir growled, 'To the devil with the fowls; my purse contained a knight's ransom; to horse! Whatever it be, comrades, I must have it; to horse!'

The men looked at each other. 'Seek—that is possible; but find—'

'Comrades, we must find.'

'If it be a thief,' said Keraval, 'he is clever, and has gained some time upon us. If it be a spirit—'

'Though it be Satan.' They talked together in a low voice. Méloir went on. 'Saddle the horses, Conan and the rest; our night is ended; listen, if you please, I am going to describe the phantom.'

'You saw it then, Messire?'

'Not clearly, but enough to know it again. I can say nothing of its figure, save that it is more nimble than the Rieux blood-hounds. I did not see its face, because it turned its back as it fled away; but its hair was light, curled, and flowing.'

'Was it a woman?'

'Perhaps; do you remember the boy who brought us here?'

'Oh!' they cried; 'true, true; light hair, more soft and silky than a woman's.'

'And do you remember how anxious he was for fifty crowns?'

'Yes, yes.'

'There is a trail for you to follow, comrades.'

A sudden noise was heard without.

'Come,' cried Conan, Merry, Kervoz, and the others; and they gave chase in the court to a being who fled with wonderful speed.

'Come, come.'

'My good Lord,' said the poor creature, already losing breath, 'have pity on me; I came to speak to your noble master, the knight Méloir.'

'In the middle of the night! Attend, Conan; stop him, Merry; we shall have him!'

Méloir and the others were at the window.

'Oh! my good Lords!' cried the fugitive, almost spent.

'Messire,' said Fontèbrault, 'I think this honest man will give you news of the purse.'

Méloir ordered his archers not to hurt him, and the fugitive stopped on hearing this command.

'Thanks, my dear Lord; may you be rewarded.'

'Bring him here,' said Méloir. The next instant the archers pushed into the hall an individual little resembling Méloir's description, imperfect as it was; he had at least spoken of a slight figure and long silky hair. On the contrary, the fugitive had everything that could not be mistaken for a woman, far or near. A great ugly fellow, with locks, each hair of which was as stiff as the tooth of a curry-comb.

'Messire,' said the archer Merry, 'we seized this evil bird just as he was escaping out of the court.'

'What were you come to do in the court?' said Méloir, who had seated himself in his great chair.

'I came to speak to you, my good Lord.'

'What is your name?'

'Vincent Gueffès, faithful subject of Duke Francis, and the humblest of your servants, my Lord.'

CHAPTER VI.

MAITRE GUEFFES.

It was in truth Maitre Gueffès, worthy Maitre Gueffès, the beggar, jockey, clerk, Norman, the lover of the beauteous Simonette, the rival of little Jeannin, with the enormous jaw, the narrow forehead, and arms two ells long; and for once Maitre Gueffès said what was true, for he had really come to speak to Méloir.

Méloir contemplated him for a long time, and then said, 'Comrades, it is uncommon to find so ugly an animal as this beggar.'

All heartily agreed.

'But you know,' continued Méloir, 'that on waking with a start, the senses are benumbed. My sight was dim; perhaps I saw fine light hair instead of boar's bristles, and a fine figure in the place of this badly-built body.'

The men-at-arms laughed. Gueffès trembled all over.

'As I hope to be pardoned, I believe this man stole my purse.'

'Oh! my Lord! my good Lord!' cried Maitre Gueffès, 'I swear—'

'Well, well, my man,' interrupted Méloir, 'you may swear as you please, but I am going to have you hanged.'

Gueffès fell on his knees. 'My dear Lord,' he said, with tears in his eyes—and it was the first time in his life that he had ever shown such a mark of tenderness—'my dear Lord, the death of an innocent man will not restore your purse; and if you will let me live, I will give you the means of gaining the favour of the rich duke.'

'Do you know where the traitor, Maurever, has hidden himself?' asked Méloir hastily.

'Yes, my dear Lord,' he answered readily.

'Tell, and your life is saved.'

Gueffès was too much of a man of business not to know that the crisis was past. He raised himself a little, and his eye looked round the circle. 'My life safe! My Lord, you are very generous.'

'Come, speak!' said Méloir.

Gueffès raised himself entirely. 'In the moon-light, down there, on the lawn,' he said, now quite at ease, 'I saw your purse pass by, my dear Lord. On the fair light hair and the sweet smile.'

'Speak, then.'

'Four legs go faster than two; men-at-arms, mount, and if you will take the advice of a poor honest Christian, go by the village straight to the sands; you will find the purse, and when you are gone I will speak to my dear Lord.'

'To horse!' cried Méloir.

'And if it is a sorcerer,' Kervoz insinuated; 'and if he should strangle you!'

Méloir looked at Maitre Gueffès. 'Bah!' said he; 'the day dawns, and I shall have my hand on my dagger; to horse!'

Men-at-arms and archers began to move; the horses were all ready in the court; the great gate was heard to open; then came the noise of the cavalcade, then all was still.

Then Méloir began to mutter, 'Ah, they will come back empty-handed; would that I had my twelve Rieux blood-hounds! But patience, they must be at Dinan by this time, and they will be here to-morrow.'

'Is it true, then, Monseigneur?' said Gueffès very respectfully.

'What?'

'That you are going to hunt Maurever on the sands with high-bred hounds.'

'What is that to you?'

'It concerns me very much, my dear Lord, because I have set my heart upon gaining the fifty crowns promised by Duke Francis to him who shall—'

'Ah, ha!' said Méloir, 'is that also for Simon le Prioul's daughter?'

'Gueffès turned yellow; then he muttered, 'There is someone else, then, who wants the fifty crowns for Simon le Prioul's daughter.'

Instead of answering, Méloir asked if she were pretty.

'She is rich,' replied Gueffès.

Méloir touched his shoulder. 'You and I are comrades, friend Gueffès; you love her?'

'Oh yes, my Lord.'

'Does she love you?'

'I care not for that, my Lord; she is steady.'

'Well done, Maitre Gueffès; you are the king of philosophers, Maitre Vincent Gueffès; but I perceive we shall scarcely want my Rieux blood-hounds, since you know where Monsieur Hugh is concealed.'

'Did I say that I knew?'

'You did, otherwise—'

'Ah, Monseigneur! when the rope is round one's neck—'

'Then you do not know?'

'I shall know, my Lord.' Maitre Gueffès had a disrespectful smile around his great mouth; he went on, 'Let us speak sense. I live in this poor hole of St. Jean des Grèves, and hear no news. I have been told, however, that you wish to marry Mademoiselle Reine de Maurever.'

'Ah! have you been told so?'

'Three ruined houses, with nothing left but bare walls, is a poor marriage-portion for such a gallant knight as you are.'

'And the estates, friend Vincent?'

'And the estates; but you may have the estates and the ruined walls, without the lady, for the domains are confiscated, and Duke Francis has promised them to you.'

'How, then! you know that also!'

'Yes, Messire; I spent the evening listening to your drunken soldiers; they said—but I would not vex you, my dear Lord.'

'What do they say?'

'They say that Maurever's daughter loves Aubry de Kergariou.'

'Very likely, Master Vincent.'

'Are you a philosopher, then, like poor Gueffès?' he asked humbly.

'I vow,' cried Méloir, laughing, 'this rogue has wit enough for half a dozen. No, no, my man, I am not so great a philosopher; but my Cousin Aubry is in prison, and please Heaven, he will stay there a long time.'

'Please Heaven!' repeated Gueffès, with a sneer.

'What do you mean?'

'What a woman pleases—' the Norman began.

'Bah!' Méloir broke in. 'You musty old jester.'

'Please Heaven,' Gueffès continued, unmoved. 'If I have wit for half a dozen—as my good Lord is so kind as to say—Maurever's daughter has four times as much as I.'

'Do you know her?'

'I get my bread here and there; I go about a good deal at times, and I know everybody at need, a little.'

Méloir took him by both arms, and placed him opposite the torch, in order to examine him attentively.

'I think I have seen you before.'

'Not impossible,' Gueffès answered, his grey eyes winking with the light so near.

'At Avranches?'

'Very likely at Avranches.'

'As Duke Francis passed, a wretch cried—'

'May Heaven forget you, Duke,' Gueffès pronounced in a low voice.

'By Heaven! then you were that wretch?'

'My good Lord, I had not been able to pick up one carolus of Duke Francis's largesse.'

'And so you revenged yourself!'

'Only a little waggish trick, my Lord.'

Méloir let go his two arms, and began to reflect.

'At this game,' Maitre Gueffès went on quietly, 'something better than silver pieces may be gained sometimes. Do you know Guildo, Monseigneur?'.

'The fief of Gilles de Bretagne?'

'A fine domain, that, and one that would suit you very well, Messire Méloir; but Francis has given it to Jean de la Haye. I do not mean to say that Jean has done nothing to deserve it; but to return to my story. I once cried out in that way as Monsieur Gilles passed. It was at Plancoët; Monsieur Gilles gave a largesse, and I could get nothing but a Breton denier—it takes six to make a royal denier, and twelve of

them to make a sous. I cried, "Monsieur Gilles has St. Anthony's fire under his fine gilded coat of mail."'

'Idle rogue!' said Méloir, laughing.

'A graceful little page whom I had not noticed,' continued Maitre Gueffès, his yellow cheek taking a warmer tint, 'struck me across the face with a staff, and brought the blood—see here;' and he shewed a white line across his red face.

'A good cut with a switch, Maitre,' said Méloir.

'Yes,' answered Gueffès, 'that happened ten years ago, and the mark still shows, and will appear as long as the page remains on earth.'

'The page must have become a man.'

'A gentleman, my Lord, who carries a lance almost as well as you do.'

'His name?'

'Aubry de Kergariou.'

There was another silence; the dawn began to appear without, whitening the horizon. Méloir was the first to speak; with some dignity he said, 'Maitre Gueffès, Aubry de Kergariou is my cousin, and I am a knight. I forbid you from undertaking anything against him.'

'I undertake anything against him!' said Gueffès, in good faith. Ah, you little know me; I wish Messire Aubry was under ground, but as to putting him there myself, I am quite incapable, my dear Lord; only, if you had happened to think as I do—that a coffin shuts closer than a dungeon—I should have said, "Amen."'

'Enough of this, Maitre Gueffès.'

'As you please, my Lord; but I, who am no knight, must be allowed to have other notions. I understand my own affairs. I also have a rival with Simonette; he is not even in prison, and the sooner you can have him hung, the better.'

'What! hang him?' cried Méloir.

'That is a little gift which I demand over and above the fifty crowns.'

'Hang my friend Jeannin!' said Méloir, smiling.

'Oh, you know him; a pretty child, is he not?'

'A charming child.'

'Well, when you have promised me that he shall be hanged, we will go on with the Maurever affair.'

'He shall never be hanged, Maitre Gueffès.'

'Killed, then; I am not particular about the details.'

'Nor killed.'

'Smothered in the quick-sands.'

'Nor smothered.'

'Drowned in the sea.'

'Nor drowned.'

At these last words Méloir frowned.

Maitre Gueffès forced his jaws to an amiable smile, and said, 'My dear Lord, you are the master, and I am the servant; I see it is good to

be your friend. In our country—Normandy, you know—we all love to bargain; let me follow the way of my country, and strike a bargain. Since you will not have this young rogue hanged, nor killed, nor smothered, nor drowned, we must find an expedient. Your cousin Aubry must be in great want of a page down there in the dungeon; it would be a charitable work to give him this Jeannin—does that please you, my Lord?'

'It does not please me.'

'Then let us put a coat upon him, and make him a soldier. Who knows, perhaps he will be a captain some day.'

'He will not be a soldier.'

'Ah,' said Gueffès, 'that is another affair.' From the moment when Messire Jeannin 'will not,' honest Gueffès began to be angry; but he went on, 'My dear Lord, the Fates have amused themselves with placing us two in a situation nearly alike—you, the illustrious knight; I, the poor beggar. In Aubry you have a preferred rival; I have a thorn in the foot that calls itself Jeannin.'

'Come to facts.'

'I am coming to them,' replied Gueffès, quite naturally; 'do you know what philosophy is? It is the last resource; when one cannot eat flesh, nor fish, nor wheat, nor anything good for food, one nibbles the ends of one's fingers to delude hunger—that is philosophy. When the fox is too low, and the grapes too high, the fox would not endure to eat them—that is philosophy.'

'When the Norman itches, and cannot use his nails,' said Méloir, taking the same tone, 'the Norman recites fables.'

'That, too, is philosophy,' concluded Gueffès.

'Come, scoundrel,' said Méloir, rising hastily, 'it is a cold morning; light my fire, and cease your chattering. If you really know where Maurever is concealed, you will tell me, that you may fulfil your duty as a vassal, or it is you that will be hanged.'

Gueffès was not the man to revolt against this sudden change; he bowed down to the ground, and lighted the fire; but he knew other fables besides that of the fox and the grapes. Gueffès, as he blew the fire, said to himself, 'Depend only on yourself.'

Méloir paraded up and down the hall, shaking his stiff limbs. While the fire began to blaze, he approached the window and looked out upon the country. Though it was but a slight elevation above the sea level, a rise of four or five yards constitutes a mountain in that flat country, and gives a vast view of the horizon. Méloir saw an extent of sand towards Cherrieux and Caucale, and in front, the marsh like a green ocean, with Mount Dol rising like an island in the midst. The sun was rising on the other side of the castle behind the Avranchine hills, a rosy tint mounted to the zenith, and the west remained lost in those grey clouds which join the Breton fogs, and in a manner confound earth with heaven.

There was a black point in motion on the road to Dol, and the west wind brought the faint echo of a flourish of trumpets.

'Ah!' cried Méloir, 'here comes Belliseau, the master of the hounds, with my Rieux blood-hounds.—Maitre Gueffès, we shall find the scent without you.'

Gueffès took off his woollen cap.

'If you will turn round your feet to the fire, my Lord, I will prepare breakfast. I have a few more little things to say.'

(To be continued.)

ZABDIEL THE GIPSY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'SYDONIE'S DOWRY.'

'Im Leben fern, im Tode nah.'

CHAPTER I.

THERE are certain districts scattered over the world, of which it might be said, as well as of persons, that 'melancholy marked them for its own.' Such are the Campagna of Rome, the Camargue of Languedoc, and the Hansag of Hungary. Each has a wild and peculiar charm, not visible to the eyes of all men, but revealing itself to those who know it intimately, or appreciate it as it were by instinct. Thousands know the Campagna more or less; a few hundreds are acquainted with the Camargue; but who is at home in the Hansag? In that vague period which we call 'former times,' Hungary was probably an inland sea, locked within mountain walls, till the Danube wore its way through the gorge of the Clissura, and thundered down to the Black Sea. Then Hungary was in great measure drained, but part is still a vast marsh; though in the Banat, at the south-west corner, you may travel for miles without finding water. The Hansag, as its name implies, is a morass, and extends for a great distance in the north of the country. Far and wide the eye roves over tall waving reeds; water glistens where it has risen to the surface, and the boggy ground quakes under the lightest tread. Part is impassable; nowhere could a cart, or any but the very lightest vehicle, pass safely; and each time that a herdsman turns in his sleep as he lies on his bed of straw, the floor of his hut trembles under him. Here and there, in tracts of thin herbage, feed the Gulyas, half-wild cattle, that have never been sheltered by a roof, but own the control of their herdsmen, and come with friendly looks at their call; though at the rare appearance of a stranger they gather in frightened menacing troops, doubtful whether to fight or flee. Scattered thinly are the huts of men who tend the cattle and the reed-beds, or raise earth-works along which a path may

be carried; but these are few, and till within the last years the Hansag was left in its native wildness.

How wild it was, words can scarcely tell. The inhabitants formed a race apart, a silent melancholy race, untaught, uncared for, living and dying in their strange home, and speaking of 'the people yonder,' as of something with which they could have no connection. The people yonder, meant everyone who was not a native of the Hansag. Nowhere else could that mysterious wild creature have existed, and above all, have entirely concealed himself, who was known as Han Istok, a being human in form, though scaly, and with long frog-like arms and long teeth, with which he fed greedily on reptiles and fish. Fourteen miserable months, after his capture in a lake where he was swimming, was he kept a prisoner in one of the Esterhazy castles as a curiosity, like any other outlandish creature; then he escaped into the moat, and was seen no more, though diligent search was made for him; and a fisherman got a glimpse of him years after. To this day the inhabitants of the Hansag believe that he exists in the morass as a kind of king, who can supernaturally affect them for good or ill at his pleasure.

Some ten or twelve years after his capture and loss, the chief herdsman in the Hansag was a singular exception to the others, and regarded by them with dislike and suspicion, for he was not a native of the district, but had been born in a village of the green Neusiedler lake, on the lands of Graf Dosa, with whom he was for many years a great favourite. Even when he fell into sudden disgrace, his lord treated him with some consideration, banishing him from his presence indeed, but giving him a superior post among the herdsmen of that part of the Hansag which belonged to him. But to Mohatsh Simon, as he was called, with the surname first, in Hungarian fashion, it was utter banishment to be sent away from his lord's presence to this place. He was tenaciously attached to his old home, his old ways; he seemed unable to live under new conditions. In earlier days a certain family event had embittered his naturally gloomy temper, and this new disgrace rendered him so harsh and violent, that he almost raised a rebellion among the men under him; they had more than once threatened his life, and even Kaisa trembled before him.

Kaisa was his only daughter, a girl endowed with the indescribable winningness of an Hungarian, whose smile and entreating eyes no one could resist, and who had the slim lithe form and raven hair which Hungarians love, and the pale complexion, and eyes in whose softness lurks fire, which are her countrymen's ideal of beauty. Just such at her age, had her aunt Erzebet been; but it would have been a bold man who commented on that likeness to Mohatsh Simon. Kaisa had an elder brother, whom she loved better than anything in the world; but his name was no more to be spoken than that of Erzebet.

Kaisa did not sing in her hut in the Hansag, as she had done beside

the Neusiedler lake, and she would turn pale when Mohatsh Simon came in, though he seldom gave her a rough word. He noted the change in a dim way, and it added to his gloom. Perhaps it was partly for her sake that he brooded incessantly over his fallen fortunes. With them had fallen a marriage for her on which he had set his heart. Some said that the family which she was about to enter would still have received her, had not Simon himself broken off all dealings with them, and departed without an attempt to soften his master, who had probably long since forgotten all about the matter. That which pre-occupied Simon in his morose musings day and night, had been the thought of a day to the Count. But old Simon brooded over it with a fixity only possible in so solitary a life, where all around, instead of suggesting other thoughts, only intensified the one which had possession of him.

Was it her broken hopes which had changed Kaisa, too, into the languid maiden who let the monotonous days slip by unheeding and hopeless, as she went through the few duties which she had to perform in her reed hut? Not one of the pale natives of the Hansag had a more mournful look than she, as she stood at the door gazing out over the desert of reeds to the low dark alder forest on the horizon, with wistful eyes, that seemed ever seeking something—happiness, perhaps. And at last she would breathe one of those painful sighs which give no relief—sighs especially sad from such young lips—and go listlessly in again. Was she thinking of her lover?

There was one who often asked himself that question; and had Kaisa given him a thought, she would often have seen eyes, even darker and more melancholy than her own, fixed upon her at such times. But she had been so used to have her very shadow worshipped by Zabdiel, that she hardly thought about it, filled as her mind was with another object. Besides, unconsciously, she shared the general contempt for all of Zabdiel's race. For Zabdiel was a gipsy, one of an accursed race, and his very existence was a disgrace to Mohatsh Simon—a fretting wound to his pride, a blot on the scutcheon. Simon had his family pride as strongly as any noble; he used to boast that when the first Dosa came into Hungary and conquered the Slavs on the Neusiedler lake, that his family had come too, and had served the same lords from father to son ever since. The contempt with which he looked down on a Slav could only be equalled by his boundless disdain for a gipsy. Heathen dogs, vagabond thieves, for whom twenty-five strokes were too good, were the gentlest terms he ever applied to them, even before a date after which it would have been dangerous to name them at all before him, when his beautiful sister Erzebet left her home for a gipsy's sake. Whether his bright eyes, or his witching tongue, or more witching music, had beguiled her away, none knew. Some religious ceremony took place, probably rather to satisfy Erzebet than that the gipsy thought it necessary,

and they disappeared together. This happened before the time to which Kaisa's memory went back; she scarcely knew that Simon's pride had received this great blow till she was about fourteen years old, when business obliged Simon one August to visit a great annual fair, to which her entreaties induced him to take her, especially as otherwise he must have left her alone at home, since Layosto was going also. What would Kaisa have cared for even such a great event as this, had not Layosto been with her, the brave gentle brother, who had never let her miss her mother's love, holding whose hand she would have gone fearlessly to the world's end. Gentle to her, to all, unless moved to sudden passion by injustice.

Mohatsh Simon submitted to no one but his lord, to whom his devotion was almost a superstition; but Layosto would bear injustice from his superiors less than his equals. This liberty of speech and action angered no less than it amazed old Simon; he would have been less wroth had his son rebelled against him than the Count their lord; but up to this time, when they were still living on the Neusiedler lake, they had never come to open war on the subject.

The fair was crowded with Slavonians, blue-eyed Croats, and Hungarians, bargaining for cattle and horses, pottery, soap, sheep-skin jackets, and gay handkerchiefs. All the dialects of Hungary mingled there with German and Turkish, while the music of a gipsy band added its wild and marked strains to the tumult of many voices, squeaking pigs, and trampling horses. Mohatsh Simon was here to purchase some of the latter for his master, who, like most of his countrymen, had a passionate admiration for them. So had Layosto; and while Simon and the owner of a fine animal were wrangling over its merits and demerits, Layosto's eyes were on another, held with difficulty by two men. The noise and commotion on all sides seemed to madden the animal, which stamped and plunged, rearing and struggling to get free. Layosto's patience failed him.

'Stand here, Kaisa!' he exclaimed; 'keep by our father while I am gone;' and he ran off to soothe the frightened beast, assure the men that they were fools to treat it so, and finally obtain leave to mount it, when he galloped off like the wind, round and round the slope on which the horse fair was held.

Simon paused in his bargaining for a moment to look after him, and then resumed his wrangling with the horse-dealer; as long as Layosto was in sight, Kaisa had no eyes for anything but him, but when for a short time he disappeared, her attention was caught by the stirring music of a czardas, which no Hungarian can hear without a thrill. Involuntarily she drew towards the sounds. A little crowd was whirling round to the music, in which the chief performer was a gipsy boy, whose head leant lovingly against the violin, from which he was calling forth strange melody. He seemed to hear tones inaudible to others, more rapturous, more mysterious, than those which were

inspiring the dancers; his cheek flushed, he was trembling with excitement.

Kaisa stood looking at him; something in the boy attracted her even more than did his music. As she stood gazing, a woman came hurriedly up, and startled her by touching her on the arm. The yellow handkerchief on her head, and her general costume, marked her as one of the gipsy troop, but the features, though sunburned and worn, were Hungarian, and still lovely.

'Are you his daughter? Mohatsh Simon's daughter?' she asked in a shaken voice, looking furtively towards the old man. The tones of the violin paused, though there was a vehement clapping of hands from the dancers to bid the lad continue; and he rose, and drew near to Kaisa.

'Yes, that is my father,' she began, frightened at finding herself addressed, and at finding herself the object of attention to the spectators; and she was looking round for Layosto, when Simon turned round and saw. His whole face contracted and darkened; he made one great stride towards her, catching her roughly by the arm, with a curse on the gipsy brood; and before she had gathered her senses, he had hurried her away to another part of the hill. Kaisa had rarely had harsh words from him before, and listened in bewildered terror to the rating which she received for having gone near the gipsies. Mohatsh Simon did not let go her arm again, while he hurried through his business, and left the fair as soon as he could. When they got home, Layosto told his sister as much as he knew of their aunt's history. Kaisa opened wondering eyes at the idea of a Hungarian girl leaving her home to follow a gipsy; but she was shocked at the implacable anger of her father, and thought often of her momentary glimpse of Erzebet and the gipsy boy with his violin, whom she had seen at the fair. A year after she saw him again. He came with a message from his sick mother, to implore Simon to come and forgive her. Mohatsh Simon turned a deaf ear to the entreaty of the gipsy boy, whose gipsy face woke his anger afresh. Zabdiel made no remonstrance; he went away in proud silence, and Mohatsh Simon hastened out to a distant part of the estate, with a rough word or two to Layosto, whom he passed on his way. Layosto shrugged his shoulders, and forgot it before he saw him again. He knew that something had put old Simon out, but it was too common a thing to excite his curiosity. One pitying ear, however, had heard Zabdiel's message; and Kaisa did a bold thing that evening, going in trembling haste during her father's absence to the gipsy camp, where she owned and kissed the dying woman, whose heart seemed breaking on her death-bed to see some of her kindred again. Kaisa never ventured to tell even Layosto, so unpardonable did she feel what she had done to be. The next day the gipsies had wandered elsewhere, taking Erzebet with them. Her husband was dead; but she had no home, no friends,

unless among his tribe. A few days after came that quarrel in which Layosto struck his young lord, the Count's son; all the family were involved in the consequences of his act; Layosto fled, and his lord's order that he should be seized and beaten remained but a threat, for he was nowhere to be found.

This was the reason of Simon's exile to the Hansag. Deep as was his anger against his son as being the cause of his disgrace, deeper still was it on account of the treasonable blow. Not even Erzebet's conduct had touched him so keenly as that one of his family should have lifted his hand against his lord's son. It outraged every instinct—nay, all the religion of this slow tenacious nature, whose most developed feelings were pride and blind fidelity. As for Simon, perhaps some compunction visited him at times. In no other way could it be explained why, when Zabdiel found his way to him in the Hansag, and said, 'My mother is dead; let me stay here,' he did not drive him away. Zabdiel remained, barely tolerated, badly used, scoffed at by the herdsmen, bearing the weight of Simon's ill humour whenever it wanted an object. The gipsy boy had given up his wandering life, and resolutely clung to that which he had adopted. No one but Kaisa had a kind look for him, and even her kindness was but a sort of pity. She only thought of him as a gipsy.

CHAPTER II.

One old friend Zabdiel had in this dreary life of his, the violin, from which his touch called out sounds, now so caressing, sweet, and plaintive, and now so eldritch and wildly stirring, that it almost justified the tales of spirits shut up in these weird instruments. Kaisa half believed that it was alive, and though she denied this, was a little afraid of being left alone with it; but she gave it a shelter in her own corner of the hut, where it was safe out of the sight of old Simon, who had so special a dislike to it, that only when he was out of hearing could Zabdiel play on it, with the slender brown fingers which had such wonderful innate skill.

The Hungarian gipsies seldom sing, but their performance of instrumental music is such, that great nobles have a gipsy band attached to their service, and it is gipsies who perform in the celebrated Viennese bands. Kaisa listened with delight to Zabdiel's playing; and sometimes, while Simon slept on his heap of straw beside the hearth, she would lie awake and hear afar the wild low harmonies stealing over the Hansag, which told that while Zabdiel watched the cattle, he was conversing, as he said, with his violin. Often the sweetness of the strains seemed to move even the animals round him, and the cows would rise and stand about him with meek listening eyes, and attentive to each note. From his first coming, the cattle and the shaggy fierce

white dogs had shewn the boy such affection, that his fellow herdsmen accused him of having cast a spell upon them; and a further proof against him was that there had not been a single disaster in the herd since he came. He loved these dumb creatures, who showed him more kindness than did his fellow men, and who loved him back again, and did not know that he was a gipsy. Sometimes Kaisa would come out to him by day, and find him plaiting more dainty reed-mats than anything that Hansag fingers could produce; two or three fleecy dogs at his feet, looking up with fond wistful eyes, and moving their shaggy tails in appreciation of his whistle or kind word, while an affectionate cow would come up, and rub her broad forehead against his shoulder. Then Kaisa, sitting down, would while away the heavy time by asking about his past life, his wanderings, and the ways of his tribe, about which her curiosity was excited, as on many points she found him impenetrable. In all else her lightest wish was his law; but to keep the secrets of his tribe was a point of honour with Zabdiel. He had abandoned his people, he had given up the liberty which was as the breath of life to him; but this one thing, even for Kaisa, he would not do. Beyond that, her power over him was limitless. She accepted the wealth of love poured out for her as a queen might, on whose part it is a condescension to accept a gift; Zabdiel's devotion seemed to her as much a matter of course as that her father's dog should follow her. So ingrain was the contempt for all of gipsy race, even in a gentle nature like Kaisa's, that to her Zabdiel, although her cousin, always seemed a different being to herself, a kind of lower, heathen creature. She would fain have taught him something better than his own creed, which she took it for granted was pagan—it could hardly be more so, however, than that of the dwellers in the Hansag; and sometimes as they sat together, would try to instil her own belief into his mind. It never occurred to her to talk to Zabdiel of her own past history; he hardly knew that she had a brother; indeed, when once he asked of him, her hurried answer was, 'I think he must be dead.' For Kaisa had that bitter resentment against Layosto that a woman sometimes feels when one whom she loves has sinned. The very strength of her love adds to her anger that her idol should have dethroned itself. Kaisa's resentment covered a torturing longing to see him, to touch him again, which would break out into sobs and tears when she thought herself alone, and she would hold out her arms to the empty air, whispering the name which she dared not say aloud. Zabdiel had seen her at such times, when she little guessed him near, and thought that it was all for Miklos, the old lover to whom he had learned she was betrothed before she came to the Hansag; and he had felt such a desire to put Miklos out of the world, that his life would not have been a long one, had not the same thought ever restrained Zabdiel as urged him on: 'Kaisa loves Miklos!' Zabdiel knew that once, at least, Miklos had visited Kaisa in the Hansag, but unknown to Simon.

Thus months passed, and winter gloomed in the distance, the gloomy winter of the Hansag, shivered through in reed huts, by scanty fires. The one which Simon inhabited was built on a little tract of marshy meadow, and Kaisa had tried to make it less miserable than the rest; but she had little heart for such efforts, and dreaded that they might anger old Simon, who seemed to take a sort of satisfaction in seeing all about him as gloomy as possible, and when he came to the Hansag had left all his home comforts behind him, while Kaisa had been too much stunned and bewildered to think of anything but the offence and flight of Layosto.

'It will be winter soon,' she said to Zabdiel; 'this is nearly the last day that I shall be able to sit out here with you.'

'The birds come already to tell us that,' he answered, looking up at a flight of wild-fowl which were passing overhead.

'I know all the birds of the Hansag now,' said Kaisa; 'you have taught me that; and I remember what you tell me, but you are none the better for what I tell you, Zabdiel.'

'I like to hear you tell anything.'

'Yes; but when I tell you of the blessed Saints, it is that you may grow better, Zabdiel; and you do not believe in them; you never pray to them—you grieve me by being nothing but a heathen. You do not go to confession; you have never been in a church!'

'I cannot breathe inside walls; they make me think myself in prison,' answered the lad, with a look and movement like those of a wild animal under restraint.

'Then you are a heathen, Zabdiel.'

'I am like my tribe,' he answered proudly. 'What they are, I am; but I do pray, Kaisa.'

'You do!' she exclaimed, with incredulous surprise.

'Yes, since we were in the Siebensächische country. I will tell you about it. We had a camp outside one of the towns, and the Vater came to see my mother—a good man, Kaisa; he did not scorn us, and I went to his school to please him, so did some more of us.'

'Was he Catholic or Lutheran?'

'What difference is there?'

Kaisa was too much scandalized to explain; and indeed, she had no words very ready to put what she confusedly meant before Zabdiel; she made a gesture of despair at his ignorance, and asked, 'To his school, with children of the town?'

'Yes; they and their parents were angry, but they got over it, only we gipsies could not agree; the chief's sons would not sit with me, nor learn the same books, and I had to go.'

'I do not understand,' said Kaisa in her turn.

'Oh, you think us all dirt alike; but we have our ranks, like you, and such a family would not eat with such another; and you cannot suppose that our chief's boys, who live in a better house than ever

Mohatsh Simon had, would company with me, when my father was the lowest in the tribe!'

Kaisa sat amazed. It was too preposterous that gipsy vagabonds should have distinctions of rank like Christian people. Zabdiel read her face, and smiled bitterly enough.

'So then the Vater had me to his house,' he continued, 'and taught me to read a little, and told me things that I think of still.'

Kaisa asked wonderingly what things.

'He spoke of the Lord of all your saints,' said the boy; 'he said that He was a wanderer like us, without a home; and men called Him hard names, and even His own people mocked at Him. It would not have been so if he had had lands so broad that a bird cannot fly to the end of them, like the Schwartzembergs, or castles beyond counting, like the Esterhazy; do you think it would, Kaisa? And I wonder if my mother sees Him now, and what sort of music there is there; for the Vater said it was better than ours, and that by-and-by I should help in it.'

'Zabdiel!' cried Kaisa.

'He said so; and I shall have my violin there too, for I love it next to you, and he said I should have whatever I loved best there; and there is my place kept for me, and then I shall wander no more,' added the lad, while a dreamy wistful languor crept over his face.

'But you love to wander.'

'My people come from the East, where the Garden of Paradise is, and it is laid on us to go over the world till we find it again; but the good Vater told me that when anyone who loved the Lord of the Garden died, he found his way there straight, and ate of the Tree of Life, and bathed in the river whose sands are gold, and then he remembered hunger and cold no more, but sat on the banks, and sang with his friends for ever. But till then we cannot rest.'

Kaisa looked at him with uneasy perplexity. He spoke with conviction that impressed her, yet she dimly felt that the teaching which he repeated had become strongly tinged in passing through his mind.

'But I wish you would pray to the Saints,' she said, reverting to what was more comprehensible to her.

He shrugged his shoulders by way of answer; and indeed, the exaggerated local legends of saints and miracles were not likely to inspire a sceptical mind with respect. He cared much more about the fact that Kaisa was visibly shivering.

'You are cold, Kaisa! why have you no sheep-skin jacket, like the women here?'

'I would ask Father for one, only you know, lately—'

Zabdiel nodded; he had good reason to know what Simon's temper had been of late. He stood thinking, and watching Kaisa, who looked paler even than usual, as if the marsh damp had chilled her through and through.

'I must go,' she said, after a pause, in which her thoughts had strayed to other things, as was betrayed by the sudden exclamation which broke out like a cry. 'Oh, Zabdiel! it was so pretty there, even in winter! We used to go on the ice of the lake then—we two; and we were not afraid of father; he was angry sometimes, but not as he is now; I was not afraid of anyone then. Ah! what is the use of thinking of it, since one has to live one's life, whatever it is.'

'I would give mine for you, Kaisa.'

'Yes, yes; I know it would be worse without you here. It is harder for poor father than for me.'

She was turning to go, when the triple notes of the quail's call came from amid a distant clump of alders, imitating the sound so exactly that an ear less familiar with every sound of the woods and fields than Zabdiel's, or less keenly alive to it than Kaisa's, must have been deceived. The dogs looked round, disturbed and growling. Zabdiel hushed them, with his eyes on Kaisa. Never, except at their first meeting at the fair, had he seen her look as she did now. Her eyes were full of light; rosy colour flushed her cheeks; she stood in a trance of listening, till the sound came again to her ear, and assured her that she recognized what had been a familiar signal in the dear old days by the Neusiedler lake. She raised her voice in the well-known Hungarian song in which the notes of a quail are imitated; and when she paused, the cry was a third time repeated. The quails, however, had been silent a month or more.

'It is Miklos!' thought the gipsy boy, with fierce despair; 'she will meet him to-night!'

He flung himself on the ground, while Kaisa went towards the hut without even remembering that he had been near her. Joy and fear made her tremble till she could hardly stand. She should see him again, then! but if the herdsmen discovered a stranger lurking about, or if Mohatsh Simon should discover him, what might not happen? She had seen Simon almost beside himself at a far less thing. Quickly as she reached the hut, Zabdiel was there as soon. He looked at her with the pleading melancholy often seen in the faces of his tribe; but when she asked what brought him, he only said, 'I have come for my violin.' It hung, when not in his hands, behind the reed mat which he had made to partition off Kaisa's corner of the hut from the rest. She took it down, and he went away in silence; but when out of sight, kissed it with passionate affection, pressing it close to his breast, and caressing the strings with soft touches that called out wails like a heart-broken farewell. 'My soul, my brother!' he exclaimed in his own language, 'I must part with thee, my friend. I must sell thee to strangers, who will not know thee or love thee as I do; thou wilt not speak to them as thou dost to me! Forgive me, brother of my soul; I cannot see Kaisa shiver in this wind; it is for her sake that we part. I have told thee how I love her; thou who dost never taunt me with

being a gipsy! She loves Miklos, and I have let him live to-night for her sake. Alas! when I have let thee go, what friend is there left to me in the world?'

CHAPTER III.

THE next evening found Mohatsh Simon, Kaisa, and Zabdiel in the one room of which a herdsman's hut consisted. They were all alike throughout the Hansag; the hearth was in the middle, and the occupants slept on heaps of straw near it. Here, however, Kaisa's bed was screened off in a corner by the mat which Zabdiel had plaited out of thick flag leaves. The low and brutish condition of the dwellers in the Hansag was indicated by the want of all attempts at comfort, and the rudeness of such bare necessaries as they manufactured; but whatever the skilful fingers of Zabdiel touched had a certain grace and fitness which they only despised, but which implied a mind in which poetry and artistic feeling existed. He had covered the floor in that corner too with double mats; but no covering could effectually keep out the damp from the quaking ground, where the water was so near the surface, that if anyone wanted to drink, he had but to strike a reed into the floor of his cabin, and suck up a draught through the hollow tube. Round wooden bowls, called tshuttoras, stood about; and Kaisa was now strewing meal over the supper of beef, which she had seasoned so highly with red pepper, that the heat might almost have counteracted the climate. Old Simon sat with bowed head, seemingly lost in thought, as if he were, as usual, dwelling in a dull resentful way on his misfortunes. But on this night there was a sparkle in his eye as he ruminated; and once or twice he lifted his head, and looked round suddenly with that peculiar air, like a startled horse, which his nation have. Kaisa was quick to notice the change, and be alarmed by it. Zabdiel sat quite mute, his fingers sometimes involuntarily moving as if he were touching a stringed instrument, and the restless glance of his gipsy eyes alone showing that he was keenly alive to all that passed. All at once Simon spoke.

'Han Istok has been seen again,' he muttered, more to himself than his companions.

'Where, Father?'

'The men have seen someone lurking in the reeds, and say it is Han; but the cowards were afraid to go near, though the Count would call him a good servant who took him Han Istok. Yes, yes, a faithful servant. He would overlook much for that. Alive or dead—I heard him say so—alive or dead. He shall see that old Simon is good for something still. I did not forget my gun when I came here, and I have not forgotten how to shoot. By-and-bye I will go out and find him.'

'Father! you will not do that!' cried Kaisa, forgetting all caution in her terror. 'If it should be—anyone else, and if you killed him—'

'Child, the chance of recovering my lord's favour is in my hand, and shall I let it go? Better die than live in disgrace, and see my girl pine away before my eyes.—Did you see anything, boy?' he added, in the harsh voice which had momentarily softened as he spoke to Kaisa. Zabdiel glanced furtively at her, and her imploring eyes besought him to answer No.

'It's not my business to watch your Han Istok,' he answered doggedly.

'No? And what then is your business?' shouted old Simon, glaring wrathfully at him. 'Were you at your business last night when I found your post empty? Where were you, you gipsy vagabond? Answer me that, or I will call in Istvan; I will not beat you myself, as I did this morning, but I will have him to lash as much truth out of you as can live in a gipsy body.'

'Kaisa's father and Erzebet's brother may strike me if he will,' answered the boy, 'but if a dog of a peasant like Istvan dare touch me, I will put a knife into him.'

'May the sparrows build in your skull this year, you rascally vagabond! a Magyar like Istvan is too good to flog one of your race, thieves and hangmen that you are!'

'My people were free nobles when the Magyars were serfs!' retorted Zabdiel, roused to equal passion by the taunt on his race. 'The Roumani pay no toll on Buda Bridge like your nobles, because they are the oldest race in Europe.'

'You gipsy dog!' began old Simon, choking with fury, as he rose to annihilate the lad, who stood facing him, quivering with equal rage.

Kaisa cast herself between them, a hand outstretched towards each, as if to hold them apart, while she cried, 'Father! he is your sister's son!—Zabdiel! how can you anger my father? Go, do go!'

There was a moment's indecision, but the angry eyes of Simon and Zabdiel drooped a little, and then, without another word, Zabdiel glided out of the hut.

Simon sat down again, silent, and Kaisa dared not breathe the entreaty which her mortal terror prompted, that he would not go out in search of Han Istok. 'Good-night, Father!' she said at last, almost as if she wished not to be heard; and whether he heard or not, he gave no sign; but as she lay awake and trembling behind her mat, he moved; she sat up ready to rush out and beseech him to remain, and could hardly believe it true when she perceived that he had thrown himself on his heap of straw, where by-and-bye he fell asleep.

After pausing in doubt whether she dared pass him, her heart beating so fast that she could hardly listen to his deep breathing, she stole out. She was startled by a dark figure rising from the ground as she passed into the cold starlight. Hardly suppressing a scream, she recognized Zabdiel. 'What are you doing here?' she asked, with sharpness born of her terror, and passing hastily to the back of the hut. 'Why are you not with the cattle?'

'Because I could not see you alone before.'

'I have no time to stay and talk now, Zabdiel. Why do you look at me so?'

'Kaisa, you must love *him* very much!'

'Love him! O Zabdiel, whom should I love so well?'

'Yes, you must love him very much, Kaisa, for you know that old Simon would kill you if he found you to-night.'

'Yes, yes, but that is nothing; he would kill *him*, Zabdiel! He would not go without seeing me again, and I must go and tell him that. Hush!'

'There is no one stirring,' said Zabdiel, after a moment's listening. 'Go, Kaisa. I have known all last night and to-day who was here.'

'But if you found out, others may—how did you know? did you see him? did you hear? The men took him for Han Istok, and my father—oh, he must go; but it is so long since I saw him! and he is going far away!'

'Far away? and you here!' said Zabdiel incredulously. 'Well, go then, but first put this on!' He thrust into her hands a thick sheep-skin jacket.

In all her haste she paused. 'Where did you get it? you have no money!'

'I bought it.'

'But how? Was it for this that you went away without leave, and got beaten? And—O Zabdiel, where is your violin? you cannot have given your violin for this?'

Zabdiel turned away his head and made no answer, but two large tears fell on the grass at his feet.

'You are too good to me, dear Zabdiel,' said Kaisa, much moved. 'Your violin, which you love so much!'

She listened again, with thoughts which had gone back to the present emergency, and then taking a sudden resolution, said, 'Zabdiel, watch here, and if my father stirs, whistle.' Secure of his obedience, she did not wait for an answer, but sped away fast and noiselessly.

Zabdiel looked after her across the marsh; the reeds waved and bent under the night wind, and here and there a pool of water lay silvery under the stars; the cattle lay sleeping at a distance, and a clump of alders stood dark and indistinct about a quarter of a mile off. Kaisa was speeding towards it. Zabdiel clenched his slender brown hands together as he gazed after her, and his eyes glowed like live coals. Yet he remained motionless on the watch which she had entrusted to him. She had barely reached the trees, when Zabdiel started, for there was a stir within the hut. He listened, whistled sharply, and darted over the plain in the direction which Kaisa had taken, before Simon, coming out of the hut with his gun, could perceive him. The old man had awoke, and, possessed by his new idea that through the capture of Han Istok he might recover his lord's good graces, rose up and went out in search of

him. At the first sound of Zabdiel's whistle, Kaisa had hurried into the depths of the alder shade; all was still on the plain; Zabdiel crouched in the reeds, and watched the dark figure of the old man advancing cautiously, and casting glances right and left, as if he hoped in some swamp or pool to surprise the marsh king, disporting himself in his solitude. Simon paused from time to time, then moved on again; and there was something in the profound stillness, and in this stealthy advance of the one moving figure on all the wide extent of ground, which made the heart beat faster. After a longer pause of disappointment Simon seemed to change his tactics, and turned towards those alders on the edge of a deeper and larger mere than the rest, among which Kaisa and her companion were hidden. Zabdiel watched in growing excitement. He understood that Simon had fixed on this spot as one whence he could watch the pool where he thought Han Istok most likely to be lurking, that he would inevitably discover Kaisa, should he enter the clump of trees, and that at any price his attention must be drawn in another direction without loss of time. His resolution was taken in an instant; he sprang up among the reeds with a cry, flung his arms above his head, and plunged into the pool just as Simon came near. The water closed over him, and he swam unseen to a spot where the reeds grew thick and tall; but their sudden movement caught Simon's watchful eye, and, assured that the marsh king was hidden among them, he raised his heavy gun to his shoulder, and fired. The shot sounded strangely loud in the stillness; it roused the cattle from their repose, set the dogs barking, and brought the herdsmen running to the spot, as old Simon was with difficulty dragging something out of the rushes into the starlight—something that lay still before him, with upturned face and closed eyes. The herdsmen, pressing round, all uttered the same name, and fell back, looking at the old man, whose savage triumph slowly gave way to a sort of bewildered horror; and when Kaisa, close enough in her hiding-place to hear what passed, rushed out, she saw the men standing apart awe-stricken, while one rough fellow, who had never had a kind word for the gipsy boy before, had laid Zabdiel's head on his breast, and was tenderly stroking back the long black hair, streaming with water; while old Simon stood by, like one distraught, repeating, 'Erzebet's son, Erzebet's son! I have killed Erzebet's lad!'

Kaisa could not frame a question; but as her tears rained down on Zabdiel's face, the wan eyelids were slowly lifted, and he looked at her with a dim far-away gaze, into which consciousness stole back, though he seemed to see no one but Kaisa, as he breathed out, 'Is Miklos safe?'

'Miklos! Miklos was not here!'

'There was no other way,' he murmured; 'Simon would have found him, and killed you, Kaisa!'

'O Zabdiel! it was not Miklos! it was—it was Layosto!—Father!'

she added, with a wild appeal to Simon, as she perceived that Layosto himself was standing near; but no one had a thought for him, not even Simon, whose eyes were fixed despairingly on the dying boy, his sister's son.

'Father, can you do nothing?—Layosto?' Kaisa said, looking from one to the other to demand help for the boy, who, all knew, had already drifted beyond their reach. He seemed hardly to have heard her reply; his eyes closed wearily, and when he opened them again it was with a look of affright, and he put out his hands blindly.

'What is this? I do not know where I am going; the Danube is taking me away,' he said, with a struggle. 'There's nothing to hold. Where am I going?'

'To your mother in Paradise, my poor boy!' exclaimed old Simon, suddenly breaking into a passion of tears and sobs, while he knelt down and put the boy's cold hands to his lips, and cherished them against his breast, in a vain hope of feeling life in them. The look of dread and bewilderment passed from the gipsy boy's face, and his smile was triumphant in its gladness as he murmured, 'That is where the Vater said the music was.' Kaisa bent to kiss him, but she could not tell whether he felt her lips, for he only said, in slow faint accents that seemed to drop from a distance, 'I wonder who has my violin now; I shall ask to have it back there;' and then turning his cheek so that it leant against Kaisa's hand, he lay still, while the slackening breath told that life was ebbing with each instant. Everyone was silent; even old Simon's remorse was mute as they watched him. At last one of the herdsmen moved away with a long breath, followed slowly by the others. Layosto looked at his father, lifted the dead boy, and carried his burden towards the hut. Simon followed with bent head; he had not taken any notice of his son; Kaisa walked by him, blinded with tears. She felt that Layosto ran no more risk from Simon's anger, but the immunity was dearly bought.

Zabdiel's death was not in vain. When Simon presented himself before his lord, accusing himself of his nephew's death, and all the sad story was told, Count Dosa was moved by the old man's misery and the poor lad's self-devotion, and bade Simon return to his old home; Layosto should not be molested, and the past should be forgiven.

So the old life on the Neusiedler Lake began again; and Kaisa, among her friends and in her old home, bloomed back into health and cheerfulness; and as time went on the gipsy boy might have seemed forgotten. It was not so, however. Many a gipsy found shelter in Simon's barn, and a meal, when he passed through the village foot-sore and repulsed from other doors; and Simon was a gentler man to those about him from the time of his return. Kaisa became a happy wife; but none of her own children were dearer to her than the dark-eyed boy, her brother Layosto's one son, to whom had been given in loving gratitude the name of the despised gipsy, Zabdiel.

FERNDOM.

(BY FILIX-FŒMINA.)

CHAPTER X.

COMMON MAIDEN-HAIR.

THE Twelfth Genus of British ferns is *Adiantum* (so called from the Greek *adiantos*, dry); it has but one representative *(capillus-Veneris)* in our islands, and that for the most part growing on cliffs facing the sea.

The genus is entirely distinct in character from that of any other cluster of British ferns. The species composing it have dark, or ebeneous (from ebenus, the ebony tree) stipes, and rachis; with tufted, or short creeping rhizome, which, in the case of *capillus-Veneris*, wedges itself into the interstices of the rocks, making it a work of difficulty to uproot it without injury. The sori of *Adiantum* are indusiate and marginal, but with this peculiarity—the indusium is formed of the membranaceous edge of the lobes of the pinnules, to the under surface of which the sori are attached; this turns down, thus placing the sori wrong side uppermost, or making them, in botanical phraseology, resupinate. This formation can be seen by simply raising the white shirt, to which, and not to the green portion of the frond, it will be found that the sori adhere.

But from the genus *Adiantum* I must turn to its British species; and one has need of the pen of a fairy to write of *Adiantum capillus-Veneris*, the Common Maiden-hair, with the light and graceful touch its delicate nature seems to demand.

Who that has seen it on its ocean-girt rock—ringing out its tiny bell-like pinnules as the summer zephyr passed over its trembling fronds—ever forgot *it* or the scene by which it was surrounded?

What fern-lover is there that has not tender sprays of Maiden-hair hidden away in favourite authors, to recall to memory, days, which, in their fleeting passage, have tinged a whole life-time with their colouring?

I have many such I know.

This dry and withered frond was gathered for me from the 'Well of the Robbers,' near Bethel, and it brings to my mind not earthly memories alone; but carries me, as it were, with the angels that appeared to Jacob, upwards towards Heaven.

And this? Ah! this one graced the wedding bouquet of a friend. It speaks to me of a true union, where two lives are blended into one by the same high hopes animating them, the same earnest longings, the same diligent walking towards the same end.

And this? It shall tell its own simple tale. Written beneath it, and bearing the date of the Indian Mutiny, is as follows: 'I am in the midst of mountains great and steep—black, frowning precipices, with a mountain

stream brawling along through its rocky bed, are close to my fort—here and there are densely-wooded ravines, on which I have to keep watch that no strange footprints enter them—it is a lovely land; bold, wild, and silent as the grave. I gathered this fern in our last skirmish, I put it into my sabretache to press smooth, and carried it through the day.' When I see the faded leaves there comes before me a Christian soldier; one in whom a woman's gentleness of heart was united to a 'strong heroic soul:' who amongst his comrades went by the name of 'the tiger killer,' and amongst his friends as one whose word was truth, and whose honour was unsullied. Like the tender leaves torn from the living plant, he too has faded away, till the Spring-tide—of which our earthly 'springs' are but the shadow—once more revives the drooping world.

And these are but a few of my treasures; some are from Alexandria, some from Italy (where it is called *Adenantera*), some from the dear Cornish land; and each has its own history, to which one cannot help but listen.

The very description of *A. capillus-Veneris* has a poetical ring with it; listen to that given by Dr. Deakin, who speaks of this fern as amongst the ferns of the Colosseum: 'Fronds erect or mostly drooping; thecæ (sori), very small, globose, encircled with a beautiful beaded, reddish, elastic ring, in linear clusters beneath the reflexed ends of the lobes of the fronds; sporules (spores), minute, smooth, ovate; rachis, deep purple-brown or black, quite smooth, shining, brittle, often having more than the lower half naked.'

And then Dr. Deakin goes on to describe the graceful habits of the plant in such glowing terms, that I feel tempted (as doubtless many another author has been tempted before me) to deck myself in borrowed plumes, and to speak of the British *capillus-Veneris* as, alas! it is never now to be met with in Britain, where its habitats are yearly becoming more circumscribed, owing to the little fern being so great a favourite.

I have gathered it in Cornwall and in Devonshire, and I have plants sent to me from Dunraven, in Wales, where the form somewhat differs from the Cornish Maiden-hair. It is found in the neighbourhood of Peel, in the Isle of Man; and Mr. Moore speaks of a decoction of its leaves being used as 'tea' in the Isles of Arran, in Ireland. It is said to have been found in Shropshire, and Mr. Lowe and others have gathered it in Somersetshire.

In England it may be regarded as a very rare fern; so rare, that it seems a pity to uproot it from its few dwelling-places.

All over Italy it grows in great profusion; I have seen it literally covering rocks and hanging pendent from the roof of caves in a mass of waving green.

I had written, that in Italy this graceful fern was 'quite a *weed*;' but in these days of scientific application one has to be mindful of the value of words; and after reading Dr. Berthold Seemann's most interesting paper on 'weeds and their characteristics,' I dare not venture to apply

the term to *A. capillus-Veneris*. 'A weed,' writes Dr. Seeman, 'signifies a naturalized herb, which has a soft membranaceous look, grows fast, propagates its kind with great rapidity, and spreads, to the prejudice of endemic or cultivated plants, in places in some way or other disturbed by the agency of man;' and the ex-Curator of Kew, writing on the same subject, says, 'According to my ideas, a plant ceases to be a *weed* when man has found that it is useful to him, takes it under his fostering care, and wages war over great areas for its supremacy over all its former weed-associates.'

So if the poor Irish make *use* of *capillus-Veneris* for tea, and if (as I read in old authors was the case) dainty dames of other days, used a decoction made of the fern to prevent their hair falling off, and to promote a more luxuriant growth—not to mention the traffic carried on by the sale of the Maiden-hair—I may not venture to insult so *useful* a plant by likening it to a weed.

Dr. Johnson cuts the matter of weeds very short, for he says a 'weed' is a 'wild herb,' and a 'herb' is a 'plant;' in which case 'weeds' proper may lift up their heads, and the beautiful *Epidendrum* trailing over the tropical jungle may no longer flout at the humble Goose-grass of the English lane; while all the ferns (with the exception of gardeners' varieties) share a common fate, and I must not rebel when I hear, as I have heard, my favourites called 'they rubbishy weeds.'

But to return to *capillus-Veneris*.

With the exception of the Arctic Circle, New Zealand, temperate Australia and temperate South America, the Common Maiden-hair is distributed over the known world. Slightly differing, it may be, in form, and in minor characteristics, but true to the specific notes which separate the species.

Mr. Fraser gives five varieties to *A. capillus-Veneris:—dissectum; incisum* (found in Ireland, Devonshire, and Guernsey, and distinguished by its deeply-lobed or incised pinnules); *minus; ramulosum* (found in Ireland); and *rotundatum* (found in the Isle of Man); to these Mr. Lowe adds several other varieties, most of which, however, owe their origin to the garden.

I have no difficulty in cultivating the Maiden-hair; it flourishes and increases in my rockery with but little care, throwing up long and delicate fronds in the shade, and short robust ones in the sun: indeed, I think I might erect very creditable—so-called—varieties, with no other peculiarities than those imparted by sun and shade. When there is any severe frost, I cover all my out-of-door ferns with clean straw, leaving it only till the frost disappears; and this is the only protection required in Devonshire by the most delicate of the British species. Slugs and wood-lice are the enemies to be dreaded in a fernery, and not the cold.

As *capillus-Veneris* is essentially a fern of rock-land, only growing wild on rocks or between the joints of stones, I find it a good plan to place it near a piece of rock, and to put rock about the roots.

Cystopteris, or Bladder Fern (from the Greek *kystos*, a bladder, and *pteris*, a fern), occupies the place of Genus XIII. amongst British ferns. It has (according to Mr. Moore) three British species:—*fragilis*; *alpina* (over which as a native fern, a veil of doubt is thrown); and *montana*; of these we shall speak in turn. As a collective body, they possess in common, roundish sori, covered with a shirt nearly circular, but which is attached by a broad base, making it appear somewhat ovate or egg-shaped.

And first I will write of the pretty species *fragilis*, the Brittle Bladder-fern, which really *is* a weed in a fernery. It has no economic use, while it 'propagates itself at a rapid rate, grows fast, and overpowers those plants which check its progress;' and this latter characteristic Dr. Seemann contends is conveyed in the word *weed*, which is derived from 'Wodan or Wuotan (= Odin), the name of the supreme, all-over-powering, irresistible Saxon god, to whom Wednesday, or Wodensday, is dedicated.'

Yes, *Cystopteris fragilis* is a weed, and if it were not that Nature has provided a counteracting influence, in the shape of a little amber fungus (*Uredo filicum*), which modifies its overpowering nature, it would soon be left 'master of the situation,' unless, indeed, the weedy *Lastrea thelypteris* remained to dispute possession.

Cystopteris fragilis grows in every quarter of the globe (being *introduced* in its weed localities), sometimes on walls; sometimes on the mountain side; sometimes by the side of the mountain stream. It is a pretty little plant, with brittle, bipinnate fronds, rarely exceeding twelve inches in height, while some of its varieties are much smaller.

In shape, the typical form of *fragilis* is oblong-lanceolate; the frond is usually about eight inches in length and two in breadth, and this should be kept in mind while fern-hunting in the *Cystopteris* districts, as it will help the collector to determine whether he has the normal form of the fern or a variety before him; the more general shape obtaining in varieties being ovate-lanceolate, that is, the middle pinnæ bulge out, and shortly taper off towards apex and base.

There are many very interesting varieties; Mr. Fraser's list gives fourteen, and these do not include several new and characteristic forms. I have the following in cultivation.

C. fragilis var. *Dickieana* (found near Aberdeen, Dunkeld, and in Ireland), a very marked form, having leafy, more or less over-lapping pinnæ, and marginal fructification, which is disposed in neat even rows, as in *P. Robertianum*, and *L. montana* (this latter is the mark by which the variety *Dickieana* is known to me at a glance); the crowded pinnules are lobed and crenate rather than incised.

Most like to *Dickieana* in general character is the little variety *dentata*, a very common form of *fragilis*, to be known by its minute parts, bluntly toothed pinnules, and sub-marginal sori.

The variety *interrupta* (found in Westmoreland) has narrow spear-like

fronds, the pinnæ of which are, as its name implies, interrupted; they are also more or less truncate, some being nothing more than, as it were, a tiny trefoil or quatre-foil leaf. Through the kindness of a friend, I have a plant brought from its native habitat, and most curious it is, year after year coming up true to its eccentric character.

Some years ago I found in the Lake district a lovely form of *fragilis*, which Mr. Moore marked as 'near *alpina*,' and which I then called *elfina:* it had the peculiarity (which also obtains in *alpina*) of veins, 'running out to the very end of the segments, and commonly terminating in a little notch at the apex.' Mr. Moore thought it more than probable that my plant might have been the '*alpina*' of English botanists of the olden time. But as years went on, my fairy-like *elfina* grew stouter and broader, and developed itself into a very beautiful variety, for which Mr. Wollaston suggested the name of *robusta*, which name it retains, in spite of the slightly sarcastic reflection it throws on my *ci-devant* fairy.

The leafy portion of the fronds of *robusta* do not exceed six inches in length, while in the widest part they are three inches and sometimes even more in breadth: it is very nearly tri-pinnate, and in its robust state still preserves a likeness to the lace-like *C. alpina.*

I also discovered another much divided form either at the Lakes or in Scotland (I am not sure which), which Mr. Wollaston has named *gracilis.* The fronds are ovate and nearly tri-pinnate, as in *robusta*, but with this marked difference, there is a bluntness in the pinnules and pinnulets of *robusta* which in *gracilis* is entirely absent, the pinnæ, pinnules, and pinnulets being all sharply acute. It is a very graceful, delicate form—almost evergreen, which for a time led Mr. Wollaston to think that it might be *sempervirens* (of which, through the kindness of Mr. Wollaston, I possess a plant), but the two ferns grow side by side in my rockery, and are not like each other; *sempervirens* being of a much duller green, and of a tougher, less transparent character. There is considerable doubt as to whether *sempervirens* has a rightful claim to be considered British, and to this doubt I should add yet another, and ask what claim *sempervirens* has to be called *sempervirens?* It may, indeed, continue green longer than some forms of *fragilis*, but it most assuredly dies down in winter, and the specimen I possess goes to rest even earlier than the more tender-looking *gracilis.* Mr. Moore describes the stem of *sempervirens* as tough; that of *gracilis* is peculiarly succulent and brittle.

But I am leaving very little time to tell of other varieties, known to me only through books or the ferneries of my neighbours. There is *cristata*, but that is a garden variety; then there is *obtusa*, found in Westmoreland by Mr. Wollaston, and (according to Mr. Lowe) at Llyn Ogwen, in Carnarvonshire. Hunting amidst the dark mountains which seem to close in the dark, bright waters of Llyn Ogwen on every side, I too discovered there a small form of *fragilis*, but I set it down simply as *dentata.* There is very little *C. fragilis* left in that neighbourhood, fern collectors ruthlessly tearing it away from its sweet hiding-places,

and often, when gathered, leaving it to die unheeded by the road side. Ah! if people only loved nature with a true love, and valued all life (whether in the animal or vegetable world) as the highest gift of God, they would grieve to destroy the habitat of any plant, they would never wantonly take away what they cannot restore.

Besides the varieties I have named, there are several others, and amongst them *angustata*, but I regard *angustata* and *dentata* more as the typical names attached to two groups (the acute and blunt), than as belonging to two distinct varieties; they answer to the *vera* and *integerrima* of *Pteris aquilina*.

The only difficulty attending the cultivation of *C. fragilis* in any of its forms, lies in the fact of its being subject to the attack of the yellow fungus (*Uredo filicum*), a disease which spreads rapidly, and turns the pretty green into a mass of discoloured, unhealthy-looking fronds. The only cure known to me, is to sprinkle the plant with sulphur, and to keep it constantly well watered.

The little *fragilis* increases so rapidly, growing in any soil and in any situation, that it very quickly becomes a nuisance and a *weed*. It comes up early in the spring, scarcely waiting for the winter to be over before the tender green of the baby-fronds peers up from the reviving earth. I have gathered it on Mont Cenis, with great banks of snow lying all round about it. I have seen it adorning with thick tufts of green, the masonry of walls and bridges, and I have found it growing up between the boulders of stone in the bed of a mountain stream. It requires sun and water, and does not care for shade.

The species *regia* or *alpina*, the Alpine Bladder Fern, comes before us (as a naturalized British subject) in a questionable shape. It is beyond doubt that many years since (some say twenty years, some thirty), *C. alpina* grew abundantly on a wall at Low Leyton, in Essex; but how it got there is a mystery. There is no other authentic British habitat known, and it seems scarcely reasonable to suppose that a species, growing elsewhere at considerable altitudes, should have chosen Low Leyton, in Essex, as its only British home; nor is there any satisfactory reason to suggest for the extermination of the species prior to the present mania for ferns; I therefore incline to the decision made by the late Sir W. Hooker, who discarded *C. alpina* from his 'Synopsis Filicum.'

Some few years since I purchased from a large fern grower a pretty little *Cystopteris* under the name of *C. regia*. It grew and flourished, retaining its minute form. I have many plants of it now, and for a long time fancied I had, what was supposed to be, a descendant of the Leyton plant; but two years ago I sent a frond to Mr. Moore, who pronounced it to be the German *alpina*. I then wrote to Mr. Ivery, of Dorking, for a plant, and he sent me a lovely little thing entirely unlike my German form, which is altogether of a blunter, more robust habit, although in size even less than Mr. Ivery's 'alpina.' The German *regia* has never (with me) been attacked by the fungus that so disfigures *fragilis*, nor do

slugs eat it as they eat the more juicy *alpina;* if, therefore, neither of the plants are of true British origin, and yet we require one of them to do duty as such, why should not the choice fall on the German fern, which thrives so happily in its foreign quarters?

The fronds of Mr. Ivery's *alpina* are about six inches long and one and a half broad, they are nearly tri-pinnate, and (as Mr. Moore observes) the 'veins very frequently terminate in the notch at the apex of the tooth, instead of at the projecting point of the tooth, as in *C. fragilis;*' that is, the veins (which are very distinct) run out to the very end of the pinnule, where there is a little portion notched out; the fern is of so transparent a character, that the venation is very distinct and beautiful when observed beneath a good lens. *C. alpina* has a peculiarly chiseled look, as though each tiny atom had been cleft with some sharp instrument. It is a rare and delicate fern, occurring only, as at present known, in Europe and Asia Minor.

In cultivation true *alpina* requires care; one has to look after slugs, to see that no water but rain water is given to it, and that the drainage beneath the roots is good. It has no variety. The German form is much given to 'fork,' and the little furcate fronds have a very pretty appearance.

The—so-called—third British *Cystopteris* (*C. montana*, the Mountain Bladder Fern) is perhaps the most interesting of the three species; it comes to us in its rare and fragile beauty with no doubtful credentials in its hands; shy and retiring as is its nature, it is yet truly British; its lonely dwelling-place is on the steep mountain top; so that it be near heaven, it heeds neither the summer's sun nor the winter's cold; the latter, indeed, seems conducive to its health, for it is found in the Arctic Circle, and its creeping rhizomes steal amongst dripping rocks, sending up their small triangular-shaped fronds here and there into the light and air.

I feel very amiable in praising *montana*, for, do what I will, I cannot make it happy. I have tried it again and again; it lives for a time, and then droops away and dies; and it looks so miserable in its captivity, that I long to carry it off to some mountain top to see what a purer atmosphere will do for it. I have never seen it growing wild, but I have had specimens brought to me from the mountains of the dear Switzerland, where it flourishes in the greatest luxuriance. Some day I hope to see it at home, and to learn from its choice of habitat, how best to please the little fern.

In outward shape, *Cystopteris montana* is like *P. dryopteris*, with the same sort of likeness that *Pseudathyrium alpestre* bears to *Athyrium filix-fœmina;* in either case the indusium, which covers the sori (if *Pseudathyrium* has any), quickly disappearing.

My personal acquaintance with *C. montana*, I am bound to confess, is very limited; it belongs to the 'Upper Ten Thousand' of ferns; yet while I defer to its just pretensions, I cannot help protesting against its

extreme exclusiveness: I think it might be more considerate of the feelings of others, and not be in quite such a hurry to escape unpleasant society. 'Better death than captivity,' it says, thus claiming affinity with many a gallant spirit.

Well-a-day! I have the promise of a fresh captive, to be sent to me direct from its highland home; shall I fare better with it than with its predecessors? My last plant (or rather, I fear, only the pot in which the last plant grew) is now placed on the top of the rockery to see what change of air will effect. So, noting my own failures in its culture, I think I had better leave Mr. Moore to tell of 'shallow pans instead of pots; of turfy peat and sphagnum blended with sand; of abundant, though never stagnant, moisture.' Mr. Moore also adds in (what to my eyes looks very like) a sarcastic vein, 'The creeping rhizomes afford every facility for propagation.'

The present British habitats for *C. montana*, are the high mountains of Scotland, where it is distributed very sparingly. Its world distribution (as given by Mr. Baker) is, 'Within the Arctic Circle, in temperate Europe, North Africa, and temperate Asia.' To these habitats Mr. Moore adds 'the Rocky Mountains of North-west America.'

It has no known varieties.

(To be continued.)

ANCIENT BRITISH BURIAL-MOUNDS.

BY THE REV. J. C. ATKINSON.

THAT is 'a shot' at a heading for this paper, for really I did not know how to head it.

'Ancient Britons!' Who were they? what were they? what is meant by the name? Were they Celtic? or pre-Celtic? Long-heads, Short-heads, Boat-heads, or what?

The fact is, 'Ancient British' is a convenient form for confessing that we have found out it is much easier to ask such questions than to answer them. I suppose it is conceded that the population of Britain, when this country first gets a little glimmering light thrown upon it by History's torch, was Celtic. How long they had been in possession; whether they had, being an iron-using race, ousted a bronze-using race; or, having originally been a bronze-using race, and ousting a stone-using race, had improved, and attained to the use of iron; or, in the former case, who had been the bronze-using race, and for how long; and what race they had superseded, and whether that race was autocthonic, or the last of two or three, or two or three dozen, earlier and inferior races:—I am afraid all these questions are bones of contention among antiquaries and archæologists, and that no two—of those who agree to differ—would

quite agree as to the use of the term Ancient British in application to these Pre-historic dwellers in what is now called Britain.

We—my readers and I—will set a better example, and agree to call, in this paper at least, all the burial-mounds we have to talk about—whether of iron-using, bronze-using, or stone-using, races—whether of Long-heads or Short-heads—Ancient British.

Those old pre-historic skulls, though tongueless for so many centuries, were still able, as we have seen, if but with faltering utterances, to tell us something about themselves, and the days when they were clothed upon with flesh. Those cramped-up skeletons too, even in their mouldering decay, could and did direct us with their fleshless digits to this or that fact or inference. And so the mounds, which covered both the one and the other, are graven with characters, some faint, some in bold well-defined lines, which, like the uncial writing on the slabs and bulls and winged lions of Assyria, have a meaning, and can be made to give it up.

No two grave-mounds I have ever opened, or had certain particulars about, were exactly alike in their characteristics. In my own district, no two agree in the character of the constituents or materials of the mound itself; and even in the case of those on the wolds mentioned in our last paper, where there seemed to be no diversity at all in the materials employed—the whole mass of it being what might have been gathered anywhere from the chalk-rubbly soil all around—yet what may be called the ground-plan was different in every case. In the first, no excavation at all. In the second, partial excavation on two sides of the body, which was laid on the surface, and simply heaped over, as in the first. In the third, a great excavation below the interment. In the fourth, a lesser hole or pit, in like relative position, but with entirely different features. And so on.

In the district of Cleveland, wherein no small number of burial-mounds have been examined by the writer, it would be almost correct to say no excavation proper has been met with at all. The deposits were made upon the natural surface, and the mounds heaped above them; but the materials were never, or in very small part only, taken from the ground in the immediate vicinity of the site of the mound itself. The writer has found a cist formed by leaving a cavity, faced with rude flags, in a built-up platform of stones, all of them brought from a distance, and the whole area covered with several inches of fine white sand, none like to which occurs in any part of the district. Another barrow had, in its centre, a conical pile of fragments of basalt, some five feet high, by eight in diameter at the base, every particle of which must have been brought from the Basaltic Dyke, distant at least three miles and a half by the crow-line: they could have been met with nowhere else. In another, composed almost entirely of stone, and resting upon the natural sand-stone rock of the district, the stony materials were rolled boulder-stones and cobble-stones, which must have been brought from some water-

course; and the nearest, able to afford such, was some three miles distant.

I rather pause over the facts involved here. Many of these Cleveland hills are of large dimensions—from sixty to ninety feet in diameter, and from eight or nine to fourteen or fifteen in height. In no case, I repeat, have the materials been derived from the immediate vicinity: in several cases they have demonstrably been brought from considerable distances and from varying sites.

Another fact must also be dwelt upon. In no burial-hill, whether covering a burnt body or bodies, or inhuming a plainly buried body, is charcoal wanting. Bits of broken pottery, chippings or flakes of flint, or possibly wrought pieces of that material, in almost every case; but, in every case without exception, fragments of charcoal are scattered about through nearly the entire mass of the hill, in some cases very abundantly, although in others very sparingly.

These are facts. So is it a fact, that in a certain percentage of cases, implements, weapons, or ornaments, or the remains of one or other, or of one or more, of those articles, are found in the hill, and usually with the bones of the buried individual. The theory is, that the survivors 'showed their respect and affection for the dead by burying with them those things which in life they had valued most—with ladies their ornaments—with warriors their weapons.'* 'That the Ancient Briton lived in the belief of a future state, and of some doctrine of probation and of final retribution, is apparent from the constant deposition beside the dead, not only of weapons, implements, and personal ornaments, but also of vessels, which may be presumed to have contained food and drink.'†

Possibly; though I do not see the exact sequence or connection. Assuming (and it is but an assumption at the best) that food and drink were deposited, the intention, at least with respect to such supplies, must have been connected with present use, and not with a future state.‡ If food were wanted for present use, why not the deposited weapons or ornaments too?

Now, with this question kept before us, let us just call to mind the numerous stories, in ancient Scandinavian sagas and so forth especially, of terrific battles taking place in the houe or burial-mound of some departed hero, between the said hero and an intruding would-be plunderer, and in which the hero's weapons were freely used! Why, the belief in which these stories originated was so strong, that it even gave rise to country-side idioms. A man who is engaged in personal strife or contention with another, is spoken of in terms which really imply that he is fighting in a houe or burial-mound: the phrase, literally translated,

* Lubbock's 'Pre-historic Times,' p. 89.

† Dr. Wilson, quoted by Sir J. Lubbock, p. 92.

‡ In the case of food deposited with the body of the deceased Red Indian, the intention is alleged to be to supply him with means of supporting his being until he reaches the 'happy hunting-grounds,' not after he has reached his destination there.

is—'he is in a houe (*hög*) with So-and-so.' And this belief, let us moreover remember, was connected not with cases of interment which had taken place only a day or two, but a generation or two, or perhaps ten or twenty generations, before. And now what is the existence supposed in such a belief? A future or a present one? And can we reasonably assume that the Scandinavians were singular in the views they entertained with respect to the state, or mode of existence, of the dead and buried?

I hold that in the theories above adduced, that in all the theories I have ever met with, in writing or in conversation, touching these ancient burial rites, one most potent and most widely-prevailing motive and consideration has been overlooked: namely, superstition, or the fear which originates in superstition. It is not very many years ago since an old lady—noted for more practices than one which would not have been out of place in the days of Odin, Thor, and Co.—died in this parish, (and according to her own prediction too, uttered on the strength of a St. Mark's Eve vigil,) and it being a time of very deep snow, when access to the churchyard by the ordinary or proper church road must be a matter of uncertainty, and beyond doubt of extreme difficulty, she dared her friends, as they stood at her bed-side, to take her to be buried by any but the orthodox road. 'If you do,' she said, 'I'll haunt you, as sure as you are living men and women!' (only she spoke the threat in pithy Yorkshire.) And in spite of all the difficulties, and they were all but insuperable, she was borne along the prescribed route, and buried as she had ordered. Why? Because of the superstitious fear just spoken of.

Now let me—and not at all as digressing into another question—put side by side with this a statement and an explanation. The statement is, that so lately as 1826, in the district of South Sweden called Wärend, (the district of the idiom just now given,) an authoritative prohibition '*att bränna bål*,' was issued by the magistrates. The explanation is, that the burning forbidden depended upon the formation of large piles of sticks, stones, branches, especially branches of the juniper, through or by means of the contributions of every passer-by, on the place where a person had lost his life by accident or violence. This procedure was termed '*att offra*;' and the motive was to deprive the ghost of the dead man of power to hurt the wayfarers, whom business or pleasure led past the fatal spot. And this is the comment of the able author of the book, from the pages of which (one of two sources available to me) I take this account. 'The very custom itself, no less than the idea connected with it, is thus essentially and simply heathen; and we note in it a representation or reproduction of our most remote forefathers' custom of burning their dead, heaping up mighty burial mounds over them, and thereafter continuing to burn bale-fires, (*att bränna bål*,) and present their offerings on the sepulchres of their deceased relatives.'

Fires and offerings, burials and burial-piles—all these brought into

connection, and all with the view, not simply of 'showing respect and affection,' or providing what might be requisite in 'a future state,' but with certainly the superadded purpose of keeping the departed—I intentionally use that word instead of the word *dead*—quiet in their tombs, or at least, of hindering them from doing any harm to the survivors. That is, superstition, or the fear which originates in it, again involved.

For my own part, I connect the charcoal, which is so invariably found in the ancient British burial mounds, (and I believe in all burial-mounds whatever,) rather with the notion implied in what has gone before, than with any other;* and I think also some light may possibly be thrown, from the explanation of the phrase '*att offra*,' upon the collection and conveyance at and from a distance, of so great a proportion of the materials of the burial-mounds of this district.

It would be not only possible to connect other matters involving popular and very widely spread and exceedingly interesting articles of Folk-lore faith with what has been thus far advanced, but also suggestive, or even instructive, in a high degree also. Still, our limits for the present have been reached, and it may, on other grounds besides, be as well to defer what more there is to say until a future paper.

* Compare the following statements:—

'Already, in an early period of Heathendom, the distinct idea stands prominently forward, that Fire is not only a hallowed means of purification, but that it is, above all, singularly potent against spirits accursed, ghosts, and other evil powers and influences.'—*Wärend och Wirdarne, Hylten Cavallius*, p. 191.

'The essential nature of fire was held by our forefathers to be the same as, or at least like to, that of the sun. But, more especially, fire is distinctly seen to be looked upon as in itself holy, and intimately related to the still holier sun, in the primeval northern national custom of kindling, on occasion of the great annual sun-festivals, great nocturnal bale-fires under the open heaven. With this custom was inseparably connected the idea of saining the country from unhallowed spirits, which were universally held to be more than usually active at the times of the great sun-changes.'—*Ib.* p. 296.

It will also be recollected by the readers of Dasent's Translation of Norse Tales, and other like compilations, how the Troll always bursts into a thousand flinders, if he be unlucky enough to be overtaken by the rising sun before he reaches his cave or his house; nay, even a deep red colour, because it was supposed to resemble that of the sun, or of fire, the sun's kins-being or representative, had its virtues and efficacies; and a red cock—the cock being the bird sacred to the sun—had especial powers over ghosts, or comers-again *(gengangare;)* thus embodied;—

'"För tuppar röda
Springa de döda."'

(Before cocks that are red
Flee headlong the dead.)

Ib. p. 301.

Perhaps this explains why the weathercock, so called, was fashioned like unto the cock, rather than in any other shape, as that of the common vane or pencil.

MISSION WORK AT HOME.

No. VIII.

AMONGST THE DEAF AND DUMB.

THE Association in aid of the deaf and dumb, is one of those special efforts to meet a special necessity which have sprung up in London within the last few years.

It is estimated that there are in London *two thousand* deaf-mutes. It is hardly possible to imagine a condition more isolated than that of persons thus afflicted. Shut out from all intercourse and sympathy with their fellow-men; deprived of all the advantages of religious instruction; incapable of receiving benefit from any ordinary teaching; nothing but a special provision adapted to their condition could be of any service.

'To provide extended religious and secular instruction among the deaf and dumb: to visit the deaf and dumb at their own homes: to assist deaf and dumb persons, having good characters, in obtaining employment: to relieve, either by gifts or loans of money, deserving or necessitous deaf and dumb persons: and to encourage the early training of deaf and dumb children preparatory to their admission into educational institutions,' are the objects for which this Association was established, and services commenced under the sanction of the Bishop of London.

How far it has met these wants the reports now before us will show; but before going any further, we quote in full one portion of the last Annual Report, as it so fully expresses the condition of the deaf and dumb.

'It is depressing to think of so many around us shut out from voice and expression, deprived of all that gives spirit and elasticity to thought, with a language of signs, wonderful in its cleverness, but clumsy and inefficient for any high purpose; the necessary use of which in their education makes it most difficult, ever after, to bring them to see the grammatical construction and the force and meaning of the idioms of written language—a race, as it were, "of meaner birth," whose claim to kindred with us we might be half inclined to disallow.

'Preferable it would seem to have fellowship with the blind, the halt, or the maimed, who are free to all the swelling music in language and thought—a more grateful task to minister to them than to a man mute and unanswering, like a broken note on an instrument; but therefore, and for that, the claim to kindred and fellowship cannot be denied; it behoves us not only to give material aid, but to strive to see wherein lies for us the lesson of this mystery. For us, because, without question, in their case, the deprivation is but part of the adaptation by Divine power and goodness of each man to his circumstances, his duties, his sufferings, and his destiny.

'"The deaf man who heareth not," growing up in loneliness of soul, attaining his liberty only when "free among the dead," in the "profounder stillness of the grave," is for us the emblem of the exclusion of soul from soul:

"Each in his hidden sphere of joy or woe,
Our hermit spirits dwell and range apart."

The one comfort being for him as for us, that, though the barrier be high and wide, the Lord's hand is not shortened; and whether there be language or but wordless thought, His ear is not heavy that it cannot hear.'

It is touching to read that 'impatience and bad temper are the chief failings' of the deaf and dumb; it would almost seem as if the gift of speech which we are wont to use so freely were an outlet for what would otherwise give rise to many an impatient feeling or hasty temper. The services of the Chaplain and Missionary are frequently required, not only in procuring them employment in the first instance, but afterwards in explaining misunderstandings and smoothing difficulties between themselves and their employers.

It is the duty of the Missionary in any cases of sickness to communicate immediately with the clergyman of the parish or district, and obtain his sanction to visit the sick person, or offer aid in interpreting, if the clergyman desires to visit. Equally valuable are the services of the 'interpreter,' in the case of a poor sick man, who, through the Chaplain's assistance, obtains admission to an Infirmary, but being unable to read or write, is quite incapable of explaining his symptoms to the doctor, or answering any question he may wish to ask.

In some cases deaf and dumb boys make their way up to London hoping to obtain employment, and are there cared for by this Association. Many visits are paid by the Chaplain and Missionary *on behalf* of deaf and dumb workpeople, inducing employers to give them a trial, arranging wages and apprenticeships, settling disputes, and by their supervision maintaining them in habits of steadiness and sobriety.

The Association employs a Chaplain and two Missionaries. It is the duty of the Missionaries to attend at the Office alternate days at ten o'clock, to receive applications from the deaf and dumb seeking employment, to keep a register of all persons willing to employ them, and answer inquiries, &c.

One of the chief works of the Association has been the rescue of about twenty children, (who, being past the age for admission into the London school, had no other prospect before them than that of growing up in hopeless ignorance,) and paying for their education at the Brighton Institution.

The Missionaries assist in conducting school-room services for the deaf and dumb; the object of the Sunday classes being to afford such an insight into the meaning and use of the Book of Common Prayer, that the deaf and dumb may be enabled to join intelligently in the public worship of the Church of England.

The highest aim of the Association has been the providing these special Services and special religious instruction for the deaf and dumb, in the finger-and-sign language.

These Services are much valued by the deaf and dumb. Every year some are prepared for Confirmation; and special celebrations of the Holy Communion are held for their benefit.

Seven of these Services are now held every week in different parts of London.

At the Polytechnic Institution, Regent Street, every Sunday morning and evening, by the Rev. Samuel Smith, Chaplain.

At St. George's school-room, Borough Road, every Sunday morning and evening, by one of the Missionaries; and at Holy Trinity school-room, Hoxton, every Sunday morning, and St. Jude's school-room, Whitechapel, every Sunday evening, by the other Missionary. These school-rooms being kindly and freely lent by the parochial clergyman.

Every Tuesday evening, at St. Lawrence Jewry Church, near Guildhall, by the Chaplain.

It is one of the rules of the Association, that the Chaplain or Missionaries, after Prayers are concluded, shall explain any difficult words or expressions in the Psalms or Lessons for the day.

Very solemn it must be to witness these silent Services, in which there are none who speak and none to hear; and then to see the mute congregation suddenly wakening to life, as it were, as they solemnly 'sign' the responses in the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, the Confession, &c.

The Association is now engaged in raising funds for the erection of a building especially adapted for its work. When this is completed, the present expenses of office rent would be saved, the Chaplain might be resident, and always ready to attend to applications; lectures might be given at any time, and evening classes formed for the improvement of the deaf and dumb, for their instruction in drawing, &c.

One instance of a youth, not dumb but deaf, is at present before my mind. Some years ago, a bright little curly-headed scholar in a Sunday class; he became gradually deaf, so entirely deaf that all ordinary occupations were shut out from him. He had the additional advantage of having been able to hear and receive instruction while young, with the additional pain of knowing full well all that he was losing. The taste for drawing, which happily he had imbibed as a child, was now to him something more than an amusement. He cultivated it so successfully, that he was able to obtain employment at one of our great stained-glass window-makers; while his love of reading and study has been unabated. It is with sincere pleasure that we have read his name amongst the list of those who are to give lectures at the Polytechnic Institution to the deaf and dumb. Yet few but those who know the deaf, can estimate the full weight of the trial which the total loss of hearing must be. The change from playful boyhood to solitary youth; the gradual consciousness that in the House of God no sound of prayer or praise will ever reach

him, the loudest tones of the organ being utterly inaudible. The first feeling that the path of usefulness in this life is at least a half closed pathway. Surely those who are thus afflicted may well claim our hearty sympathy. Will not those who are blessed with the great blessings of speech and hearing, in grateful acknowledgement for the enjoyment of these gifts, contribute something to the work which is being carried on by the Association for the Deaf and Dumb? Happy is it for them that they can be instructed in the way of life, and taught to look forward to that Home, where indeed the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing. Happy for them, when all the rich melody of our chants and hymns would fall in utter silence on their ears, to know that there will come a time when they may take part in the worship of the ransomed Church. Happy both for them and for us, that the promise remains of 'a pure language,' in which both they and we may join in the everlasting song of praise 'To Him who hath loved us, and redeemed us out of every nation and kindred and people and tongue.'

IVANOVNA.

[The Office of the Association is at 309, Regent Street, where Contributions will be thankfully received by the Rev. Samuel Smith, Chaplain and Secretary.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

WITHIN THE CAMP.

LETTER VI.

THE WIDER VIEW.

My dear Goddaughter,

In our correspondence hitherto, we have touched upon one detail after another of parish work; and I have endeavoured to give you such hints as I thought might best serve you, upon those subjects with which I am myself acquainted, and concerning which I have had some experience. But there is a much wider view to be taken, to which no diligent working out of minutiæ will ever lead you, and which no words of mine can ever explain to you. It is as if we were standing on a hill-top, looking at some beautiful prospect; and I were to show you a church here, and a village there, and some landmark in the distance, and some interesting spot in the foreground. Talk as I would, still I should leave the great whole untouched; and I think that when you had heard all I had to say, glad as you might be of my local information, you would still like a space of silence in which to learn it all, to put it into your heart, and to make the impressions and the memories of the scene your very own. And when you had done this, methinks you would have a personal association, perhaps a personal lesson, stronger and deeper and more lasting than anything you could receive through my agency. So it is with your home life and your home work. I, and others, may help you in externals; but the spirit and the essence, which will help you more than anything, cannot be drawn out by anyone but yourself. However, I can now give you a few thoughts of my own, which may perhaps carry you on into the thinking, which I want you to do for yourself.

In the first place, the question is apt to arise, 'Wherefore must I do all this?' and

the simple answer will come too, if you will let it—'Because it is my duty.' But restless self suggests, 'Why is it my duty?' and there is something very pleasing to our moral pride in being able to say, 'Because I am called to it.'

Now we hear a great deal now-a-days about vocation: God forbid that I should seem to cast contempt upon His holiest call, but yet it seems to me that the word and its meaning are often stretched to include what, in old-fashioned days, the Catechism plainly described as our duty *in our state of life*. It is this—the state of life—which makes all the difference: God has called us to that by circumstances with which we had nothing to do; and all that concerns us are its inherent and attendant duties. The lowest occupation, the poorest trade, are, as you know, termed a *calling;* and I think it must be the source of much of the content that we see amongst those who have little enough wherewith to be content, that God, in His mercy, formed them for their position when He placed them there; that He has given them but a little space to fill, and it satisfies them to fill it. But vocation, in the sense in which we are prone to use it, has a much higher significance: it is the calling by the will of God alone; a voice to be heard only in the heart; a guidance irrespective of all external influences. Such is the call of all who dare to devote themselves openly to God's service, and to separate themselves from whatever earthly ties may be a hindrance to such devotion: but for us, whose happiness it is to have a part in the highest of all human work, given to us as a simple home duty, let us take it and do it just *as* a duty, and not seek to make it seem higher and grander by giving it a name which does not belong to it. I have had it said to me by thoughtless onlookers, 'Why, you are quite a Sister of Charity!' and my answer has always been, 'Not a bit of it; I am only the sister of a parson.' We may indeed do our work as thoroughly as the Sister of Charity does hers, if we have the same single mind, and ask as earnestly for the same help; but while our work comes to us in and around our home life, do not let us lose sight of the great boundary line between our life and hers.

For this reason it has sometimes vexed me to see girls assuming an especially sober mien and dress when engaged in parochial work: the attempt to assimilate their costume to that of a religious order must in itself be wrong, for it is an usurpation of insignia to which they have no right; and if they think that the garb of a sisterhood is assumed merely because it looks 'nice,' and that they may therefore assume it too, they are greatly mistaken. The close bonnet and the clinging draperies are the badge of a profession: the wearer's passport to places where the costume of the world would be no protection—I had almost said, the confession of her faith. As for you, (and *you* have many sisters throughout the land,) your own taste will, I hope, teach you not to be too smart in your dress at any time, and especially in your village attire; but put on your hat and jacket after the fashion of the day that pleases you best, loop up your dress out of the mud and dust, and look like what you are—a clergyman's daughter doing her best to help him.

Again: as I would not have you indulge in any exclusive feeling about the nature of your work, so I would warn you against exclusiveness in the details of the work itself. In my first letter, I advised you not to assume anything to be especially your own business; and now, *vice versa*, I counsel you to consider everything you touch, everything you are brought in contact with, as the circle of your endeavour widens, to be material which might by skilful and loving treatment be wrought into some work for God. It may not be your office to attempt it yet; your years, your inexperience, your very womanliness, may make you powerless to help: but still, wherever one has the perception that there is something to be done, it becomes one's duty to have the doing of it at heart, and to further it by praying for it, and caring for it, even if one can aid in its accomplishment by no other means. Of course, in all those deeper ministrations, which are the office of the clergy alone, the sympathy and solicitude of one's own inner self must ever be all the assistance one can render; and as time goes on, I suspect your heart will become very full with the thought of cases beyond your management, perhaps hardly to be reached by any human aid at all, and therefore thrown the more unreservedly upon the Heavenly Helper.

It is this looking at life and its duties as a whole, which will, I think, enable you to overcome the natural shrinking from some subjects that must, nevertheless, come before you in your intercourse with those with whom you will be especially thrown—elder girls and young women. Not for the world would I destroy the instinct of reserve concerning these things, wherewith Providence has endowed us; but yet I do *not* think that we fulfil our duty by the Seventh Commandment, and all that it entails, when we preserve an embarrassed silence, or hastily turn aside any allusion to

a topic, to the right or wrong of which we ought to bear witness. For example, suppose you are studying a chapter in the Bible with your class, and come across one of those terrible narratives, or one of those allusions to certain sins, which are to be met with in both Old and New Testaments; instead of passing over those verses entirely without comment, why should not you have courage to say, 'This is very dreadful; but there must have been some need of saying it, or it would not be in the Bible. I hope we may never want the warning; but here it is for those whom it concerns.' Or suppose, alas! that one of those whom you knew has fallen into the sin so fearfully common in country parishes; if mention is made of her, let the pain you feel be seen; and if there is any need of sending to her, or having any communication with her, say, 'I cannot go myself, and I had rather you did not take my message; I will send some older person.' Or you may overhear some foolish talking and jesting which distresses you; check it at once. 'Those are not nice words to use; where could you have picked them up? If I hear them again, I must tell my mother.' And always let the young people see that you regard your parents as your natural protectors, and your home as your shield from all that is evil or unseemly. It is the pernicious notion, that when the children of a house can earn enough to maintain themselves, they are emancipated from all the restraints of home, that causes the lawlessness of thought and action, which too often produces such sad results; and this state of things is most difficult to deal with, for while there is not half reticence enough about words and deeds which may lead to real wrong, there is an uncomfortable shamefacedness about those preliminaries of liking and courtship which ought to be the open honest road to respectable marriage. I do believe that many girls who have been kept tolerably clear of evil, and whose minds are not tainted with unmaidenly thoughts, consider that a great deal of *mauvaise honte*, of meeting on the sly, and of doing all kinds of things which they would think underhand at any other time, are all necessary ingredients in what they call keeping company. You may find a girl who has been trustful and happy with you all through the week, hang her head, and strive to pass you without recognition, if you meet her with a male companion on Sunday. But never let such a couple go by without giving them a cheerful greeting, and feel towards them as you would towards those in your own class who cared for each other; and your own example will do more than any talk. On all occasions, when you have to mix with your equals in the sight of your parish friends, let them see that you can treat all, gentlemen as well as ladies, with perfect frankness, and none of that nonsensical consciousness, so destructive of all simplicity. I am sure that if we could once get the lower classes to perceive that there was no shame in a man and woman's honest liking for each other, the occasions of real shame would be much less frequent than they are. I have dwelt longer on this subject than I had intended, for I feel that the moral state of the parish must be one of the tests of the worth of our work.

One of the blessings of our position as inmates of a parsonage home is apt to become an evil, if we are not very careful. I mean our intimate connection with holy things, which, if it does not increase our reverence for them, as it ought to do, may perchance deaden our feelings about them, and so diminish that reverence. I remember once being much pained by the remark of a friend, who had been staying in a clergyman's house: 'Well,' said she, 'I don't think it does one any good to be behind the scenes: I'm sure ——'s family don't care a bit for Church things at home; they treat everything of the kind as so much business to be got through!' Little chance is there of services, or ordinances, or any works for God, being valued as they ought to be, if the people perceive that you do not think them as necessary for yourself as for them; and more grievous still is it, when the free handling of religious subjects, the endless discussion of ecclesiastical matters, which must arise amongst those concerned in them, takes away the odour of sanctity from holy things, and secularizes them into mere details of an earthly calling. There is no fear of this being done in *your* home; but beware yourself, lest school keeping and letter writing, croquet and club money, organ practice and concertina playing, cottage visiting and afternoon calls, all get mixed up together in your mind as things to be *done*, and done somehow and anyhow. You must try to raise the tone of your own mind, and to keep your own temperament happy and equable: never undertake more than you can do thoroughly; and never let some new experiment crowd out an established plan that is working well: be grateful for all guidance, and for all that gives you that authority whereof you have none in your own person; and above all, be prepared for failures, and do not be too cast down when they come.

I often think that that description of the world at the beginning of the Christian

mission is as true now as ever it was: 'The Light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not.' The True Light is shining still; but we may not carry our lamps aright, and so even if they do shine a little in the darkness, we cannot see that they do; and the darkness against which we all have to struggle, the darkness of our own hearts, keeps us from perceiving the full effect of the Light, either on ourselves or others. But then comes the vision of that countless company, whose united deeds have borne bright witness to the Light; and as I watch them, I see that their lesser lights all merge into the One great one, and that there is Light enough there to conquer all darkness, ay, and to make darkness itself to be light. And in that Light I can see light—light upon all the dark places of the earth, where no brightness ever seemed to come; light upon all those half-lighted lives, which so often puzzle us, who can only see their shady side; light, most of all, upon those who have bravely gone through labour to rest, through doubt and error to peace and safety, through darkness to Light: 'The which when I had seen, I wished myself among them.'

May we all be among them some day, dear child, so prays

Your loving Godmother,

F. G.

(*Concluded.*)

HINTS ON READING.

Lyra Britannica is the title of a thick octavo volume of hymns, published by Longmans, under the Editorship of Dr. Charles Rogers. This collection has evidently been made with much care and research, and will be of great use to hymnologists. It contains about seven hundred hymns by two hundred and forty authors, arranged in the alphabetical order of the authors' names. Brief biographical notices are given, in which many interesting particulars are published for the first time. Large as the collection is, it professes to exclude translations of ancient and foreign hymns. Hence we miss, in the list of authors, the well-known names of Isaac Williams, Chandler, Caswall, Winkworth, Massie, and Cox. But we are at a loss to know why Joseph Anstice, Edward Osler, Mrs. Toke, Dr. Faber, and Dr. Newman, are unrepresented! Why, too, are the Editor's undoubted obligations to Mr. Sedgwick left unacknowledged in the preface, and so grudgingly given in the notes?

The Editor has perhaps confined himself to hymns originally written in English, because his knowledge of ancient hymns at least would appear to be not very extensive. Thus he gives Archbishop Trench's far too literal translation of '*Dies Iræ*,' without the least hint that it is not an original English hymn; while he sets down as renderings from Thomas of Celano, Wesley's 'Lo! He comes,' and Cennick's 'Lo! He cometh,' which are scarcely imitations. In spite, however, of this, and some similar blemishes, Dr. Rogers's work must be admitted to be both useful and entertaining. The typography and getting up of the volume are excellent.

Archie's Ambition (Masters) is a pretty little story of the longing of a young lad to decorate a church.

Ersilia is one of the tales that we thought the world had outgrown, with a conventional, or rather a more than conventional, Jesuit in it. Need we say more?

Mrs. Chepmell has set to music our dear old friends—*Hymns for Little Children*—prettily, but scarcely simply enough. They may be had in numbers from Mr. Masters.

Mrs. Eckley's poem, in our last number, is perhaps the best recommendation we could put forward to her book of thoroughly *Church Poetry*, printed by Messrs. Longman.

Outlines of Scripture History (Hunt) is a Scripture catechism that will be found useful for examination in many schools.

Miss Bracken's Young Women (Good Stories) is a well-written tale, and *Hannah's Place* an effective little sketch.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

F.—*Your scrap-books, &c. would probably be very welcome gifts to many schools in India. They should be sent to Miss Bullock, Secretary of the Ladies' Association, Office of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, 5, Park Place; by whom they would be sent to the stations where they would be most useful.*

E. C. S.—*The* Cameos from English History *are in course of being reprinted as a separate volume.—The* Mythological Legends *have not been reprinted.*

H. C. G.—Wisdom, iii. 2, 3.

T. B.—Hamlet, Act I., Scene IV.

G. W.—*Lebens geschichte von Friedrich, Baron de La Motte Fouqué.* (Halle.)

N. L. *would be glad if anyone would recommend to her a useful hand-book on Illumination for a beginner.* N. L. *knows the hand-books by name only, and is at a loss which to choose.*

E. G. C. *inquires why the Spade-ace Guinea is so called, and the date of its coinage.—No doubt it is so called because it is stamped with a spade-shaped shield, bearing the national arms, like the ace of spades. I have two, the dates of which are* 1787 *and* 1793; *and one of which the date is hard to decipher, on account of the unevenness of the stamping—it appears to be* 1783: *this, I think, must be the first year of the spade-ace coinage, as I have a George the Third guinea, date* 1782, *without the spade.*—(C. G.)

E.—*The Scott of Abbotsford Baronetcy became extinct on the death of Sir Walter, the poet's eldest son.*

St. Luke's Mission, Burdett Road, Stepney.—*The Rev. W. Wallace acknowledges with thanks a cheque for £5, from the* Rev. H. M., *in aid of the above Mission.*

A letter has been returned to us, which, by our Correspondent's desire, was directed to her at Stoke Green, Coventry. It was to decline the story of Lady Heartman.

Declined with thanks.—Pimlico Improvements; Constance Derry's Trial; E. T. C.; A.; Harry Madden; Aunt Aurelia's Stories, &c.

Can any of your Correspondents inform A. C. *of the best means of finding good situations for Village Boys, (not as Domestic Servants.) Also, whether there be any Schools attached to the Choirs of Cathedrals, or other Churches, to which Boys from distant parishes can be admitted.*

A. *asks where to find the quotation—*

'Do good by stealth,
And blush to find it fame.'

Can any of your Botanical Correspondents give me any information about Wild Roses? I have Sir James Smith's English Flora, but he says this genus is hitherto imperfectly understood. I wish to know the name of the best work on Wild Roses, or the address of any living botanist who has studied them.—C. E.

Lucy *will be glad to know if there is a simple book on Harmony which would serve for private study, and also if anyone can recommend an easy work on Gardening.*

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

THE MONTHLY PACKET

OF EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

PART 23. NOVEMBER, 1867. PRICE 1s.

CONFIRMATION HYMN.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BRIGHT.

BEHOLD us, Lord, before Thee met,
Whom each bright Angel serves and fears;
Who on Thy Throne rememberest yet
Thy spotless Boyhood's quiet years;
Whose feet the hills of Nazareth trod;
Who art true Man and perfect God.

To Thee we look, in Thee confide;
Our help is in Thine own dear Name;
For who on Jesus e'er relied,
And found not Jesus still the same?
Thus far Thy love our souls hath brought:
O stablish well what Thou hast wrought.

From Thee was our Baptismal grace,
The holy seed by Thee was sown;
In this full sunlight of Thy face,
We make the three great vows our own,
And ask, in Thine appointed way,—
Confirm us in Thy grace to-day.

We need Thee more than tongue can speak,
'Mid foes that well might cast us down;
But thousands, once as young and weak,
Have fought the fight, and wear the crown:
We ask the help that bore them through,
We trust the Faithful and the True.

So bless us with the Gift complete,
  By hands of Thy Chief Pastors given,
That awful Presence kind and sweet,
  That comes in sevenfold might from Heaven:
Eternal Christ! to Thee we bow;
Give us Thy Spirit here and now.

A GARDEN.

Why is this garden consecrated, holy,
  And these dark alleys like a church to me?
The walks, the trees, the very flowers, are blessed,
  Because in mystery they speak of Thee!
O Lord my God, 'twas in an earthly Garden
  Thine hour of Agony awfully came on;
And shall I desecrate by thoughts unholy
  The place all lovely, where Thy Face hath shone?
O holy Feet, 'twas in an earthly Garden,
  As yet unfetter'd, ye did wander free;
O holy Hands, ye were as yet unwounded
  When in the moonlight of Gethsemane,
Together clasp'd, ye were an awful witness
  Of perfect weakness and humanity.
The day was dying, and in solemn beauty
  Came on the ev'ning of that eastern land,
And in a Garden walk'd the world's Redeemer
  Alone; for here not even the blessed band,
Nor yet the Marys, nor Thy suff'ring Mother,
  Might enter on the consecrated shade.
Lone Thou didst kneel, alone Thou didst endure,
  And all alone in resignation pray'd
In accents trembling, for the pain Thou knewest
  Was terrible to Flesh and Blood like Thine,
As perfect, and as absolutely human,
  Even as thy Godhead was in all Divine.
'Twas in a Garden, in an earthly Garden,
  The night breeze fann'd Thee, and the fragrant flowers
Saw what the hosts of Heav'n could scarcely look on;
  What was too beautiful for eyes like ours
To gaze at; yet Thou lett'st us image fondly
  In quiet gardens what we yet shall see,
When up in Heav'n, our eyes grown pure and sinless,
  We read Thy mystery, O Gethsemane.

'Twas in a Garden, in an earthly Garden,
The rich man laid Thee in the new-made tomb,
E'en as the Spirit, shadowing her that bore Thee,
Laid Thee incarnate in the virgin womb.
There shone the Paschal moon serene above Thee,
There the first Easter morn was usher'd in
With the Te Deums of Thy fair creation,
Hailing Thy triumph over death and sin:
There, as we read in fond unwritten legend,
Thou wast saluted by Thy Mother mild;
Never the thrill of her Annunciation
Equall'd the meeting with her Risen Child.
There through the breezy aisles at early morning
Ran the blest penitent with eager feet,
Vanish'd all doubts when by her name of Mary
Thou didst absolve her, and didst bless and greet.
Oh let that tender Voice at last salute us,
Oh let those accents our upraising be,
When at the gateway of that great fair Garden
Thou shalt bid enter to rejoice with Thee.'

MAY.

ENGLISH HYMNOLOGY.

V.

HYMNS FOR SAINTS' DAYS, FOR CHURCH DEDICATION, FOR CHORAL FESTIVALS.

MANY of the Festivals of the Saints have come before us already in the course of the Church's year. There remain, however, the Festivals from June to November; and we have besides to consider the Saints' Day Hymns of more general appropriateness.

For S. Barnabas (June 11th) the People's Hymnal gives a translation by A. L. P. (one of its Compilers) from the Vespers Hymn in the Paris Breviary,[1] 'Thou, Barnabas, hast won repose.' It might be possible to select verses suitable for a hymn from Dr. Wordsworth's poem, 'Buried in heathen darkness lay.' For S. John Baptist's two Festivals, (June 24th, Nat.—August 29th, Decoll.) the Paris Breviary has a long poem by Charles Coffin, divided into six hymns. The third of these[2] has been well translated by I. Williams, (in the metre of Tate and Brady's 148th Psalm,) 'Lo, from the desert homes.' The original, though some-

[1] Cœlo datur quiescere. I. Williams's version, 'Crowned with immortal jubilee,' is given in the 'Child's Christian Year.'

[2] Nunc suis tandem novus e latebris.

times very homely in its language,[1] has considerable beauty. S. Bede's hymn for this day[2] is known to us in Dr. Neale's translation, 'The great forerunner of the morn.' The Roman Breviary has a long hymn in the same metre as that in the Paris, much older, but not nearly equal to it. The author is Paul the Deacon, a monk of the eighth century. From the first verse of this hymn were taken the French names of the first six notes of the scale:—

'Ut queant laxis resonare fibris
Mira gestorum famuli Tuorum,
Solve polluti labii reatum,
Sancte Joannes.'

The People's Hymnal attempts to present this hymn in its original metre, with very indifferent success.[3] The translation begins, 'Greatest of prophets, messenger appointed,' and keeps clear of the invocations of S. John which mar the original, much better than might be expected. Caswall's rendering of part of this hymn appears in Hymns and Introits, beginning, 'O blessed Saint of snow-white purity.'[4] The Paris Breviary Hymn for the Octave of the Epiphany,[5] 'Judæa's desert heard a sound,' in I. Williams's translation, is appropriate for this Festival. Wordsworth's hymn, 'In the wilderness prepare ye for the LORD a Way to go,' is grand, but too long. 'When CHRIST the LORD would come on earth,' is Dean Alford's beautiful hymn for S. John Baptist's Day. Drummond's hymn, 'The last and greatest herald of Heaven's King,' is apparently imitated from the Breviaries.

The Festival of S. Peter (June 29th) brings us several hymns, of which the best is perhaps Heber's 'Creator of the rolling flood.' Of Dr. Wordsworth's two hymns for this Saint, the second, which commemorates S. Peter in prison, (August 1st,)[6] is the more poetical; the first, '"Cephas and Peter,"—heaven-taught name,' records the share of S. Peter in the Gospel history. One of the most beautiful poems in *Lyra Anglicana*, 'The Apostle slept,—a light shone in the prison,' by J. D. Burns, takes its subject from the deliverance of S. Peter.

An appropriate hymn for the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin (July 2nd) is Heber's 'Virgin-born, we bow before Thee.' The Sarum Breviary Vespers Hymn for this Festival is given in The People's Hymnal, 'Saints! the glorious Mother greeting,'[7] from Chambers's translation; it is a miserably frigid production, utterly breaking down in both poetry and doctrine in the Doxology. Truly the day which

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[1] *e. g.* S. John is called a 'precious infant' in the Nocturns hymn.

[2] Præcursor altus Luminis.

[3] Copeland has given a rendering of it in blank verse.

[4] From 'O nimis felix, meritique celsi.'

[5] Clamantis ecce vox sonans.

[6] Lammas is said to be a corruption of 'S. Peter *ad Vincula* Mass.'

[7] Festum Matris gloriosæ.

produced the *Magnificat* needs not such hymns as this. For S. Mary Magdalene's Day our best hymn is that given in Hymns Ancient and Modern, partly from Caswall's translation, 'Son of the Highest, deign to cast.'[1] It is perhaps scarcely fair to use hymns which assume the identity of this Saint with the 'woman which was a sinner,' and with the sister of Lazarus, as is done in the York Breviary Hymn for Vespers of her Festival. A hymn 'for S. James's Day,' (July 25th,) by Heber, 'Though sorrows rise, and dangers roll,' seems to contain nothing specially appropriate to the day. Wordsworth's lines, 'To-day, O Lord, the holy James,' might supply material for a hymn.

For the Transfiguration, (August 6th,) the translation from the Sarum Breviary,[2] 'O wondrous type, O vision fair,' may be used. It is based on Dr. Neale's, 'A type of those bright rays on high.' Montgomery's 'When on Sinai's top I see,' has some fitness for this Festival; but the best original English hymn for it is Dr. Wordsworth's, 'At Thy Transfiguration, Lord.' Dr. Neale has translated a Greek hymn of S. Cosmas for this day,[3]—'The choirs of ransomed Israel.'

Nearly all the hymns for S. Bartholomew's Day identify him with Nathanael. This is done in The Christian Year, and by R. C. Coxe in 'Behold an Israelite indeed,' positively; by Archdeacon Wordsworth in his 'The tribes of Israel revered,' more doubtfully.

For S. Matthew's Day (September 21st) Mr. W. C. Dix has written a hymn, 'Sitting at receipt of custom,' which, though scarcely hymn-like in some of its language, is powerful, as an appeal written by a business-man in the name of business-men might be expected to be, realizing the spirit of Keble's lines:—

> 'There are in this loud stunning tide
> Of human care and crime,
> With whom the melodies abide
> Of the everlasting chime;
> Who carry music in their heart
> Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
> Plying their daily task with busier feet,
> Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.'

Some stanzas of Wordsworth's 'Four Rivers from one holy Fount arise,' may be used.

For the Festival of SS. Michael and all Angels, (September 29th,) we have Dr. Neale's cento from S. Joseph of the Studium's Canon of the 'Bodiless Ones,' beginning 'Stars of the morning, so gloriously bright.' The Scotch Episcopal Collection has a beautiful hymn, 'They come, God's messengers of Love,' improved in Hymns Ancient and Modern. Copeland's translation from the Roman Breviary Lauds Hymn,[4] 'Christ,

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[1] From 'Summi Parentis Unice,' Roman Breviary.

[2] 'Cœlestis formam gloriæ.' In Hymnal Noted Dr. Neale has by mistake given the first line, 'O nata Lux de lumine,' of the hymn for Lauds.

[3] Χορὸς Ἰσραήλ. [4] Christe, sanctorum Decus angelorum.

of the holy angels Light and gladness,' is too tripping in its pseudo-Sapphic metre to make a really good hymn. Rist's hymn for this Festival[1] has been well translated in Miss Winkworth's 'Praise and thanks to Thee be sung.' We owe to the Rev. R. M. Benson the hymn, 'Praise to GOD Who reigns above,' wherein the ninefold orders of the angels are enumerated. Dr. Wordsworth's poem for this day, 'How dreadful is this place! GOD's House,' needs but little change to make it a sublime hymn. Toplady's 'Inspirer and Hearer of prayer,' though its metre[2] is unfortunate, has much beauty.

S. Luke's Day (October 18th) brings us not many hymns. In the Rev. R. R. Chope's Hymnal, the lines, 'Behold, and see CHRIST's chosen saint,' are adapted from the Christian Year. Dr. Wordsworth has given two scarcely poetical summaries of the two books written by S. Luke. The Rev. Gerard Moultrie has contributed to the People's Hymnal verses of some beauty, beginning, 'O JESU, O Redeemer.'

It is worth while to notice, in passing, a very excellent hymn for S. Crispin's Day, (October 25th,) by W. C. Dix, beginning, 'O CHRIST, Thou SON of Mary.' The second verse is especially good:—

'Our feet be shod, as pilgrims,
With bands of Gospel peace,
Till life's long march be ended,
And strife and struggle cease:
Till on the ground most holy,
Our shoes from off our feet
We put, with holy gladness,—
The pilgrimage complete.'

Its author advocates the use of similarly appropriate hymns on other minor Festivals; but unfortunately our knowledge of the histories which would supply the material for such hymns is exceedingly limited. Even in the case of the two Apostles, SS. Simon and Jude, whose Festival (October 28th) comes next before us, our scanty information causes a corresponding dearth of hymns. Neale's Hymn, 'Saints of GOD, whom faith united,' makes scarcely any reference to their history, but has much intrinsic beauty, connecting the idea of autumn with Christian thoughts in much the same way that 'All is bright and cheerful round us'—his hymn for SS. Philip and James—treats the idea of spring. Wordsworth's first four and last three stanzas of the hymn beginning 'When Thou, O LORD, didst send the Twelve,' treats what is known of SS. Simon and Jude more fully.

All Saints' Day brings us two Greek hymns, S. John Damascene's,[3] 'Those eternal bowers' in Neale's translation, and a cento from the Canon for SS. Timothy and Maura, by S. Joseph of the Studium,[4] which

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[1] Ehr und Dank sei Dir gesungen.

[2] It is perhaps needless to caution anyone against attempting to give it a *long metre* tune.

[3] Τὰς ἑδρὰς τὰς αἰωνίας.

[4] Τῶν ἱερῶν ἀθλοφόρων.

the same translator has rendered 'Let our choir new anthems raise.' The Paris Breviary Hymn for Lauds of the Vigil of this day[1] is well translated in I. Williams's 'O heavenly Jerusalem.' W. Palmer's translation of the prose from the Paris Missal,[2] 'Spouse of CHRIST, in arms contending,' is beautiful. The magnificent German hymn of Theodore Schenk[3] is known to us in two translations, Miss Winkworth's 'Who are those before God's Throne,' and Miss F. E. Cox's still more beautiful 'Who are these like stars appearing.' Miss Winkworth has only translated ten of the original fourteen stanzas. Bishop Mant's Hymn, 'For all Thy Saints, O LORD,' appears in an altered form as the last of Hymns Ancient and Modern. Wordsworth's 'Hark the sound of holy voices,' is one of the finest hymns he ever wrote. Anstice's Hymn for All Saints' Day, 'What countless crowd on Sion stands,' has some similarity to Wesley's 'What are these arrayed in white,' which again resembles Dr. Watts's 'What happy men or angels these.' Another paraphrase of the same text[4] is better known in Cameron's variation, 'How bright those glorious spirits shine,' than in its original form:—

'These glorious minds, how bright they shine!
Whence all their bright array?
How came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day?'

Sir Roundell Palmer has given the re-cast version in his Book of Praise.[5]

Hymns common to all Festivals of Saints are mostly of modern date. Heber's Hymn for S. Stephen's Day may be thus used, and the hymn given in the authorized Scotch Book, 'O JESU, Source of sanctity.' Wesley's hymn, 'Come, let us join our friends above,' is improved in the re-cast version, 'Let saints on earth in concert sing.' Few hymns for Apostles come to us from very early times. One of the first is by S. Ambrose,[6] of which Caswall's rendering, 'The LORD's eternal Gifts,' is far more spirited than Dr. Neale's, 'The eternal Gifts of CHRIST the King.' J. B. Santeul has contributed to the Paris Breviary a very remarkable hymn,[7] which I. Williams has well translated, 'Disposer Supreme.' It needs some explanation, and the following analysis of it may not be unacceptable:—

'How does the Judge of the world choose for His ministers the poor and unlearned; (1 Cor. i. 27.) as treasures (2 Cor. iv. 7.) or lamps (Judges, vii. 16–20.)

[1] Cœlestis O Jerusalem.

[2] Sponsa CHRISTI quæ per orbem.

[3] Wer sind die vor GOTTES Throne.

[4] Rev. vii. 13–17.

[5] He has, however, taken a modern hymnal very severely to task for adopting Cameron's variation from Doddridge's 'Hark! the glad sound! the Saviour comes.'

[6] Æterna CHRISTI munera,
Apostolorum gloriam.

[7] Supreme, quales, Arbiter.

have been sometimes placed in earthern pitchers. The pitchers are broken,—the lights shine forth at the word of command, and the trumpets sound[1] as they also sounded before Jericho, (Joshua, vi. 20.) overthrowing the strongholds of Satan. (2 Cor. x. 4.) May we awaken from sin at the sound of the Gospel, not delaying till the archangel's trump is blown. May we be illumined by this light, not walking in darkness, lest we be cast at last into the outer darkness, which no beams of mercy shall ever pierce.'

The Paris Breviary Lauds Hymn,[2] 'Captains of the saintly band' in Sir H. W. Baker's translation, 'Ye captains of a heavenly host' in I. Williams's, ought only to be used on the Festivals of the *Twelve*, not, *e.g.*, on S. Barnabas' Day.

For Evangelists we have the Paris Breviary Vespers and Nocturns Hymn,[3] beautifully translated by the Compilers of Hymns Ancient and Modern, 'Behold the messengers of CHRIST.' The version of Isaac Williams, 'CHRIST's everlasting messengers,' has some, though very small, similarity to theirs. The idea of the fourfold river of Eden as typical of the Evangelists is worked out at some length in Adam of S. Victor's sequences, one of which[4] is imitated in the hymn, 'Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures.' Dr. Littledale's 'From hidden source arising,' would have been improved by the omission of the very prosaic stanzas assigning the four Living Creatures of Ezekiel's vision to the Evangelists as their antitypes. Dr. Watts's 'How beauteous are their feet' may be used on the festivals of Evangelists.

For Martyrs we have several versions of S. Ambrose's two hymns. The first[5] (freely imitated in 'Ye servants of a martyred LORD,') may be seen literally translated in Copeland's 'The unfading crowns by CHRIST bestowed,' a version utterly unfit for church use. The other Ambrosian hymn[6] is well translated in Dr. Neale's 'O GOD, Thy soldiers' great Reward.' 'For man the SAVIOUR shed,'[7] is translated by the Compilers of Hymns Ancient and Modern from the Paris Breviary. Sir H. W. Baker's hymn, 'Oh, what, if we are CHRIST's,' may be appropriately used; or the Rev. W. Bright's 'SAVIOUR, while we dwell securely.' For saints not martyrs may be sung, 'Not by the martyr's death alone,'[8] I. Williams's translation from the Paris Breviary. His first verse is borrowed by the Compilers of Hymns Ancient and Modern. For virgins, Neale's translation from Ambrose, 'JESU, the virgins' crown, do Thou,'[9] may be used.

The beautiful old Church Dedication Hymn,[10] known to us in Dr.

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[1] Compare Christian Year for Advent Sunday.

[2] Cœlestis Aulæ Principes.

[3] CHRISTI perennes nuntii.

[4] Jucundare, plebs fidelis.

[5] Æterna CHRISTI munera
Et Martyrum victorias.

[6] DEUS Tuorum militum.

[7] Ex quo, Salus mortalium.

[8] Non parta solo sanguine.

[9] JESU, Corona virginum.

[10] Urbs beata Hirusalem.

Neale's version, 'Blessed City, heavenly Salem,' has a remarkable change of subject at the seventh stanza, from celebrating the heavenly Jerusalem to a prayer of dedication. Hence Daniel, followed by Dr. Neale, considers the concluding stanzas as a later addition. The authorship of the hymn is not known. The Paris Breviary Hymn [1] by Guiet has been translated by Isaac Williams, 'O WORD of GOD above;'—only his first stanza is adopted by the Compilers of Hymns Ancient and Modern. Neale's hymn, 'O GOD, Who lovest to abide,' somewhat resembles this. For laying the foundation of a church, Dr. Neale's 'O LORD of Hosts, Whose glory fills,' taken from his Hymns for Children, may be used. Montgomery has many hymns for this occasion, the best being 'This stone to Thee in faith we lay.'

For Choral Festivals we have few hymns of the highest order. George Wither's quaint old hymn, 'Come, O come! in pious lays,' may be used. Baring Gould's two processional hymns, 'Now severed is Jordan,' and 'Onward, Christian soldiers,' are less beautiful than 'Much in sorrow, oft in woe,' Kirke White's fragment, completed by Miss Maitland. This was sung at the last Peterborough Festival with excellent effect to a beautiful tune by Dr. Dykes. 'Brightly gleams our banner,' given anonymously in 'The People's Hymnal,' is by T. J. Potter.

LOUIS COUTIER BIGGS.

(To be continued.)

ON THE NOVEMBER METEORS.

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ON the night of the 13th of November, 1866, at 11 p.m. the street of our little town presented an unusual spectacle. Generally at that hour the streets are empty and silent, but on that evening, there were hundreds of men walking about, and gazing up into the sky. I occasionally overheard remarks expressing joy at the evening being so fine, doubt whether they would come after all, but general determination to wait till after midnight and see. The town had been roused by a letter in the local paper, followed by the well-known announcement in the 'Times,' to expect a recurrence on a grand scale, of what are now popularly known as the November meteors.

The mixture of belief and doubt with which the prediction was generally received, is very characteristic of the present state of this branch of astronomy. Though not by any means the first prediction of a meteoric display, yet it was the first very striking display that

[1] PATRIS Æterni SOBOLES Coæva.

had been predicted; and it was a new idea to most people that this was a branch of astronomy, or indeed, of any positive science at all. And the exuberant complacency of the astronomers, who straightway wrote to the 'Times' to describe how the meteors had come *as was expected*, indicated some lurking doubt, even in their own minds, with respect to the prediction. Astronomers do not now congratulate themselves when an eclipse takes place *as was expected*.

That meteors are subject to astronomical laws, is not indeed new to astronomers as a probable hypothesis; but it was felt that the complete establishment of this hypothesis, as a truth worthy to be received among the doctrines of the science, would require many years of observation and verification and correction. The splendid meteoric shower of November, 1866, has, however, made the subject to some extent popular; and as it is probable that the shower will again be visible in this year, it may be worth while to lay before the readers of this magazine an account of the nature of the observations that are made on meteors, of the reasonings founded on these observations, and of the results which have been at present arrived at; indicating also some of the speculations in which men of science are indulging on questions of which the solution is not yet determined, and pointing out how this new branch of astronomy tends to alter and enlarge our conception both of the system of the universe and of the harmonious adjustment of its several parts. There are few subjects which excite more curiosity and interest, and few which afford better examples of reasoning in physical questions. It will be my endeavour to make this reasoning intelligible to any person who will give the matter due attention; but it must be remembered that, in the words of Bishop Butler, 'Everything is not to be understood with the same ease that some things can;' and in endeavouring to understand, not a description of the shower, but an epitome, however brief, of the principles of meteoric astronomy, some degree of difficulty must be expected by the reader, especially if unfamiliar with the elements of astronomy.

The name, *falling stars*, recalls the belief of our own childhood, and of the infancy of the world. Doubtless, we all of us once supposed that what we saw dart across a part of the starry sky, and disappear, was a star itself. It was an afterthought, that none of the stars in the familiar constellations ever fell; it was an afterthought that the stars were so excessively distant that no credible velocity in them could produce the appearance of a falling star; and it was a very late discovery we made, that falling stars were not very high above the surface of the earth, so that they were sometimes visible in one part of a small country like England, and not in another. When it was decided that they were not really falling *stars*, the door was opened wide to guesses—ranging from the half-believed stories of mythology, to mysterious suggestions that they might be produced by electricity—that refuge of facts that were destitute of an explanation. With these

guesses we have nothing to do. Let us examine what we do know about them, and reason on our knowledge.

In the first place, then, we have the annual occurrence of some meteoric showers. It is a matter of familiar knowledge, that meteors may be expected on the 10th and 11th of August, on the 13th of November, and on several other days in the year. Astronomers have extended this rough observation; and by constantly and patiently watching and cataloguing the time and point of appearance of meteors, and the direction of their motion, they have ascertained that there are no fewer than fifty-six such times in each year at which meteors may be expected, and the point from which they will come can be indicated with more or less of exactness. But few, however, of these fifty-six meteoric showers are sufficiently brilliant to have attracted popular notice; and they would have entirely escaped notice, but for these faithful and laborious observations extending over many years. We shall confine ourselves to the shower of meteors which takes place on November 13th, premising that this *annual occurrence* is not exceptional.

Now this *periodicity*, this recurrence on the same night in successive years, is a very important fact, and is the key to much that follows. For the year is the period of the Earth's revolution round the Sun; and therefore, any occurrence that takes place annually on the same day, takes place whenever the Earth is at a certain point in her orbit. On November 13th, 1867, we shall be where we were on November 13th, 1866. This periodicity, therefore, indicates necessarily that the meteors are not connected with the Earth, or produced casually in the air, but that they are found at a certain point in space through which the Earth passes on November 13th.

The next important observation is, that the meteors *seem to diverge from a single point.* Everyone who watched the meteors of November, 1866, will remember how that, at twelve o'clock, they seemed to diverge from a point a little above the eastern horizon, and pass north or south of us or over our heads, and converge again to the western horizon. Everyone will remember how, as the night went on, the radiant point, in the constellation Leo, retained its position among the stars, and with them ascended the eastern sky. Sometimes, also, a meteor was observed close to the radiant point, and then its train was very short, apparently; and those that started farthest from it had in general the longest trains.

Now what is the physical fact to which this observation points? It is simple enough, and was first clearly expounded by Olmsted. The explanation must be well reflected on. The paths are really straight, or quite inappreciably curved, and of not very unequal length, perhaps. The appearance they present is simply the result of perspective. If a flight of rooks were seen in the eastern horizon, as a dark patch in the sky, and watched in their course over our heads till their disappearance

in the west, all would *seem* to describe great arcs or curves in the sky, even though we know them to fly in a straight line. Now, if a rook were visible only for five minutes, and left a black mark behind him, reflect what would be the nature of the paths we should see. Those rooks which first appeared would seem to be moving straight towards us, and their paths would be so much foreshortened, that the rook would scarcely appear to move, and the path would dwindle to a point; and those which were next seen would have short paths, all seeming to diverge from the east, some passing to the north, others to the south; and those which were not seen till they were near us, would seem to describe the longest arcs of all, and to move most rapidly. The meteors come exactly like a flight of rooks, only that they are higher in the air —about sixty miles on an average; they fly much faster, and do really leave a visible trail behind them. The apparent curvature of the paths is simply the effect of viewing long straight lines, and referring them to the vault of the sky and stars behind them. In further illustration of this point, I may refer to the phenomenon known as a Noah's Ark in the clouds, when the clouds lie in long furrows or lines diverging from one point of the horizon, and converging to the opposite point. These lines are apparently curved, but really straight. Hence the physical fact indicated by the divergence of meteors from a point, is that the meteors are really moving relatively to the earth in parallel straight lines, like a shower of rain, or like a flight of rooks. Combining this, then, with the inference previously made, we learn that the earth, at a certain point of its orbit, passes through streams of meteors, which pour down on the earth like a shower of rain or hail. This would place them at once among the bodies that form our solar system, like the planets, and many of the comets; and the study of them becomes at once a branch of astronomy.

Again, we observed that the November meteors seemed to diverge from a point *in the constellation Leo.* What is the further significance of *this* fact? Recall and keep distinctly in mind how our Earth is itself moving. The Sun, with the Earth and other planets moving round it, is placed in a huge cavity among the stars, stars being visible from it in every direction. The Earth is moving round the Sun in a nearly circular orbit, so vast, that in order to describe it in a year, the Earth moves at the rate of 19 miles in a second. At any moment, then, the Earth is moving in the direction of certain stars, with a velocity of 19 miles a second. If it were to dash into a cloud of little meteoric bodies *at rest,* they would strike it from the direction towards which the Earth was moving, or they would seem to the Earth to diverge from the stars towards which the Earth was moving. And if they did not seem to diverge from that point, it would follow that the meteors were themselves in motion. Now the Earth was not, on November 13th, moving in the direction of the radiant point in Leo, but towards a spot 11° or the eighth part of a right angle distant from it in a direction almost at right angles to the

line joining the earth and the Sun. From this, it follows that the meteors were moving in a line considerably inclined to the plane of the Earth's orbit, and were moving rapidly in it to meet the Earth. Without knowing the real velocity of the meteors, it is impossible to determine the true direction of their motion. And our knowledge thus far is limited to the fact that the meteors *move* in a *steady stream in parallel lines*, which intersect the Earth's orbit, at the point which the Earth occupies on November 13th, at a considerable angle, and which is at that point nearly perpendicular to the line joining the Earth and the Sun. We do not as yet know, nor is there anything in the above observation that can tell us what the shape of the stream is, whether it is a long straight stream reaching from the stars, or a circular orbit, or an elliptical orbit round the Sun, into which the Earth runs on November 13th. Some fresh information must be sought as a basis for further reasoning.

The fourth observation, then, is this; that there take place at intervals of about 33 years meteoric displays of extraordinary grandeur. The history of these November meteors has been examined by Professor Newton, of America, and he finds that extraordinary showers of meteors took place about this time of year in the years A. D. 902, 931, 934, 1002, 1101, 1202, 1366, 1533, 1602, 1799, 1832, 1833, 1866. The shower of 1799 was observed by Humboldt and Bonpand in Peru, and they gave a glowing description of it; those of 1832 and 1833 also were chiefly witnessed in America. Now these dates are obviously either singly or in groups of two, at intervals of about 33 years, some of the years being wanting; or it appears that for two or three years together, at intervals of about 33 years, there are maximum displays of meteors. Of course the physical fact that corresponds to this is that the stream of meteors is more dense, that the shower is heavier, the meteors closer together at some part or parts of the stream, into which the earth plunges every 33 years. If the stream were straight, (which is mechanically impossible,) we should have to make the strange supposition that at equal intervals along it, there were dense groups of meteorites; we are therefore led to the belief that the stream is some closed curve, a ring of some shape, in which one part is denser and more abundant in meteors than the rest, and that into this dense part, or meteoric cloud, as it has been called, we plunge every 33 years, its own motion bringing it back in that time to the point of intersection of the ring and the Earth's orbit. The fact of a maximum, then, indicates that the meteors *occupy and move in a ring, one part of which is denser than the rest.*

Let us next proceed to investigate the significance of the period being about 33 years.

It would seem at first sight as if the ring must necessarily revolve in 33 years; but on further reflection, it will be seen to be not so. Suppose, for example, the ring and cloud to revolve in 11 days less than a year, *i. e.* in 354 days; and that the Earth and cloud met at the point of inter-

section of their orbits on November 13th, 1833. Then in 354 days, the cloud would be there again, but the Earth 11 days journey distant along its orbit; and by the time the earth reached the point of intersection, *i. e.* November 13th, 1834, the cloud would be 11 days past it, and the earth would only encounter the ordinary ring. Similarly on November 13th, 1835, the cloud would be 22 days past; and since $11 \times 33 = 363$, it appears that in 33 years the cloud will have gained almost a complete revolution on the Earth, and that they will meet once more at the point of intersection on November 13th, 1866. So also, if the meteors revolved in 11 days more than a year, *i. e.* in 376 days, this phenomenon of a maximum every 33 years would result. Further, if it revolved in 180 days, or 185 days, the same phenomenon would result. Professor Newton has proved, by reasoning of the nature given above, that five orbits are possible, in which the periods are those mentioned—namely, 180, 185·4, 354·6, 376·6 days, or 33·25 years; and that they all equally well satisfy the condition of causing a periodic maximum at the dates above given. He has shown further that no other orbit which is mechanically possible will do so.

I will briefly recapitulate at this point. Our facts were, the annual occurrence of meteors on the same day, their apparent divergence from a point, the position of that point with reference to the direction of the Earth's motion, the recurrence of a maximum display, and that this took place at intervals of about 33 years; and our inferences have been that the meteors are small planetary bodies, dust planets, revolving steadily in a ring round the Sun, so placed as to intersect the orbit of the Earth at the point which the Earth occupies on November 13th, and that it is inclined to the orbit of the Earth at a considerable angle—about the fifth or sixth of a right angle—and that the meteors move with considerable velocity in a direction opposite to that of the Earth; and lastly, that the period of this meteoric ring must be one of five, but which of the five is indeterminate.

The two short periods of 180 and 185 days, would correspond to elongated elliptical orbits, such that the meteors would meet the Earth when furthest from the Sun, and when nearest the Sun would pass within thirteen millions of miles from its centre. The two next periods, of 354 and 376 days, would correspond to nearly circular orbits; and the long period of 33¼ years would give a long ellipse, such that the intersection with the Earth's orbit would take place when the meteors were *nearest* to the Sun, and when most distant they would be nineteen times further from the Sun than the Earth is.

This state of uncertainty among five possible hypotheses is unsatisfactory. Professor Newton considered the period of 354 days as most probable; on what grounds I am unable to say.

To discriminate among these was most desirable, and some fresh observation must accordingly be made, and reasoned upon, and made to give grounds for selecting one of the five hypotheses. The *fact* is

this. The November shower occurs a little later on each successive year. By examination of records it appears that the dates of the November shower have been growing steadily later. In 1866 it occurred on the morning of the 14th; in 1833 on the morning of the 13th; in 1799 on the morning of the 12th; in 1698 on the morning of the 9th; and so on, till in 902 we find that it occurred on October 13th.

What is the significance of this fact? How can it guide us to choose among the five possible orbits?

The solution of this question is due to the genius and industry of our great Cambridge astronomer, Adams. I will endeavour to give some notion of the reasoning. The retardation annually of the date of our running into the meteoric ring, arises obviously from the motion of the ring itself. Instead of being a fixed ring, intersecting the orbit of the Earth in a fixed point, the ring slides along our orbit, keeping its shape and inclination unchanged, but intersecting our orbit further onwards, in direction of the Earth's motion, every year.

Now this is not a strange or anomalous fact, but one perfectly explicable by the laws of mechanics, and illustrated in several ways by similar astronomical facts. The planets mutually attract and disturb one another, and alter the shape and position of one another's orbits. What wonder, then, that these little planets should be sensible of the perturbative influence of the large planets? It became necessary, therefore, for Adams to compute what would be the effect of all the planets on each of the five possible hypotheses above mentioned; to examine, that is, how Venus, and the Earth, and Mars, and Jupiter, and Saturn, and the rest, would disturb the motion of the meteorites, supposing successively that they moved in each of the five orbits described above. The labour of this calculation is enormous—the work of months; but the result must be decisive. Adams demonstrated in the April of this year that if the meteors revolved in any of the first four orbits described, the amount of retardation would be less than half what it is observed to be in fact; and if the orbit is the last mentioned, the largest, in which the period is 33¼ years, the retardation would be almost exactly what it is. There are then, by previous reasoning, five, and only five, possible hypotheses. Of these five, one, and only one, is adequate to the production of a certain observed effect; it is inferred logically that this hypothesis is true. It is therefore certain that the meteors do revolve in this highly elongated orbit, and meet the Earth almost precisely when they are nearest the Sun, and moving with the highest velocity: a velocity almost double that of the Earth—about 37 miles a second; and that the plane of their ring is inclined to that of the orbit of the Earth at an angle rather greater than one-sixth of a right angle. (16° 46′.)

This result is a veritable triumph of geometrical and mathematical reasoning, and one in which it is satisfactory to see that England takes a large share. But it is perhaps worth mentioning that the method adopted by Adams for a part of his work, and improved for the rest of it, was

one that was invented years ago by a distinguished German mathematician, Gauss; a method which has been lying by unused until it was wanted. Let it never be asked what is the *use* of this or that branch of mathematics; they are clever tools, and workmen yet unborn may be brought to a standstill if their tools are not made for them. Life is not long enough for one man to make, as well as use, all his own tools.

We have now come to the conclusion of the geometrical knowledge at present obtained respecting the November meteors, and shall proceed to some other points. What are they made of? Why do they give light? Why do they disappear? Why do they leave a train? how large are they? are all obvious and rational questions.

It is not a very uncommon occurrence for meteoric stones, and even showers of stones, to fall to the ground. These aerolites, as they are called, can then be chemically examined. They contain a variety of substances, such as iron, nickel, lime, magnesia, silica, carbon, &c., in which the principal singularity is that none of them is new to our chemists. The chemistry of the meteorites, so far as at present examined, is absolutely identical with the chemistry of our earth. Moreover, there is a certain method, partly chemical, partly optical, called spectrum analysis, by which the examination of a flame at a distance may be made to reveal the chemical constituents of the substance burning. This method has been applied to the November meteors, though very imperfectly, but with the same result at present as the ordinary analysis. Chemically, therefore, as well as in their motion, they are true little planets.

Why do they give light? They revolve in space with sunlight shining on them, but are too small to have (as yet) been observed even by the most powerful telescopes; and they become visible because they are violently heated in our atmosphere. This is not without its analogies in every-day life. It is familiar to us all that two things rubbed together will become warm. The savage lights his fire by rubbing two sticks together; in machines the heat of friction is often very great, and has always to be guarded against. Similarly, compression and percussion are sources of heat. Air can be compressed in a syringe till it is hot enough to light a match; a blacksmith can hammer a nail till it is too hot to hold. And the friction need not be of one solid body against another; a body in motion through air is warmed by the friction against the air. And when a little stone, moving 37 miles in a second, rushes into an atmosphere which is meeting it with a velocity of 19 miles a second; or in other words, when a stone flies through the air at the rate of nearly 60 miles in a second, it developes an enormous amount of heat by friction and by compression of the air before it: the heat is, in fact, sufficient to make it first red hot, then white hot, and finally to melt it and dissipate it in a stream of vapour, which is left behind as a luminous trail until the meteor reaches the earth, escapes from the atmosphere, or is entirely consumed.

When a meteor is observed at two or more places, its height above the earth can readily be determined. In this manner it has been shown by numerous observations that meteors generally begin to be visible at about 70 miles above the surface of the earth, and disappear at 50 miles. The average height of the meteors of November, 1866, was 63 miles. Our atmosphere then serves as a perfect shield to protect us from the formidable bombardment to which we should be exposed every 33 years in November. Did this occur to many persons who witnessed the glorious sight last year—that one of the marvellous properties of our atmosphere was then being exhibited, and rendering the bombardment harmless? And this is no light matter. The number of these meteoric bodies is far greater than is commonly believed. It has been shown by Professor Newton that not less than *seven and a half millions** of meteorites, large enough to be seen at night, fall every twenty-four hours into our atmosphere; and that the number of telescopic meteors is probably forty times as many. That is, *one* of the larger ones, or forty of the smaller ones, might be expected to fall on every square mile of surface once a month! They are so closely distributed in the space through which the Earth passes, that in a space as large as that which the Earth occupies, not fewer than 13,000 on the average occur. Hence it is a very important property of our atmosphere, that it burns up this planetary small-shot.

Aerolites *fall* more frequently during the afternoon and evening; meteors are *visible* more in the morning hours of night than at any other time. About 6 p.m. is the favourite time for aerolites; about 6 a.m. for meteors. I will venture to suggest an explanation of this. In the morning we are on that side of the Earth towards which the Earth is itself moving; in the evening we are on the opposite side. Hence meteorites that fall in the morning must most frequently be coming to *meet* us, and therefore enter our atmosphere with great velocity; those that fall in the evening must be *overtaking* us, and therefore enter our atmosphere with a less average velocity. For example: the November meteors *meet* us with a relative velocity of 37+19 miles a second; if they *overtook* us, it would be with a velocity of 37—19 miles a second. Now the heat in the former case is *very* much greater than in the latter, as might be shown: and therefore it is likely that those which meet us, and fall in the morning, should be burnt up before they reach the earth; while those which overtake us, and fall in the evening, may succeed in reaching the earth. When they do so they are generally very hot, and sometimes hot enough to set houses on fire. Even the November meteors, when very large, may pass through all the air, and be incendiary. This took place in 1829 and in 1835.

How large are they? This is one of the most difficult points in the

* This number appears to me to have been obtained by a miscalculation, and to be twice the number justified by the data and the reasoning. But with this correction the number is almost equally surprising.

whole subject. The apparent size is of no value whatever; for there is a radiation from a luminous object that entirely disguises its real size. Look at a row of lamp-posts by day, and the distant ones are shorter and thinner precisely in proportion to their distance; but look at the flames by night, and the distant ones are larger than you might expect them to be. A piece of lime as big as a small reel of cotton, heated white hot, at the distance of half a mile, seemed *as large* to one experimentalist as the full moon. Guessing at the apparent size, and inferring the real size, is therefore quite worthless. Herschel, the third of that name, has suggested and applied a method for finding the weight of these meteorites in certain cases. The principle of the method is this. A body of *known weight* and material, moving with known velocity into an atmosphere of known density and chemical composition, will generate a definite amount of heat, which will make the body luminous to a defined amount, and therefore at a known distance will have a certain assignable degree of brightness. Now a meteorite, whose height and composition are approximately known, can have its distance from the observer and its apparent brightness measured; and then all these elements are known except the first, the weight of the body, which by this means can be computed. The result is, that they are in general very small, weighing from 7 or 8 grains to perhaps 100 grains. Some of the aerolites, however, which have fallen are very large; there is one in the British Museum (the perplexity of its tender-hearted curator, who sees it oxiding and pining away in its prison, and is at his wits' end to prevent it) which weighs between 5 and 6 tons. Many others are weighed by hundredweights and not by grains.

We have spoken of their vast multitude. If this is as great as is represented, they must form in the aggregate no inconsiderable part of our Solar System, and it would seem reasonable to expect that their existence would be manifested in some other way. This expectation is amply realized. The five phenomena which I shall next mention may all be attributed with considerable probability to meteoric bodies in our system.

First—the motions of the planets Mercury, Venus, and the Earth, have presented to the very minute and searching examinations of Leverrier some peculiarities quite anomalous. As a possible hypothesis, the existence of a new intra-Mercurial unseen planet was assumed, but on trial it was found not to explain the anomalies. Finally, Leverrier has found it necessary to assume the existence of a meteoric ring, or diffused meteoric matter inside the orbit of Mercury, of total mass not inferior to Mercury itself. And further, he has shown that the meteoric matter which lies at about the same distance from the Sun as the Earth is, cannot be less than one-tenth of the mass of the Earth.

Secondly—black bodies like specks have been seen to cross the disc of the Sun. One such was observed at Constantinople to cross it on May 8th, 1865, between nine and ten a.m. of local time. It is

probable that their minute size alone prevents this from being frequently observed.

Thirdly—the phenomenon known as the zodiacal light. There is visible not unfrequently in the Tropics, and occasionally in our own latitudes, a faint light red stretching up after sunset to a point in the western horizon, or before sunrise in the eastern horizon, quite distinguishable from the atmospheric effects of the setting or rising sun. I have myself only twice seen it, on two successive evenings last winter. It presents the appearance which would be presented if there existed a disc of this planet-dust round the Sun, (the Sun occupying not the centre of it,) visible, as dust in the air is, by the sunlight falling on it. This disc must extend nearly as far as to the orbit of the Earth.

Fourthly—many phenomena connected with the Sun seem to require the existence of meteoric bodies in large numbers. The splendid corona or halo of light seen round the Sun when the disc of the Sun itself is completely hidden in a total eclipse, is nothing else but an atmosphere, either self-luminous, or shining under the intense light of the Sun. The irregularity of the outline of this atmosphere, the sudden and violent changes observable in the Sun itself, seem to indicate the occasional falling in of matter from outside the Sun.

Lastly—there are some singular periodicities in our weather, which, strangely enough, have been referred to the same cause, and with great probability. It is now well known, for example, that there is a *cold week in May*. From the 8th to the 14th, or thereabouts, there is generally, over the whole of Europe, and probably the whole world, a marked fall in temperature. Year after year it is the coldest week in May. This has been discovered as a result of constant observation of the thermometer by professed meteorologists, but it has not escaped common observation. The 16th of May is quite an epoch with gardeners. Not till then do they think their bedding-out plants safe. In Good Words for May, 1866, in an article on the weather of May, will be found some curious proverbs, sprung up in various countries, which point to the observation of this cold week. Now the most plausible suggestion that has been made to explain it is due to Erman, who suggests that on those days the sun's heat is partially intercepted by dust-clouds of meteorites. It will be noticed that it was on May 8th that one was seen to cross the Sun. In general, their interposition would be discovered only by a fall in the temperature, or diminution of light, as their minute size would prevent their being separately visible.

On these general grounds, then, we may fairly infer that the November meteors are not an isolated and solitary stream; but that the vast interplanetary spaces are densely peopled with these microscopic planets. Our Earth rolls not through empty space; its course is alive with these busy little planets, each in its own orbit. They form a material link to connect us with the rest of our star system. They teach us the unity of the Cosmos.

Let us turn, however, to the consideration of a subject which will practically concern us all. Are we to expect them again this year? Shall we sit up for them on the night of the 13th of this month? My answer is, Certainly sit up. But it is totally impossible in the present state of our knowledge to predict *with certainty* whether or not we shall see them. For the shape and size of the meteoric cloud is not exactly known; we do not know the length of the ring it occupies. Now we know that the beginning of it, the advanced part of the cloud along the ring, was at the point of intersection in November, 1865, for a splendid meteoric shower took place then, visible in the Mediterranean, but hidden from us by cloud. It was still there when the Earth came again to the same spot in November, 1866, as we all know, on which occasion we passed nearly through its centre, perhaps, at 1.20 a.m. on the morning of the 14th; and *if it has not altogether passed by*, which is not likely, we may hope to enter it on the morning of the 14th of this month. Since it gets later every year, as said above, it has been stated that the maximum may be expected at 2.0 a.m., or thereabouts. This arises in a slight misconception. A year consists of 365 days, 6 hours; from November 14th at 1.20 a.m. in 1866 to November 14th at 1.20 a.m. in 1867 is six hours less than a year, and therefore the Earth will not then have arrived at the ring; it will not be till 6 hours, or 6½ hours, after 1.20 a.m., *i.e.* not till near sunrise, that we shall be in the same part of the ring that we were in 1866. This is therefore the expected time of maximum in England. But too much weight must not be given to this. We do not know the shape of the section of the ring at different places along its length; and we must not conclude that the outline of the part we shall run into in November, 1867, is identical with that of the part which we ran into in November, 1866. I mention it in order to exhort observers to patience. I shall sit up all night.

Probably the finest display will be seen in America. Anyone who realizes the motion of rotation of the Earth on her axis, and her motion of revolution round the Sun, will see that during the morning hours we are on that side of the Earth which faces the direction towards which we are moving, and that America, which is 4 or 5 hours west of us, will therefore occupy that part of the Earth which is, at the expected time of the maximum, most favourably placed for witnessing the shower. A few outrunners may be expected shortly after 11, when Leo is on the horizon; and from that time till daylight extinguishes stars and meteors, there may be, and I think probably will be, an increasingly splendid display. Most unfortunately it will be nearly full moon—two days after the full—which is precisely the worst phase possible for obstructing the view of the meteors.

If my readers are not wearied of meteors, there are several further points in their history which are worth attention. The fact of their moving in the *opposite direction* to the Earth is a surprising one. For nearly every member of the Solar System—all the planets, all their moons, with the exception of the moons of Uranus, which revolve in

very highly-inclined orbits—perform their revolution round the Sun, round their primaries, and on their own axes, all in the same direction, opposite to the hands of a watch. What right have these tiny mimics of planets to swim against the stream, and refuse to follow the example of their great brethren? And then, the great planets move in nearly circular orbits, but the meteorites move in elongated ellipses; and these, moreover, in planes highly inclined to the plane in which the Earth moves, whereas the great planets move nearly in the same plane as the earth. All these considerations tend to approximate the meteorites to *comets* instead of *planets*. Comets move in highly-inclined elliptical orbits with retrograde motion, though planets do not. Possibly there is some connection between meteorites and comets. Meteorites may be an ultimate condition to which the material of comets arrives. A meteoric stream may be a used-up comet. But we are not left wholly to conjecture. Now that the orbit of the November meteors is perfectly ascertained, it has been noticed by Mr. C. F. W. Peters of Altona, that the comet known as Tempel's moves *almost exactly in the meteoric ring*, and slightly in advance of the meteoric cloud. This coincidence is far too close to be accidental, for the agreement is scarcely short of complete. Moreover, the meteors which come in August travel on the same path with the great comet of 1862. Hence it is certain that some connection exists between the comets and meteorites, and what the connection is must be for the present a matter of speculation only.

But to identify meteorites in their origin with comets is only to remove the problem of their origin one step farther. And in the case of the November meteors, it is possible to advance one step farther in the history. It was observed above that the meteorites at their greatest distance from the Sun were nineteen times as far from the Sun as the Earth is. But Uranus moves in a nearly circular orbit of nineteen times the radius of the Earth's orbit; from which it follows that the meteors cross the plane of the Solar System on the line of the Earth's orbit to pass below it, and re-cross this plane *on Uranus's orbit* 16½ years afterward: and that Uranus has meteoric showers in the same way that the Earth has, whenever it crosses the meteoric ring.

Now it appears on looking backwards that Uranus was at this point *together with the meteoric cloud* in the year 126 A.D. And it has further been shown that Uranus then caught this comet and mass of meteorites, and caused them to move in the orbit which they now occupy. Planets do behave in the strangest way to comets. Jupiter once caught a comet which was moving regularly enough, played with it a little, and then threw it towards the Sun, where it narrowly escaped being burnt; it reconciled itself in time to its new orbit, and performed two revolutions happily enough in the eleven following years, and then, as ill luck would have it, Jupiter came to the same place on his rounds again, caught the comet trespassing, and hurled it away, no one knows where. No one has ever seen it again.

The previous history of the meteoric bodies is not yet completely investigated; but the elements of the problem are known, and it seems likely that it will be shown that they were moving slowly in space outside our Solar System, and that the motion of translation of the Sun and the whole system brought Uranus nearly into collision with them. The effect of this close passage of Uranus, together with the attraction of the Sun, was to produce the orbit they now move in. It has been shown by Leverrier that one effect of such an encounter on *a cluster* of meteorites would be to elongate the cluster into a ring.

Our meteors, then, have led us into space outside even the Solar System. And there we must leave them. There, in the vast interstellar spaces that separate the stars from our Sun—itself a star—may be moving comets and meteorites in various physical states. And the grand discovery that our Solar System is moving through space discloses to us the fact, that as we move we must collect such matter, that it will ultimately move in orbits round the Sun. Generally these orbits will be very elongated ellipses; and whether they will be retrograde motions or not, will depend simply on the accident on which side of them the Sun first approaches them. In these vast pastures through which the Sun is progressing, devouring all it passes over, and drawing to it all it passes near, we may look for the solution of the problem, 'What is the fuel which is consumed in the Sun? Whither have the meteors led us?

THE CAVALIERS OF CORNWALL.

BY JOHN J. DANIELL,
VICAR OF LANGLEY FITZURSE, WILTS.

On August 25th, 1642, King Charles set up his standard on the Castle Hill at Nottingham. As a necessary precaution, and provision for the mighty conflict which was now imminent, many of the noblemen and gentry who had already rallied round the Royal banner were sent back into the localities where they had greatest influence, to encourage the loyal and curb the rebellious. By commission under the Great Seal, the Marquis of Hertford came into Somerset as Lieutenant-General of the West, with power to levy what forces of horse and foot he should find necessary; and fixed his head-quarters at Wells. Round him gathered all the gentlemen of Somerset, except Sir John Horner, Edward Hungerford, Alexander Popham, and a few others: there were the Earl of Bath, Lord Poulett, Lord Seymour, Sir Ralph Hopton, Sir John Berkeley, and many other noble names; although amongst the yeomen, tradesmen, and peasantry there was but little cordial affection to the King; for the agents of the Parliament, taking advantage of the fact that

the Marquis's commission was in Latin, reported on every side that at least two parts of the property of all freeholders was to be seized for the King, and the labourers were to pay one day's wages every week. These falsehoods were as readily believed as they were industriously circulated, and their effect amongst the masses was mischievous in the extreme, all eagerly uniting to resist such intolerable tyranny.

The armed force under Lord Hertford's command was most insignificant: it consisted only of a body of foot, two troops of horse, and a small party of dragoons, raised and paid by Sir R. Hopton. To test the feelings of the ruling powers in Bristol, he sent Sir Ferdinando Gorges, with Mr. Smyth, of Ashton, to offer the citizens the protection of a regiment of horse; this aid was civilly declined. Afterwards Popham, with five hundred horse, sought admission; but the citizens, anxious to preserve a neutrality, stood to arms, and guarded the gates, and some blood was shed. On this the women, wives of some of the town council, and a hundred others, led on by the wife of the mayor, met tumultuously round the Council Hall, and clamoured for the opening of the gates; they carried their point, and this important city was held for the Parliament, and governed first by Sir Thos. Essex, and afterwards by Colonel Nath. Fiennes.

The first skirmish between the opposing parties took place near Wells. The Cavaliers were victorious; but in a few days a large force of twelve thousand men, under Popham and Horner, appearing on the hills with a full park of cannon, and Hertford's foot, which consisted chiefly of the trained bands, having deserted him, he withdrew to Somerton. Here intelligence reached him that the Earl of Bedford was marching westward with a still larger force; and as Taunton, Wellington, and Dunster Castle were all held for the Parliament, he moved on to Minehead, then a place of considerable trade with Wales, and employing a large number of vessels of various sizes. In these Hertford intended to transport his small force into Wales, and join the King; but owing to the influence of the Luttrels of Dunster Castle, only two vessels were to be obtained; and as Bedford had advanced within four miles, what few officers, men, and guns, these boats would hold, were speedily transferred to them; and Hertford passed over into Glamorganshire, leaving Hopton and Berkeley with about one hundred and twenty troopers to march into Cornwall, and see what the feelings of that county were towards the King; and Bedford, thinking this small company not worth pursuing, and such as could easily be scattered by the troops in the hands of the committee of militia for Devon and Cornwall, turned eastward and joined Essex.

Sir Ralph Hopton was already a marked man: he had spoken out boldly in the House of Commons; had fearlessly objected to some expressions in the Commons' Declaration, as 'too distant from that reverence which ought to be used to the King;' and when the House seemed greedily to believe the intelligence, which it was pretended they

had received from Rome, of some dark design which the King had upon the religion of the land, Hopton declared that 'it seemed to him they would ground an opinion of the King's apostasy on less evidence than would serve to hang a fellow for stealing a horse:' for these high words he was for a short time confined to the Tower. Another member, Mr. Trelawny, a Cornishman, for saying in private that the House could not, under pain of high treason, appoint a guard without the King's consent, was sent to prison, his estate confiscated, and he kept in prison till he died.

The loyal heart of Cornwall was already beating high for her dishonoured King. The following letter from Sir Beville Grenville, whom all history and tradition represent as one of the noblest spirits that ever breathed, expresses the feelings of the far greater part of the gentlemen and yeomanry of Cornwall at this time. It was written to his friend, Sir John Trelawny, at the breaking out of the war, and apparently in answer to some communication dissuading him from taking any prominent part in the coming struggle on account of the perilous consequences in which he might involve his wife and children.

Most Honourable Sir,

I have in many kinds had trial of your nobleness, but in none more than in this singular expression of your care and love. But, Sir, for my journey, it is fixed. I cannot contain myself within my doors, when the King of England's standard waves in the field upon so just occasion, the cause being such as must make all those that die in it little inferior to martyrs. And for my own part, I desire to acquire an honest name, or an honourable grave. I never loved my life or ease so much as to shun such an occasion; which if I should, I were unworthy of the profession I have held, or to succeed those ancestors of mine, who have so many of them in several ages sacrificed their lives for their country.

Sir, the barbarous and implacable enemy, notwithstanding His Majesty's gracious proceedings with them, do continue their insolences and rebellion in the highest degree, and are united in a body of great strength; so as you may expect, if they be not prevented and mastered near their own homes, they will be troublesome in yours, and in the remotest places ere long.

I am not without the consideration, as you lovingly advise, of my wife and family; and as for her, I must acknowledge, she hath ever drawn so evenly in the yoke with me, as she hath never prest before, or hung behind me, nor ever opposed or resisted my will. And yet truly I have not, in this or any way else, endeavoured to walk in the way of power with her, but of reason; and though her love will submit to either, yet truly my respect will not suffer me to urge her with power unless I can convince with reason. So much for that, whereof I am willing to be accomptable to so good a friend.

I have no suit unto you in my own behalf, but for your prayers and good wishes; and that if I live to come home again you would please to continue me in the number of your servants.

And so I beseech God to send you and your noble family all health and happiness; and while I live, I am, Sir, your unfeigned loving and faithful servant,

BEVILL GRENVILLE.

Actuated by this high sense of determined duty, Sir Beville Grenville, then living in much splendour at his noble house of Stowe, in the parish

of Kilkhampton, cordially welcomed Sir Ralph Hopton and the other Royal officers into Cornwall, and they on his advice proceeded to Truro, because all the western parts were eminently loyal, while the east of the county was much under the influence of Sir Alexander Carew and Sir Richard Buller, two earnest Parliamentarians.

Yet there was, as Clarendon records, in the county of Cornwall, still 'a wonderful and superstitious reverence towards the name of Parliament, and a prejudice to the power of the court, with, however, a full submission and love of the established government of Church and State, especially to that part of the Church as concerned the Liturgy, or Book of Common Prayer, which was a most general object of veneration among the people, and the jealousy and apprehension that the other party intended to alter it was a principal advancement of the King's service.'

Before the commencement of the war a petition for redress of grievances had gone up from Cornwall, part of the prayer of which was that the fortresses of Pendennis and St. Mawes, now much decayed, should be repaired and put into trusty hands. Early also in Charles's reign, Sir John Eliot * had shown himself bitterly hostile to Buckingham and the Government, was imprisoned in the Tower, and died there; Wm. Coryton, of St. Mellion, was seized with Hampden, being one of those members who forced the Speaker to keep the chair; and Lord Robartes of Lanhydrock, and the Boscawens of St. Burian, with Carew and Buller, mentioned above, had early embraced the Republican cause. With these and a few other exceptions, all the great Cornish families were heartily for the King, and they present an array of names famous in their generation through a long succession of years; John Arundel of Trerice, and his four sons; Sir Francis, Thomas, and Arthur Basset, of Tehidy; George, Edward, and Richard Molesworth; all the Grenvilles; Sir Nicholas Slanning; members of the houses of Godolphin, Trelawny, Trevelyan, Vyvyan, Lower, Rashleigh, Kendall, Penpounds, Carminow, Roscorrock, Scawnes, Enys, Grylls, Shelton, Borlase, Pyper, Nicholls, Harris, Wrey, Edgecumbe, St. Aubyn, Scilly, Trevanion, Manaton, Williams, Killigrew, and others.

There was yet a large number of timid men, who, though satisfied of the justice of the King's cause, yet dreading the power and vengeance of the Parliament, stood by as neuters.

The sword was now drawn, and the Cornish Cavaliers unflinchingly entered on their glorious career. Sir Richard Buller drew his forces to Launceston, and at the Michaelmas Sessions at Bodmin made a presentment 'against divers men unknown, who were lately come armed into that county *contra pacem*.' To this indictment Hopton appeared, and produced his commission from Lord Hertford, as the King's General of the West, constituting him General of the Horse; and then addressing the grand jury, announced boldly that he was ready to assist them in

* Born at Port Eliot in St. Germans.

defence of their liberties against all illegal force and imposition. After a full debate, the grand jury not only acquitted the Royalist leaders of any breach of the law, but preferred a counter indictment against Buller and Carew, 'for a rout and unlawful assembly at Launceston, and for riots and misdemeanours committed against many of His Majesty's good subjects,' adding in open court the expression of their thankfulness to Sir R. Hopton for his seasonable aid, and of their resolution to support him at all hazard of fortune and life. Before the court adjourned, an order of sessions was granted to the High Sheriff to raise the *posse comitatus;* three thousand foot, well armed, were thus immediately mustered, with whom Hopton marched to Launceston, where Buller was lying, having fortified the old castle. This castle, the ruins of which still rise over the banks of the little river Attery, unique in the style of their architecture and of great antiquity, was at one time a fortress of immense strength. The keep was encircled by a triple wall, and was called 'Castle Terrible.' Here George Fox, the father of the sect of the Quakers, was some time confined (as he emphatically records) 'in a nasty stinking place, called Doomsdale, under a gaoler very wicked and divilish.' Hopton encamped in the evening within two miles of the town, intending early next morning to make the assault; but during the night the enemy in great disorder evacuated the stronghold, and as day broke the Royalists found the gates of the castle open. Hopton at once prepared to follow the retreating force and strike a decisive blow, when to his great annoyance the trained bands, though still animated by the best spirit of courage and loyalty, flatly refused to pass the Tamar, the boundary of their own county, for the defence of which alone they had been enrolled.

It was hopeless to plead policy or necessity in opposition to law, and so yielding to circumstances, Sir Ralph turned southward and fell upon Saltash, which was garrisoned by two hundred Scots, who escaped over the river to Plymouth; he then disbanded the militia, and withdrawing with his own troop to Truro, proceeded to embody a regiment of volunteers; and strengthened by the wealth, influence, and personal assistance of Sir B. Grenville, Sir N. Slanning, John Arundel, and John Trevanion, (all lately members of Parliament, and who had consequently abundant opportunity of judging to what wild and desperate lengths the insurgent faction was prepared to go, and who exerted themselves zealously in their respective neighbourhoods,) he raised a body of nearly one thousand five hundred foot, fairly armed, and ready to go wherever their officers would lead them. This was the nucleus of that little army, recruited at various times by fresh drafts of their own countrymen, and trained under a discipline of religion, order, and love, which, as their grateful Prince testified, achieved 'such strange victories and wonderful successes in despight of all human probability, and against all imaginable disadvantages.' It is, however, to be remembered that, heading their several companies as officers of different degrees, or often serving in the

ranks as privates, was found many a young and gallant Cavalier of the best blood in the land.

The Lord Mohun had joined the King at York; his possessions were of very great extent in the east of Cornwall; but on his return to his house at Boconnoc he made no demonstration of loyalty, though he had in the King's presence expressed his resolution to advance his interest to the utmost of his power. Afterwards, however, being nominated by Charles in joint command over all the forces of the West with Hopton and Berkeley, he raised a large regiment, threw his great influence earnestly into the scale, and rendered ready and efficient aid to the end of the struggle. His appointment to an equal command with the other officers, who had taken the field from the first, while he remained inactive, might indeed have caused jealousies and mischief amongst men of less noble and patriotic heart; but if such feelings did arise, they were soon suppressed; and now, strengthened by Lord Mohun's infantry, they not only kept Cornwall free from invasion, but made bold incursions into Devon, to the walls of Plymouth, and even to Exeter, until the severity of the winter and the want of powder forced them to retire.

Parliament, seeing matters were become of serious moment in Cornwall, early in 1643 collected all their forces out of Devon, Dorset, and Somerset, under the command of the Earl of Stamford. Ruthven, a Scotchman, with a large body in advance, attempted to force a passage by water over the Tamar at Saltash, but being driven off with loss, moved up the river, mastered the guard at New Bridge, and with the aid of pontoons, crossed over into Cornwall. The Royalists fell back on Bodmin, to which town, foreseeing the storm, they had again summoned the militia, who appeared with great alacrity, and in large numbers. Ruthven hastily marched with his whole force to Liskeard, and Sir R. Hopton, (on whom by mutual consent all authority was for the emergency devolved) under the urgent necessity of crushing Ruthven before he was joined by Stamford, who had now reached Launceston with a much larger force, moved from Bodmin, and met the enemy on Braddock Downs between Liskeard and Lostwithiel.

The battle, with reference chiefly to the action of his own division, is thus graphically described by one of the chief instruments in bringing it to a successful issue.

For the Lady Grace Grenville at Stowe.

(The messenger is paid, yet give him a shilling more.)

My dear Love,

It hath pleased God to give us a happy victory on this present Thursday, being the 19th of January, for which pray joine with me in giving God thanks.

We advanced yesterday from Bodmyn to find the enemy, which we heard was abroad: or if we missed him in the field, we were resolved to unhouse him in Liskerd, or leave our bodies in the high way. We were not above three miles from Bodmyn, when we had a view of two troops of their horse; to whom we sent some of ours, which chased them out of the field, while our foot

marched after the horse; but night coming on, we could march no further than Boconnock Park, where (upon my Lord Mohun's kind motion) we quartered all our army that night, by good fires under the hedges. The next morning (being this day) we marched forth, and about noon came in full view of the enemy's army upon a fair heath between Boconnock and Braddock Church. They were in horse much stronger than we, but in foot we were superior as I think. They were possessed of a pretty rising ground, which was in the way towards Liskerd; and we planted ourselves upon such another against them within musket shot; and we saluted each other with bullets for two hours or more, each side being willing to keep their ground of advantage, and to have the other come over to his prejudice. But after so long delay, they standing still firm, and being obstinate to hold their advantage, Sir Ralph Hopton resolved to march over to them, and leave all to the mercy of God and the valour of our side. I had the van, and so after solemn prayers, at the head of every division, I led my part away, who followed me with so great courage, both down the one hill and up the other, that it struck a terror in them, while the seconds came up gallantly after me, and the wings of horse charged on both sides. But their courage so failed as they stood not the first charge of the foot, but fled in great disorder, and we chaced them divers miles. Many are not slain, because of their quick disordering; but we have taken above six hundred prisoners, and more are still brought in by the soldiers. Much arms they have lost; eight colours we have won, and four pieces of ordnance, from them; and without rest we marched to Liskerd, and took it without delay, all their men flying from it before us; and so I hope we are now again in the way to settle the country in peace. All our Cornish grandees were present at the battle, with the Scotch General Ruthven, the Somerset Colonels, and the horse Captains, Pim and Thompson; and but for their horses' speed had been all in our hands.

Let my sister, my cousins at Clovelly, with your other friends, understand of God's mercy to us, and we lost not a man.

So I rest, yours ever,

BEVILL GRENVILLE.

Liskerd, January 19th, 1643.

Lord Clarendon notes in his short account of this battle that when 'the rebels observed they were at prayers, they told their fellows they were at Mass, to stir up their courages in the cause of religion;' and that when resistance was over the Cornish soldiers were very sparing of shedding blood, 'having a very noble and Christian sense of the lives of their brethren; insomuch as the common men, when they have been pressed by some fiercer officer to follow the execution, have answered they could not find in their hearts to hurt men who had nothing in their hands.'

In this action, without the loss of any officer of name, and of very few privates, the Royalists took twelve hundred and fifty prisoners, many colours, two brass twelve-pounders and other guns, with a large quantity of ammunition.

Ruthven fled to Saltash, out of which the garrison had been drawn, and in three days threw up substantial barricades of earth and stone, well served with guns, behind which, with the help of a frigate of war moored in the river, he hoped to hold his ground till help should come.

After solemn thanksgiving to Almighty God for this great victory,

and a short rest in Liskeard, the King's forces separated into two divisions; one under Sir J. Berkeley, with Sir B. Grenville's and Colonel Trevanion's regiments, went northward in pursuit of Stamford, who, on intelligence of Ruthven's discomfiture, had retreated to Tavistock; the other, under Lord Mohun, Hopton, and Godolphin, marched straight on Saltash; carried the defences after a sharp resistance; drove the garrison headlong down the steep rock on which the town stands into the river, where a great number perished by the sword, and more in the deep water. The General himself narrowly escaped in a boat. The ship, with some heavy guns, remained in the conqueror's hands.

The Cornish militia still persisted in their refusal to pass the limits of their own county, and were again disbanded. But the volunteer regiments moved down on Plymouth, and kept close watch on the large body of the enemy's troops now cooped up in this corner of Devon; here also Stamford had found refuge with part of his force, the cavalry taking flight to Exeter. Meanwhile Sir John Berkeley with his light-armed troopers scoured the county from north to south, and by the suddenness and rapidity of his movements kept the garrisons in perpetual alarm. At the end of January, as they were driving the foe out of the little village of Chagford, Sidney Godolphin was shot in the thigh, and died at the instant: he was 'a young gentleman of incomparable parts, who, upon his observation of the wickedness of those men in the House of Commons, out of the pure indignation of his soul against them, and conscience to his country, had with the first engaged himself with the King's party in the west; and though he thought not fit to take a command, yet as his advice was of great authority with all the commanders, so he exposed his person to all action, travel, and hazard.'

The following letter shows the position of the forces in the blockade of Plymouth:—

To my best Friend, the Lady Grace Grenville,
These.

Plim. Feb. 20th, 1642.

My deare Love,

Yr great care and good affection, as they are very remarkable, so they deserve my best thankes, and I could wish that the subject w^th^ you bestowe them upon could better requite you.

Our army lyes still in several quarters, Sr Rp. Hopton w^th^ my Ld. Mohun is upon the north side of Plimouth with two Regimts, Collo Ashbourn, Sr Jo. Berk. and I, are on the east side with two Regmts, and Sr Ni. Slan. w^th^ Jack Trevan. and their two Regimts were sent the last weeke to Modbury to possesse that quarter before the enimy come, being the richest part of this countrey, whence most of our provision and victuals does come; if it were taken from us we might be starvd in our quarters. Now the enimy with all the power yt they can gather and other aydes are advanced within two miles; they are many thousand as the report goes, and we are like to have speedy worke. God speed us well. Plimouth is still supplied w^th^ men and all sorts of provisions by sea, wh^ch^ we canot hinder, and therefore for my part I see no hope of taking it.

We have advertizm^t^ that some ayde is coming from his Ma^tie^ to us, but it

is so slowe as we shall need it before we see it; but God's will be done, I am satisfied I canot expire in a better cause. I have given some directions to Jack for his study, pray cause him to putt them in execution, and to make some exercise in verse or prose every day: intreat my cos. to take a little paines with him.

I beseech you to take care of yr health, I have nothing so much in my prayers. Present my humble duety and thanks to yr mother, and I beseech God to blesse yr young people.

I rest yr owne ever,

BEVILL GRENVILLE.

My new cap is a little to straight.

Being, however, but ill supplied with heavy guns, they could make no impression on the town or citadel of Plymouth; the weather, too, continued extremely cold, and the troops suffered greatly from want of shelter and clothing. Therefore it was resolved to break up the camp, and quarter in the town of Tavistock, which was near enough to Plymouth to keep that garrison in awe.

Yet so completely was the whole west, with the exception of Cornwall, in the hands of the Parliament, that from the day Hopton first came into Cornwall to the present time, they had had no communication with the King, not one messenger in ten out of the many sent safely reaching his destination. Again all the necessary supplies for maintaining an army in the field were falling short, and especially were they in sore want of gunpowder; from the first they had none, but what they drew from the scanty store at Pendennis Castle; and of late the enemy only had furnished a supply. In this crisis, Captain Carteret, formerly the controller of the navy, (who had withdrawn into Jersey,) impatient of longer inactivity, came over into Cornwall with the intention of raising a troop for his old master. To him the Royal chiefs represented their desperate need of ammunition; and he, observing that the ports were still in the King's hands, returned to France, and first at his own cost and credit, and afterwards in return for money, jewels, plate, &c., sent him from Cornwall, furnished them to the close of the war with constant supplies of all kinds of ammunition.

About this time, (in the spring of 1643,) a proposal was made by some of the gentry of the two counties, whose affections were divided between the King and the Parliament, that all parties should enter into a compact, as far as their own influence went, to discontinue the unnatural strife; and though the Cavaliers had little hope that any permanent peace would follow, yet the overtures were so specious, and peace a blessing so devoutly to be desired, that they assented to the terms: a truce was ratified by the most solemn oaths upon the blessed Sacrament, and the Royal forces again moved back within the limits of the loyal county.

The fears of the Royal chieftains were too well founded; for as soon as the notification of these pacific proceedings reached the Parliament, they pronounced them null and void, and an order passed the House in March 11th, 1643, 'that Mr. Nicholls and Mr. Prideaux (two

Cornish M. P.s) do forthwith go down into Devonshire and break the pacification.'

But long before the expiration of the truce, the Parliamentary agents had been busily at work, and had secretly made large levies of new troops; and on the very night before the day on which the treaty was to come to an end, General Chudleigh marched with a strong division on Launceston, and in the early dawn possessed himself of the town. The Cornish troops had been scattered over the whole county, that the expense of their maintenance might be more equally distributed, and many were now quartered in the far west: Hopton and Grenville, however, were soon on the scene; by noon a few companies were collected; with these they held the foe in check, and prevented further advance, until the evening, when some large bodies of the militia plunged into the fight, and inflicted so heavy a blow on Chudleigh's raw levies, that in the darkness he fell back into Devon. For many days followed a succession of skirmishes, with about equal loss, the Royalists sometimes advancing and again retreating, until the rapid approach of a disciplined army, under the Earl of Stamford, consisting of fourteen hundred cavalry and five thousand four hundred infantry, with a train of brass ordnance and a mortar, bid them muster all their power to confront this formidable array.

The Royal forces did not equal one half of the number of the invaders, and were ill supplied with the barest store of military equipments; for though the southern and western hundreds had voluntarily assessed themselves to a weekly tax, and those families who were yet possessed of family plate and valuables made a free sacrifice for their country's need; yet the supplies of powder from France had not arrived, and the whole army was so destitute of provision, that officers and privates had had for two days but a biscuit a man, and suffered as much from want of sleep as of food. Nevertheless, it was determined from the first, under every circumstance of difficulty and hazard, to close with the enemy wherever he might be met; especially now, as the picquets brought in the intelligence that Chudleigh had been despatched with almost all the horse to Bodmin, in the hope of taking the High Sheriff prisoner, and of cutting off the troopers coming up from the west.

Accordingly, at five o'clock a. m. on Tuesday, May 6th, 1643, having stood under arms all night in anticipation of attack, in stern heroic gallantry, the little army of Cornish Cavaliers advanced upon Stamford's camp. He was posted on Stratton Hill, a considerable table-land in the parish of Poughill, so little expecting an attack, that he considered the whole of the King's forces in Cornwall already in his hands, and was only meditating how best to prevent their escape into Pendennis Castle.

Colonel Digby, with five hundred horse, took up his position on a sandy common to act as occasion might need: Berkeley and Grenville, Basset and Godolphin, on the right and left, each with about six hundred

men, prepared to force their way up the hill. Lord Mohun and Sir R. Hopton led the assault on the south. The odds were desperate in the extreme. For nine hours the mortal strife went on. Each soldier on the King's side was well aware that victory depended on his individual efforts. Toward three o'clock p. m. warning was sent round to the officers of the several divisions that less than four barrels of powder remained unspent. A signal is made to cease firing, and to continue the fight with pike and sword only, out-facing flying lead with naked steel. The gallant corps are pressing up the hill on every side. Major Chudleigh, son of the General, a brave and skilful officer, indignant at his troops, before his eyes, yielding to inferior numbers under such prodigious disadvantages, leads down a strong body of pikemen on Sir Beville's company; it gives way before the shock, and Sir Beville is borne to the ground. Berkeley rushes to his relief; Sir Beville is raised; they rally their men; the pikemen are broken; Chudleigh is taken prisoner. Upwards, and onwards still, all round the ridge, the narrow columns of the Cavaliers are moving, until, at four o'clock, they all meet together from different directions on the top of the hill.

They then turned the enemies' cannon on their own camp, and were preparing to open fire, when the whole army fell into utter confusion, and fled on all sides. The Earl of Stamford, who with his small squadron of horse, had stood idle at a safe distance during the whole period of this prolonged conflict, as soon as he saw the day was lost (some said sooner) turned his horse's head, and galloped with all haste to Exeter.

The chaplains were called, and there was seen an unwonted sight. For a brief space the din of carnage ceased; the clash of steel against steel was still; the clang of the trumpet stayed; the colours flapped gently against their staves in the balmy breeze of that beautiful May evening; and from all the conquering host, bare-headed to the heaven, and kneeling on the hard-won field, from the lips of three thousand men, arose to the God of battles a Te Deum of gratitude and praise.

A party of horse pursued the fugitive columns a mile or two, and expresses rode from north to south, and raised the peasantry, that they might seize the bridges and passes of the Tamar, and prevent the escape of General Chudleigh and the cavalry. This movement, however, was only partially successful, for that officer, (having overpowered the small force which held Bodmin, though he failed to capture the sheriff,) hearing of the disaster at Stratton, forced a passage unexpectedly at one of the bridges, and escaped into Plymouth with a shattered fragment of his horse.

The following is a letter from the Sheriff of Cornwall to his wife:—

Truro, this 8th of May, 1643,
6 o'clock, ready to march.

Dearest Soule,

Oh, deare soule, prayse God everlastingly. Reade this enclosed, ring* out the bells, rayse bonfyres, publish these joyfull tydings. Believe these

truths, excuse my writing larger, I have no tyme: wee march on to meet o^r victorious friends, and seaze all the rebells left, if wee can finde such livinge. Your dutyous prayers God hass heard. Bless us accordingly, pray everlastingly, and Jane and Betty, and all your owne.

Thy owne,

FRA^s. BASSETT.

Pray let my cousin Harry know these joyfull blessings. Send word to the ports north and south to searche narrowly for all strangers travelling for passage, and cause the keepinge of them close and safe.

(Superscribed)

To my dearest, dearest friend, Mrs. Bassett, att the Mount.

Speed this, haste, haste.

This victory was one of the most brilliant triumphs with which the Royal arms were crowned, and it was won with very small loss. Not a hundred men fell, though many were badly wounded. On the enemy's side above three hundred were slain, and seventeen hundred taken prisoners, of whom thirty were officers, with the loss of all their guns and tents, and a vast stock of provisions, which were especially welcome to the hungry victors.

A pillar was afterwards erected on the site of the battle, with this inscription:—

IN THIS PLACE THE REBELL ARMY,
UNDER THE COMMAND OF THE EARL OF STAMFORD, RECEIVED
A SIGNAL OVERTHROW, BY THE VALOUR OF
SIR BEVILLE GRENVILLE, AND THE CORNISH FORCES,
ON TUESDAY, 6TH MAY, 1643.

The monument has been since removed, because it was said the concourse of visitors to the spot destroyed the growing crops. The tablet bearing the inscription is affixed to the wall of the Ash Tree Inn, an old manor house, in Stratton. Sir Ralph Hopton, in acknowledgement of his eminent exertions, was within a year or two of the battle created Baron Hopton of Stratton, but he dying at Bourges, in 1652, without issue, Charles II. conferred the title on Sir John Berkeley.

Apparently with the hope of covering his own cowardice and misconduct, Stamford publicly charged Major Chudleigh with treachery, and stated to the Parliament that in the heat of the action he had gone over to the enemy, and had even charged his own troop. Whereas the very contrary seems to have been the truth: the King's soldiery, to their cost, had had good opportunity of experiencing the effects of his courage and skill; but stung by Stamford's calumnies, and the ready ear the Parliament gave to them, and softened by the treatment he met with while prisoner in the King's quarters, he eventually sought and received the Royal pardon, threw himself heart and soul into the ranks of the Cavaliers, and fell at the siege of Dartmouth.

Willing to relieve Cornwall as soon as possible from the support of a standing army, which it had borne so long and patiently, the Royalists

marched at once into Devon, and while hesitating whether to attack Plymouth or Exeter, or both, received intelligence that Prince Maurice and the Marquis of Hertford were in Somersetshire with intent to effect a junction with the Cornish forces, and that Waller also with a considerable army was moving west: and of this energetic adversary it is significantly recorded, 'that he used not to stay longer by the way than was unavoidably necessary.'

In the middle of June, 1643, the two armies met at Chard. The Prince brought about a thousand foot: Lord Carnarvon was at the head of sixteen or seventeen hundred horse. The Cornish army, largely increased by recruits from Devon, and joined by many of the prisoners taken at Stratton, mustered, infantry and cavalry, nearly four thousand.

But the Cornish chiefs, who hitherto had acted as independent officers over their own regiments—those regiments raised to a large extent from their own and their neighbours' tenantry, chiefly paid by them, and every soldier in them known personally and valued as a friend—now found themselves, in the presence of the Prince, reduced to posts of subordinate authority, and their soldiers treated with coldness and neglect, as raw levies unskilled in the science of war. They had from the beginning subjected their troops to a rigid discipline of order, and had strictly restrained them from all acts of rapine in the districts in which they were quartered: all provisions were regularly paid for; drunkenness and immorality were discouraged and punished; and prayers were said constantly at the head of every company. With the Prince's soldiers, both as regards officers and men, the very reverse was the case. Lax discipline, loose and godless living, drunken revelries night and day, unnecessary severity, plunder, and excess, made the King's name dreaded and hated, did more to alienate the people's affections than all the efforts of the enemy, and in the end proved the ruin of his righteous cause. The Marquis and the Cornish commanders, grieved at the licentious outrages they saw around them, unchecked and unreproved, made remonstrance to the Prince, but in vain. And at one time there was a fear that (owing to the slight put both on officers and men, and to their unwillingness to be mixed up in practices which they abhorred) the Cornish soldiers, who took up their officers' cause more zealously than their own, would refuse to march with the Prince's troops; but that same high and noble spirit, which had influenced these brave men from the beginning, rose superior to every other feeling; and Prince Maurice also, having seen his mistake, and taking an early opportunity by pointed attention to heal the wound, the combined forces moved onwards in their career of victory.

Taunton ever had been an eminently disloyal town. Here the Parliament had early fixed a garrison: this place the Cavaliers determined first to assault. But before they had well placed their guns, the alarmed townsmen sent commissioners to treat; and at the same time the Cavaliers confined in the castle, many in number and men of the best families in

Somerset, at a preconcerted signal, made an attempt to overpower their gaolers; which movement so confounded the garrison that they fled at night to Bridgewater, and the next day abandoned that strong position also. Dunster Castle, from its situation and the strength of its fortifications, might well have defied the most determined attack; and its owner, Luttrel, a resolute republican, wanted not the will to hold it out to the last; but Francis Wyndham, his neighbour, worked so adroitly and effectually on his fears, that this important fortress was also won without bloodshed.

Sir W. Waller was now in Bath, whither too had escaped all the enemy's cavalry that had been driven out of Devon. He soon gave the Marquis notice of his presence by falling one early morning on his advanced guard at Somerton. Some skirmishes followed, Waller fighting, as he well knew how, on every advantage, and retreating in good order through Wells on his way to Bath. It was drawing on towards evening, and the march had been long; so the Marquis resolved to halt in Wells with the foot, while the Prince, with Carnarvon, Hopton, and Berkeley, followed the retiring foe to Chewton. Here in a lane, they made a stand; but the Earl, who always charged home, leading on his troop with his usual impetuosity, broke their whole body, and pursued them two miles into the very quarters of the General. It was like to have been a dear-bought success. A strong body of fresh cavalry had just arrived from Bath, who instantly charged the Earl, and chased him out of the village. The Prince's troopers, seeing the Earl's danger, met Waller's horse in full career, and held them a moment in check, until Carnarvon had rallied his broken regiment, and though much weaker in number, rushed to support the Prince. However, before this purpose could be accomplished, the wings of the enemy's horse closed round the Prince's rear, completely hemming him in. Meanwhile, the enemy's centre had given way, and the Prince, unaware that he was entirely insulated, was still pressing on. Carnarvon saw his perilous position, and with the few troops who had recovered their ranks, threw himself fiercely on the enclosing columns. Friend and foe were now mingled in deadly conflict, fighting furiously breast to breast. Prince Maurice received two sword-cuts on his head, and fell from his horse. But this last struggle, though sharp, was short. In a few moments the foe gave way, and fled in irremediable rout. Again the Earl dashed after them, and followed them far over the Mendip Hills, till darkness closed on the bloody scene, and the weary warriors rode back slowly into Wells.

But they were now standing face to face to an enemy, who they all well knew would fight them. Waller was already in command of a strong army, compact and well-appointed, which was further strengthened by the arrival from London of a squadron of five hundred horse, under Sir Arthur Haslerig, completely armed with bright steel cuirasses, and thence called by the Cavaliers, Lobsters; these were the first soldiers on either side who appeared in armour, and being secure from blows of the

sword, which was almost the only weapon with which the King's troops were armed, first arrested the hitherto irresistible shock of their cavalry, and afterwards in the hands of Cromwell, became a formidable agency in achieving his most signal triumphs. All these troops were comfortably lodged in Bath, abundantly supplied with every necessary, while the Royalists were compelled to encamp in the open fields, and, owing to the disaffected condition of the peasantry, and the presence of the enemy, found the greatest difficulty in procuring food for man or horse.

Therefore, after vain attempts to bring Waller to fight on fair ground, the Royal army moved round by Trowbridge and Bradford to Marshfield, intending eventually to effect a junction with the King at Oxford, but hoping by this movement to draw Waller from his covert in Bath. It was the enemy's object by all possible means to prevent the union of the armies; and though he was too wary to give them the least advantage, (as having been taught by recent experience what he had learned before by report, that these western men hit very hard, and were in no respect to be trifled with) he drew out his forces on Lansdown, a large table-land on the north of Bath, in the expectation, which was realized, that the King's troops in their eagerness to fight would accept his challenge, though on unequal terms.

The battle of Lansdown began with break of day, on July 5th, 1643. In the grey light a body of horse issued stealthily out of Waller's camp, and attacked the outposts, but were quickly driven back. The King's horse pursued them a short distance, till sunrise revealed the immense strength of the enemy's position. They hesitated to follow the fight, and were retiring to their old quarters, when Waller, who saw the retrograde movement from the height, immediately launched on them the whole body of his heavy horse.

These burst in a solid mass on the Royalist lines, rode them down by their weight of mail, and thoroughly shattered those splendid squadrons, formed largely of the younger sons of the nobility, who indeed up to this hour had never turned their backs on an enemy. So great was the panic, that some of the troopers rode off to Oxford, and reported to Charles the discomfiture of his indomitable cavalry. At this critical moment, Slanning brought up the Cornish fusileers, who poured in a continuous volley of shot, while Carnarvon rallied his broken horse. Then by a vigorous charge of horse and foot, they in their turn overmastered their opponents, and drove them back under the shelter of their guns. The ridge of the hill was bristling with their artillery; their sharp-shooters lined the woods; their reserves appeared in strong force along the brow; but the Cornish infantry, undeterred by the rout of the horse, and the serious difficulties before them, gallantly determined to attempt to storm the works, crying out 'that they might have leave to fetch off those cannon.'

There was a short pause for consultation; and the signal was given to the whole army, 'Advance.' The musqueteers divided, and proceeded

to clear the woods. The horse galloped up the road, met midway the heavy troopers thundering down under the cover of their guns, broke, and fled. Sir B. Grenville, on the left, at the head of a body of fusileers, pikemen, and dragoons, advanced over the open ground in face of a murderous fire from the entrenchments, and almost gained the ridge. Twice Waller bore down upon him: twice he was repelled. A third furious charge was made. Grenville's pikemen recoiled, and the gallant chief himself, having already received several wounds, now was struck in the head by a pole-axe, which brought him to the ground, many of the officers of his brigade falling with him. The enemy's cavalry, however, raked in the flanks by volleys of musketry, could not follow up their advantage, and fell back in disorder on the plain. At the same time, and on the other slope, the musqueteers having swept the copse, a few unbroken companies gained the hill, seized the earthworks from behind, and opened a path for the rest of the army to ascend, the enemy slowly retiring.

Neither party was in mood or condition to carry the battle on. Two thousand troopers on the King's side had ridden into the field at dawn: six hundred only gathered round the Royal standard at evening. The Cornish infantry also were grievously shaken. And of the whole rebel army, it may be well imagined that they had no heart to attack on level open ground an enemy who had fairly beaten them fighting up hill between hedges. A few stray shots were exchanged till midnight, when the foe made a feint of attack, which was answered by a corresponding movement on the Royal side, and then all was still. A reconnoitring party soon ascertained that Waller had withdrawn into Bath, leaving lights along his lines. The morning showed the Cavaliers in sole possession of the hard-fought field, of the dead, arms, colours, and waggons; but the victory was bought at a costly price. 'In this battle (does the noble historian sadly record) on the King's part there were more officers and gentlemen of quality slain than common men; and more hurt than slain. That which would have clouded any victory, and made the loss of others less spoken of, was the death of Sir Beville Grenville. He was indeed an excellent person, whose activity, interest, and reputation, was the foundation of what had been done in Cornwall; and his temper and affection so public, that no accident which happened could make any impressions on him; and his example kept others from taking anything ill, or at least seeming to do so. In a word, a brighter courage and a gentler disposition were never married together to make the most cheerful and innocent conversation.' The hero did not die on the battle-field: he was carried, yet breathing, to the parsonage in the neighbouring parish of Cold Ashton. His body was embalmed, and some months after found a final resting-place in the family vault in the Church of Kilkhampton, Cornwall. On the spot where he fell stands a monument, bearing the extract from Clarendon, given above, certain complimentary verses, coats of arms, and the following inscription:—

TO THE IMMORTAL MEMORY OF
HIS RENOWNED * AND HIS VALIANT CORNISH FRIENDS,
WHO CONQUERED, DYING IN THE ROYAL CAUSE,
JULY 5TH, 1643.
THIS COLUMN WAS DEDICATED
BY THE HON. G. GRANVILLE,
LORD LANSDOWN,
1720.
Dulce est pro patriâ mori.

The exact spot where Sir Beville's wounded body was lying amidst a heap of slain was certified by a maid who passed the field after the fight was over. Warner, the historian of Bath, who died so lately as 1856, says, 'I had this anecdote from a very respectable gentleman of Bath, who had frequent conversations with the above person, who died at one hundred and seven; she recollected the battle extremely well, being at that time, to use her own expression, 'a hard girl.'

Of officers of superior rank, besides Sir Beville Grenville, died Lord Arundel of Wardour, shot in the thigh with a brace of bullets, and Sir George Vaughan, Sheriff of Wilts.

A lamentable accident added to the losses of that fatal field. For the next morning, as Sir R. Hopton, who had been shot through the arm, rode over the field to visit the wounded, an ammunition waggon blew up with eight barrels of powder: many were killed on the spot, more miserably maimed, amongst the latter Hopton himself. Half dead, he was put into a litter; and the army, weak in number, and sad at heart, returned to Marshfield.

Waller's loss had not been serious, and his army was close at hand, and increasing in number daily. It was imperative that the western army as soon as possible should join the King. Accordingly, after resting a day or two, chiefly on Hopton's account, of whose recovery there now was hope, they broke up from Marshfield, and avoiding the open country about Malmesbury, which was garrisoned by the enemy, marched hastily to Chippenham. Waller, ready to pounce on them, in whatever direction they might turn, was soon on their rear. The Royal generals, selecting a good position for the Cornish infantry, on which they most relied, boldly offered him battle; but Waller, 'who was a right good chooser of advantages,' and whose strength consisted chiefly in cavalry, dreading again so soon to meet those terrible Cornish battalions, refused the challenge, and the armies halted in sight of each other all night.

Next morning, which was Sunday, the Royalists advanced towards Devizes, harassed perpetually by fierce attacks. Slanning, with the musqueteers, admirably guarded the flanks and rear, till about noon a trumpeter came from Waller, offering a pitched field. Prince Maurice, readily assuming that this proposal was only a stratagem to create delay,

* Here is a singular and unfortunate omission of the word 'Grandfather.'

while Waller brought up the remainder of his forces, carried the trumpeter three or four miles on the march, and then dismissed him with a refusal of the terms. This produced another furious assault on the retreating columns, which again it was the lot of Slanning to repel; and late in the evening the Prince brought his whole force safely into Devizes, a faithful town, in which the tide of loyal love ran so strong, that whenever the King's troops entered it, they always received a cordial welcome.

Early next morning Waller led his army, five thousand strong, over Roundway Down, and thus stood between the army and the King; this position also enabled him to intercept a large convoy of ammunition, under the Earl of Crawford, whose dragoons were instantly overpowered, the Earl just escaping with life. The Royalists, expecting this reinforcement, had advanced to meet it, but seeing the catastrophe, speedily withdrew; and Waller at once placed his artillery, and heavily cannonaded the town. The place was open, and difficult to defend; and, enclosed as they were by so powerful a host, it was evident the King's army could neither hold the town, nor escape out of it. Therefore on Monday night, as soon as it was dark, the Prince with Hertford and all the horse burst through the beleaguering lines, with only a trifling loss, and rode without pause to Oxford, more than forty miles, to request immediate aid from the King, leaving the Earl of Marlborough, the General of the artillery, Lord Mohun, and the other Cornish officers, with Sir R. Hopton, (who could now hear and speak, though he could not see or move) to hold out as best they could.

The forces under Hopton, who was nominally commander-in-chief, numbered about two thousand four hundred; 'and the compass of the ground they were to keep,' says Clarendon, 'was so large, and the enemy pressed so hard upon all places, that their whole body was upon perpetual duty together, neither officers nor soldiers having any time for rest.' Their ammunition of all sorts was almost expended, powder, balls, and fusees; all these, however, the good town of Devizes supplied. A large private store of gunpowder was gladly rendered for his sovereign's service by Alderman Pierce, a devoted Cavalier; lead was furnished by the church roofs; and as regards quickmatch for the use of the gunners, the historian remarks, 'diligent officers were directed to search every house in the town, and take all the bed-cords they could find, and to cause them to be speedily beaten and boiled, by which sudden expedient there was by the next morning provided fifteen hundredweight of such serviceable match as very well endured that sharp service.'

The bombardment continued all Tuesday; and Waller was so confident of success, that he sent a message to Hopton mercifully recommending him not to prolong a hopeless strife, and to the Parliament to announce that the next post should bring them the names of the prisoners and an inventory of the spoils.

Wednesday being very rainy, there was a pause for a while both in attack and defence. In the afternoon, after four hours' furious fighting,

the enemy effected a lodgement in the town. Waller now sent a summons for unconditional surrender: Hopton demanded two hours for consultation: this truce Waller weakly granted, and afterwards (probably to rest his exhausted troops, who were ready to sink to the earth for want of sleep) extended it to six hours. Thursday came, and with it Hopton's defiant reply that he would not yield an inch. Thereupon preparation was made for a last tremendous assault, when about three o'clock p. m., to Waller's amazement and dismay, a large body of horse appeared on the downs, bearing down at full speed upon his flank. It was the relieving party from Oxford. The besieged Cornishmen were utterly at loss to conceive why the enemy so suddenly ceased their fire, and drew off from the town without sound of trumpet or drum, and supposed, in ignorance of the arrival of their friends, that it was a feint to throw them off their guard. Fully assured, however, in a very short time, of the welcome truth, they rushed over the barricades, and reached the scene of action just in time to see every squadron of the enemy's cavalry, and even Haslerig's stubborn cuirassiers, flying in tumultuous rout before Carnarvon and the triumphant guards, over the rocky brow of Roundway Down. Waller, dreading an attack in flank and rear at once, had reserved his foot to hold in check the Cornish forces, and opposed his horsemen to the headlong dash of the Oxford troopers. Their discomfiture was sudden and complete. Some abortive attempts were made to rally the broken columns, but now the Cornish foot were in the fight; and joined by Lord Wilmot's reserve, swept with their musquetry the files of the London pikemen, who for a time resolutely stood their ground, till their own artillery being turned upon them, and making huge gaps in their serried ranks, this corps also gave way, and followed their fugitive chief. These footmen suffered severely in their flight, many being trodden to death under the horses, and many perishing by falls over the rocks.

As the hopes of the Cavaliers rose exultant after this important victory, so the spirits of the insurrectionary faction were equally depressed. One of the Puritan preachers laments that 'the west received her death's wound at the Devizes.' Sir W. Waller himself, in his memoirs, bemoans —'my dismal defeat at Roundway Down—the most heavy stroke of any that did ever befall me. I had nearly sunk under the affliction, but that I had a dear and sweet comforter: and I did at that time prove, according to Ecclesiasticus xxvi. 16, that a virtuous woman rejoiceth her husband: as the sun when it ariseth in the high heaven, so is the beauty of a good wife.'

In reference to the plan adopted by the Cornish troops to supply their guns with fusees, it long remained a standing boast that 'Hopton held out Devizes with bed-cords,' and a piece of hempen rope twisted round the hat was a favourite decoration of the western Cavaliers.

Leaving Sir R. Hopton at Devizes, the conquerors turned westward, and without any serious opposition took Bath, the garrison escaping to

Bristol, to which city Waller also had fled after the Battle of Roundway Down, being, it is said, the first to announce his defeat. Here in pleasant quarters they rested several days, and from the enemy's abundant stores replenished their exhausted commissariat, and supplied themselves efficiently with new clothing and weapons of war. On the return of Prince Maurice and Lord Hertford from Oxford, orders were issued to the Cornish army to prepare for the siege of Bristol.

This was a very important undertaking, bold and hazardous. For according to the military science and appliances of that age, Bristol was one of the strongest towns in the kingdom. 'The castle,' writes Major Wood, one of Fiennes' officers, a brave and intelligent man, 'stood on a lofty steepe mount, that was not mineable; for below was a fine strong rocke, that I purposely searched with an awgor, and found so in all partes; the foot fortified with a gallant rampart, as I ghesse, 12 foote thick, and a broad deepe ditch or graffe, in part wet and dry. It had a very good well in it. Within the walls an exceeding high fort, that commanded both towne and castle. As for souldiers and armes, powder and match, there were more than needful: the chief storekeeper said there were 70 barrels of powder remaining at the surrender, and we made match as fast as we spent it; and all the forts about the towne were victuelled for divers moneths.'

Outside the walls, forts and lines of circumvallation enclosed the whole city. On Brandon Hill was a fort with six guns; from this on one side passed a double fosse and embankment to the Water Fort overhanging the river; on the other side another ditch and earthworks to the Royal Fort, on the site of Berkeley Square. On the Somersetshire side were several strong redoubts; one with fourteen guns, another on Retcliffe Hill, with sixteen guns, and some cannon were mounted on the church: for the rest of the circuit the old town ditch and the river Avon were considered a sufficient barrier. The Governor under the Parliament was Colonel Nath. Fiennes, son of Lord Say and Sele.

As regards the feelings of the citizens, for or against the King, John Corbet, 'a preacher of God's Word,' records, 'Bristol is much distracted between the well-affected and malignants; the King's cause is favoured by the two extremes, the one the wealthy and powerful men, the other the basest and lowest sort; but disgusted by the middle rank, the true and best citizens.' Fiennes was compelled to own that 'the citizens for the most part were very malignant;' and 'for their godly edifying,' he turned out the orthodox clergy, and 'filled the pulpits with frantic Calvinists, Craddock, Bacon, and Matthew Hassard—a principal incendiary, stirred up thereto by the violence of his wife Dorothy.'

Waller had drawn largely from the garrison of Bristol; and when, before day-break on July 5th, the roar of the artillery at the distance of nine or ten miles announced that the armies had met on Lansdown, the citizens from the heights around caught the flashes of the guns: 'they shot plentifully at each other, which we in Bristol heard, and saw them

give fire.' After the Battle of Lansdown, Waller drew a fresh supply from Bristol; and when, only a week after, he appeared at the gates with his few jaded troopers, the tale of his overwhelming loss ran like an electric shock through the city, and filled Fiennes and his party with utter consternation. They naturally concluded that these fierce warriors of the west would soon be thundering at their own walls. Reinforced by the garrison of Bath, Fiennes had under his command two thousand three hundred men, with some cavalry. Anticipating a speedy attack, he caused a proclamation to be made that every family should lay in provisions for three months. Many of the gentry of the neighbourhood and the wealthier citizens removed their families, plate, and valuables to the castle, which had been fortified chiefly at their cost: amongst the plate of other families, was that of the Haringtons, of Kelston, near Bath, with the large font of gold, in which Sir John Harington had been christened, a present from Queen Elizabeth, his godmother. Near the castle walls stood the Churches of St. Peter and St. Philip; these, as likely to afford a safe lodgement for an enemy, Fiennes gave orders to destroy: the unexpected approach of the King's army prevented the desecration. On the evening of the 17th, Waller left the city with five hundred horse, accompanied by a great number of country gentlemen.

On July 22nd, some small reconnoitring parties appeared on the south and east of the town: the next day, by nightfall, the whole of the blockading force took up their position, the Cornish army, under Lord Hertford, on the Somersetshire side, Prince Rupert with the Oxford troops on that of Gloucestershire, and completely environed the city. By the help of a loyal body of sailors, all the ships in King Road, at the mouth of the Avon, (which some of the rich merchants had chosen as affording safer refuge than the castle) were seized for the King. By Monday afternoon the besiegers brought an advanced battery to play on the curtain between the Royal Fort and Prior's Hill, under cover of which at night they endeavoured to break the line, 'with scaling ladders, fire-pickes, granadoes, and the like, but were beaten off with great losse:' on Tuesday also another attack failed.

The Royalist generals were divided in their opinions, whether it were more advisable to attempt to storm the city, or to reduce it by blockade: the latter mode was supported by the Cornish officers as safe and sure; Rupert, hot and impetuous, impatient of delay, vehemently counselled an immediate assault, pointing to the unfinished works. Accordingly, it was resolved to storm; and 'next morning,' says Clarendon, 'with little other provision for such a work than the courage of the assailants, both armies fell on.'

Before day-break, in three divisions, the Cornish troops moved to the attack; Slanning, Trevanion, Slingsby, with the first; Buck, Astley, and Wagstaffe, with the second; Sir Thomas Bassett with the third. It was intended to force the line in three places simultaneously, but they had woefully underrated the strength of the enemy, both in regard to

their defences and their guns. Swept by a storm of shot and shell from the heavy batteries on Retcliffe Hill, and the bastions all along the line, in front and flank exposed to a murderous discharge of musketry, officers and men fell fast. Of the three divisions, only the second reached the fosse. Here the sappers filled the trench with faggots, began to level the escarpment, and made a breach, so that some of the soldiers had mounted the parapet; but the enemy at this point were massed in such force, plied their musquets and other weapons with such deadly precision from the wall, that the ditch was piled with slain, and every officer killed or wounded. It was hopeless to continue the unequal conflict; 'the hottest service,' says one engaged, 'that ever was in this kingdom since the war begun;' they fell back a miserable wreck, and halted out of reach of the enemy's guns. The other two divisions had suffered also very severely. In the end the whole Cornish army retreated, and were re-forming their thinned battalions, when an officer galloped up to the General with a message from Prince Rupert that he had broken through his portion of the line, was now advancing towards the Frome Gate, and required the instant succour of at least a thousand men. A thousand Cornish musqueteers were immediately despatched, and all the interest of the struggle during the remainder of the day is now transferred to the Gloucestershire side.

On this side also the attack had been made in three divisions. Lord Grandison had been repulsed, badly wounded: Colonel Bellasis had no better success: the central division under Colonel Washington, making a push against the defences between Royal and Brandon Hill Forts, (at the top of Park Street,) formed a practicable breach near a barn that sheltered them, where the works were in an incomplete state, drove the guard out of Essex Fort, and then moved on, and occupied Sir Ferdinando Gorges' house, (now Colston's school.) This happened at or before sunrising. At or about these posts this small company of three hundred men remained two or three hours unmolested by the enemy, though large bodies of them were near, and unable to communicate to Rupert, (whose furious charges as yet had proved fruitless,) that the line was open. Joined, however, shortly by a troop which had been driven over Durdham Down, a communication was made to the Prince, a wide space along the rampart was leveled, and he entered with horse and foot. Tidings had been brought to Fiennes in the early morning that this breach was made, but that it appeared the invading column was wholly unsupported, that two hundred men could hold the breach, while Gorges' house could be easily forced or fired. The intelligence that the enemy were actually within the fortifications greatly alarmed him, and orders were issued for all soldiers to withdraw within the walls.

Meanwhile, the Cornish troops had marched round and entered the breach. But though the suburbs might now be considered to be carried, the city was by no means taken: the gates were strong, and the walls high, and the close and narrow streets forbade the use of the few heavy

battering guns with which they were provided. A rapid galling fire was kept up from the parapets and windows, and Colonels Lunsford and Moyle slain; in Stipe Street especially such deadly work was done, that the exasperated soldiers went into house by house, and butchered all they met. The enemy now appeared in large force along the walls, and at the gates. They drew up some heavy guns from the Marsh, planted them on the roof of a house, and lining the windows with musqueteers, at length dislodged Washington from Sir F. Gorges' house. By eleven o'clock the Cornish infantry had forced their way into College Green, where they had space to deploy, and work their guns; here they mounted a small battery on a wall, and poured a destructive fire into the city over the river. To silence this battery, a sally of two hundred men burst out from the Frome Gate. For some moments a fierce hand to hand struggle went on in the open ground near the Cathedral, till the assailants were overpowered, and victors and vanquished together rushed impetuously towards the Frome Gate. The gate closed before the Cavaliers could pass. Rupert instantly brought the heaviest guns at hand to bear upon the gate; but in an incredibly short space of time, a few soldiers, aided by a large body of women, chiefly of the middle class, and led on enthusiastically by Mistress Dorothy Hassard, (before mentioned) barricaded the entrance with stones, earth, and wool-packs to a depth of fourteen feet, thus forming a barrier which was absolutely impassable.

The hearts of the Cavaliers began to sink. As yet only one fort was taken; they were cooped up in narrow streets, where their horse could not assist them; their losses, especially in officers, had been disastrous; they had been fighting for ten hours; and the spirit which still animated the defenders (judging at least from the furious language and wild gesticulations of Mistress Dorothy Hassard, and her band of Amazons, interrupted only by their zealous labours to increase the barricades at the Frome Gate) was one of emphatic and malignant resistance.

At this moment an officer appeared on the walls with a white flag. The governor proposed a parley. It was at once assented to by the astonished Cavaliers. In a short time terms of surrender were agreed upon, and the storm of battle hushed. In vain the impassioned women protested against the governor's alarms, appealed to the soldiery, pointed to the barricades their own hands had reared, declared that they alone would man the guns, and defend the walls to death; in vain Mistress Dorothy threatened that Fiennes one day should rue his cowardice and treachery, shook her fist in his face, spat on the ground, and stamped in inexpressible disgust. The Cathedral clock struck two: the seal was set, and Bristol was the King's.

Fiennes, though always a very active rebel with his tongue, a notorious braggart and romancer, by his own confession when he first came to Bristol was no soldier. He had boasted prodigiously, while all was quiet,

that if the enemy should venture an attack, and the outworks should be carried, he would defend the city walls to the last gasp; that if they were forced he would withdraw into the castle, disputing every inch of ground: that he would lay his own body in the dust to bar the advance of the foe, and make the flag of truce his winding-sheet.

But when the tempest of war began to thicken about him, and it was certain he must soon confront the conquerors of Lansdown and Devizes, his blustering noisy manner subsided; he spoke in private of the impossibility of sustaining a siege; arranged secretly a way of escape by sea; refused to dismiss his prisoners, as hoping through them to make better terms of capitulation; and forced Waller to leave, who would willingly have assisted in the defence. 'Though it be one of the hardest towns in England to be fortified,' he wrote just before, 'yet by God's assistance I drew fortifications around it, and had almost brought them to perfection. I did more in four days than Essex (the late governor) in six weeks. But I was in great want of money; and after Waller was defeated at Devizes, I had but seven hundred men in the town, and not a penny to pay. I am in that extremity for want of money, I know not what to do: the city will not continue its weekly contribution. The Lord deliver me from the condition where I am, that I should have the charge of a town of such importance as this is upon me, and neither have men half enough to maintain it, or money to maintain those I have.'

But other considerations probably influenced him to a speedy capitulation. He had lately put to death, under circumstances of cruel severity, two eminent merchants of Bristol, Robert Yeomans, late Sheriff, and George Boucher, who were engaged in a plot to seize the city for the King. A great store of arms had been secreted; a large body of friends were to draw near the gates in the darkness of Tuesday night, May 30th, 1643: the King's men were to wear white tape on their hats and breasts; the watchword was to be 'Charles;' the bells of St. Michael's and St. John's were to peal out—when only an hour or two before the blow was to have been struck, information reached the governor, (as an angry journalist records, 'through the talk of some tattling females,') the house was surrounded, and the whole body of confederates captured. The execution of two of their chief citizens, as common felons, had excited keen resentment in the men of Bristol; of this feeling Fiennes was well aware; and it is justly to be conjectured that it was from the dread of a rising of the Cavaliers within his quarters, (which indeed the army without confidently expected, and too confidently relied on) in which he knew his own life would be held very cheap, that he surrendered almost without a struggle a fortress which might have defied for weeks all the power that the King could bring against it.

Before ten o'clock p. m. the conditions of capitulation were signed: the governor, with all his officers, was to march out at nine o'clock next morning, with all their arms and goods, troopers with swords and horses, foot soldiers with sticks; all other arms, cannon, colours, and ammunition,

to be left; a safe convoy to be provided as far as Warminster; the King's forces not to enter until the Parliament's troops had marched out; all prisoners, with Captain Eyres and Cooking, taken at Devizes, to be released; all gentlemen in the city to be at liberty to depart with their families and goods; all inhabitants to be secured from plundering and violence.

At nine next morning, the Prince and his staff entered by the New Gate, it being found impossible to remove, without long delay, the barricades at the Frome Gate. A large number of the soldiers in the town had joined the King's army the evening before, and as Fiennes kept no guards, great disorders ensued. Part of the garrison had formerly served at the siege of Reading, and when that town surrendered to the Parliament, these soldiers had been guilty of a gross breach of the articles, and had cruelly abused the Royalist officers and troopers. Their conduct was remembered by those who had suffered at their hands, and their bad example unhappily followed after the capitulation of Bristol: arms, goods, and clothing, were taken from the officers; swords, horses, money, valuables, from soldiers and civilians; the deserters pointed out to their new friends the houses of the eminently disloyal citizens, which were broken into and stripped; the houses on the bridge, lying under the brand of peculiar malignity, were doomed to undergo a special penalty. Thus writes one of the despoiled citizens: 'O praise God I am escaped with my life to the towne of Southampton with my sonne John. But before I could come forth of the gates, I was deprived of my money, plate, and baggage, from behind my servants, (who were throwne off their horses) and the same cut off their backes, and utterly lost, and themselves and horses in like condition for ought I know, and onley wee ourselves with some other gentlemen escaped hither with our lives on Friday night last. And on Saturday came in also the late Governour of Bristoll, Col. Fiennes, and his brother, who were served with like sauce.' Fiennes also complains of the King's men 'dismounting our troopers, as well officers as others; by threats and enticements drawing off our souldiers; and our convoy used us worst of all, pillageing us almost all the waye, and extorting money, wherein officers were for most parte so much to blame as common souldiers. Yet I must doe this right to the Prince Rupert and Maurice, that they were so farre from sitting on horses triumphing and rejoycing in these disorders, that they did ryde amongst those plunderers with their swords, hacking and slaying them, and P. Rupert did excuse it to mee in a very faire way, and with expressions as if he were much troubled at it.'

The King's generals, however, accused Fiennes of being himself the principal cause of these irregularities; that he neglected the charge of the city as soon, or before, the treaty was made; admitted troops and released the prisoners before the time; did not publish the articles; sent no notice to the captains of the forts, so that they refused to surrender, and Captain Blake (afterwards the famous Admiral) narrowly escaped

being hung on the spot by the Prince for holding possession of Prior's Hill Fort after capitulation; marched out of his quarters an hour before the convoy was ready, and by a different gate to that appointed. During the night he had made an attempt to escape by sea, as he had provided, but was stopped by the sailors, and forced back into the town.

It was impossible that the Parliament could overlook his conduct. On December 14th, 1643, a council of war was held at St. Alban's. Fiennes was summoned. Against him appeared Prynne and C. Walker: Mistress Dorothy Hassard also was there, according to her promise, witnessing bitterly against his perfidy and pusillanimity. Prynne's prosecution was very able, and extremely acrimonious, as he had lost a great part of his property in the reddition of the city. The ex-governor made a long defence: 'We stood it out four days together, wherein they spared not to plye us with small and great shot, and with their granadoes, giving our men, who were forced to be constantly on duty five days and nights together, no rest at all; and two sharp assaults they made, one on Monday at midnight, giving signal by three pieces of ordnance shott off, one one side and other of the river, and then fell desperately on both sides of the town at once. On Wednesday, they made a most furious assault in eight or nine places at once with fire-picks and granadoes in hand, with wains full of fagots, which they drove into the ditches, that getting on them they might get over the workes; and they ran on so desperately that they got up to the portalls of the cannon, and to the pallisadoes of the forts, and would not give over till they were knocked down with stones and halberts; and soe with losse of divers hundred of men, with many officers and gentlemen of quality, they were beaten off on all sides and the ground bestrewed with bodies. But on the other side, where the line was weak, they entered, though repulsed by my horse, and drew fresh companies; and I having declared that all souldiers should repare to the Marsh under colours, of twelve or fourteen companies not one hundred came, and yett the enemy drew downe thicke on St. Augustine's Back, and it begann to be low water at the Key, so that they might wade over at leasure; so I called a council of war, that we might treat, for that the towne could not be kept any longer.' After a trial of nine days, he was convicted, and sentenced to lose his head; but his family interest was so great that he received a pardon through Lord Essex, the Commander-in-chief. He left England for two years, and then resumed his seat in the House of Commons. Under Cromwell he became one of the Commissioners of the Great Seal, and after the Restoration retired to his seat at Newton Toney in Wilts, where he afforded asylum to many of the ejected preachers, and died in 1669.

There were found in the castle 1100 hundredweight of biscuit; eight hundred bushels of wheat or nearabouts; some reasonable store of pease; beef of the first salting sixty barrels; pork ten barrels; twelve fat oxen ready to be killed; twenty leaner oxen which would serve; six milch kine; hay for two months; coals for a year; cheese and butter good

with Parliamentary troops, the King consented that Earl Carnarvon and Prince Maurice should march with the Cornish troops through that county to the west. Dorchester was strong both in its works and in a numerous garrison, but the fugitives from Bristol had spread through the county such alarming reports of the fierceness and bravery of the Cornish Cavaliers, 'that they thought nothing of running up walls twenty feet high, and that the best fortifications could not resist their attack more than half an hour,' that on the Earl's appearance the town yielded without a struggle; the siege of Corfe Castle was raised, and Weymouth and Portland also put into the King's hands. But the Royal troops committed such excesses in these towns, under the connivance of the Prince, but so contrary to the articles of surrender, and the expressed wishes of Carnarvon, a nobleman of the highest feelings of honour and justice, that he abruptly quitted his command and returned to the army before Gloucester. The Prince wasted so much valuable time, that the enemy had leisure partially to recover their fears; the little towns of Poole and Lyme Regis obstinately defied all his efforts to take them; and he at length passed on to Exeter, which large city was still occupied by a rebel garrison, but had been for many months kept in a condition of feverish inquietude by the vigilance and activity of Sir John Berkeley.

The Parliamentary Admiral, the Earl of Warwick, had received instructions to attempt the immediate relief of this commanding post. He made a feint of landing at several points on the coast, and thus kept the small body of the King's troops in constant and wearisome motion. An alarm was given that the enemy's ships were up the Dart, as far as Totnes, but as soon as Berkeley appeared, they withdrew, sailed swiftly round the coast up the Exe, and for three hours kept up a fire from their heavy guns on some small batteries which Berkeley had fortunately mounted on the banks of the river. These prevented Warwick landing until succour came, and the whole enterprise was frustrated, one ship being burnt, and two others taken.

Warwick now sailed to Plymouth, and landed all the men he could spare. With these, the soldiers in the citadel, and the garrisons in Barnstaple and Bideford, preparations were made to hasten to the relief of Exeter, round which all the King's forces in the west were gradually closing. To prevent the junction of these troops, Colonel Digby marched to Torrington with three hundred horse, and a new regiment from Cornwall. On this small company the enemy came by night. Digby, who had been lying in ambush all day in a field with high hedges, through which he had cut gaps that his troopers might rush out, in the late evening had dismissed the troops to quarters, assured by his scouts that no enemy was near. The Colonel was a brave and dashing horseman. He galloped to the field with a few of his troop who had reached the saddle, covered the ground as far as he could, met an advanced company of fusileers, and with the four or five horsemen by

his side burst in upon them sword in hand. The darkness concealing the numbers of the assailants, the fusileers fell back. Every moment more of Digby's troopers came up: they pressed on the enemy's disordered ranks, and gave them no time to rally; in an incredibly short space the whole of the hostile force was in flight. The Cavaliers followed hard on their rear through the dawning light till their swords were blunted, and the prisoners they took exceeded the number of the captors.

The immediate consequence of this spirited engagement was the reduction of the fort at Appledore, followed by the surrender of Barnstaple and Bideford, and the desertion of a large body of the Parliamentary force to the King. Without delay Digby marched to Plymouth, and soon after his arrival carried Mount Stamford, a newly erected fort, and pushed his guards close up to the gates of the town.

Pressed by a vigorous blockade, harassed by perpetual alarms, threatened with a destructive bombardment, and hopeless of relief by sea or land, on the 4th of September, Exeter, fair, rich, proud, faithless, opened her gates to the King. The ships at the mouth of the river saw with dismay the Royal banner floating over the keep.

That the soldiers of the Cornish regiments were chiefly instrumental in accomplishing the reduction of Exeter, as of Bristol, Bath, Dorchester, and other towns, and that they had the principal share in all the triumphant acts of the campaign, is evident from the Royal letter, which Charles in his princely gratitude addressed to the faithful county, as soon as the tidings reached him that the conquest of Exeter had crowned their toils.

C. R.

To the Inhabitants of the County of Cornwall.

We are so highly sensible of the merit of our County of Cornwall, of their zeal for the defence of our person, and the just rights of our Crown, in a time when We could contribute so little to our own defence, or to their assistance: in a time when not only no reward appeared, but great and probable dangers were threatened to obedience and loyalty: of their great and eminent courage and patience in their indefatigable prosecution of their great work, against so potent an enemy, backed with so strong, rich, and populous cities, and so plentifully furnished and supplied with men, arms, money, ammunition, and provision of all kinds: and of the wonderful success with which it pleased Almighty God (though with the loss of some eminent persons, who shall never be forgotten by Us) to reward their loyalty and patience by many strange victories over their and our enemies, in despight of all human probability and all imaginable disadvantages: that as We cannot be forgetful of so great desert, so We cannot but desire to publish it to all the world, and to perpetuate to all time the memory of their merits and of our acceptance of the same; and to that end We do hereby render our Royal thanks to that our County, in the most public and lasting manner We can devise, commanding copies thereof to be printed and published, and one of them to be read in every Church and Chapel therein, and to be kept for ever as a record of the same: that as long as the history of these times and of this nation shall continue, the memory of how much that county hath merited from Us, and our Crown, may be derived with it to posterity.

Given at our Camp at Sudeley Castle, the 10th day of September, 1643.

Original copies of this noble document, so honourable alike to King and people, and of which Cornwall through all succeeding ages may well be proud, still remain painted on wooden tablets in some few Cornish churches; some have perished; in many cases the copy has been renewed. The letter is dated from Sudeley Castle, in Gloucestershire, formerly the property of the Duke of Buckingham, now of John C. Dent, Esq.

Had Prince Maurice, immediately after the conquest of Exeter, joined Digby in an energetic onslaught with all their power on the lines of Plymouth, yet weak and irregular, the standard of Charles would in all likelihood have soon waved over this fallen fortress also. But he stopped by the way to reduce Dartmouth, which, though an insignificant town, held out determinedly. It happened also that the autumn proved very wet and sickly; and of his men, who were compelled for the most part to live under canvas, many died, and more deserted. After nearly a month's siege, and the loss of many valuable men, amongst whom was Colonel Chudleigh, the place was taken; and the Prince, with all expedition, moved on to Plymouth. The grand chance was lost, and Plymouth never owned the King. The Parliamentary fleet had thrown large supplies into the town; the garrison was increased, the forts strengthened, the spirits of the townsmen raised, and the most furious assaults of the besiegers could make no vulnerable impression.

The Parliament had entrusted the government of the town and garrison to Sir Alexander Carew, M.P. for Cornwall; and by his resolute hatred to the King's cause, and the exhibition of an unflagging zeal for his party's interest, he had won their unlimited confidence. He saw, however, the cause he so cordially hated now triumphant, and he feared for his goodly estate at Antony across the river. Through some of his Cornish friends he made direct overtures to the generals before the town, that on receiving a promise of pardon he would deliver up the fortress to the King. Sir John Berkeley immediately conveyed to him an emphatic assurance that the King's pardon should be instantly and unreservedly awarded, and urged him to execute his proposal at once, lest some untoward circumstance might prevent its accomplishment. Carew fell a victim to his own coward fears; for while he dallied and delayed, hesitating to open the gates until the instrument conveying his pardon had passed the Great Seal, and was actually in his hand, a servant, whom he had trusted too implicitly in this hazardous undertaking, revealed the secret to the Mayor. Carew was immediately arrested in the citadel, and sent to London. He was executed on Tower Hill, December 23rd, 1644.

This man was born for better things. His grandfather was Richard Carew, one of the worthies of Cornwall, a gentleman of the court of Queen Elizabeth, who used to say of him and his countrymen, 'All Cornish gentlemen are born courtiers, with a becoming confidence.' This great and good man was found dead in his library in the act of

prayer; near him lay a copy of verses, the last four lines breathing this devout aspiration—

> 'My time uncertain, Lord, long certain cannot be—
> What's best to me's unknown, and only known to Thee.
> O by repentance and amendment grant that I
> May still live in Thy fear, and in Thy favour die!'

His father had been created a baronet by Charles; his uncle was the brave John Carew, called the 'One-handed Carew,' who lost his right hand by a cannon shot at the siege of Ostend in 1601, and returning to his quarters in the evening, held out the shattered limb in his left hand, saying, 'There is the hand that cut the pudding in the morning.'

As now affording the safest refuge of any town in his distracted kingdom, Charles sent his queen to Exeter. Here she was delivered of a daughter, that unhappy princess afterwards married to the Duke of Orleans. To his great alarm Charles soon after received intelligence that Essex was advancing on the city, followed by Waller with a large force. Essex indeed was already in Dorset, and after relieving Lyme, and throwing garrisons into Weymouth and other places, passed by Exeter as too strong for him, and drove off into North Devon the army which had so long invested Plymouth. Tidings now reached him that Waller had been routed in Somerset, and that the King in person was rapidly marching westward. On this Essex resolved to turn back and fight the King; but Lord Robartes, a nobleman of large possessions in Cornwall, and of a temper which it was dangerous to ruffle, with other Cornish Parliamentarians, counselled an immediate advance into Cornwall, confidently urging that the very presence of so potent a force would reduce the whole county to submission, and effectually and permanently cut off those supplies which it had so long and so generously furnished for the King's service. With these propositions Essex concurred.

On Sir Richard Grenville devolved the task of making head with his small army against the overwhelming force now moving into Cornwall; for Colonel Digby, who had been in chief command in the blockade of Plymouth, ever wearying the garrison by his brilliant though vain assaults, in repelling a sally had received the point of a rapier in his eye, from the effect of which wound he never recovered. Grenville met Essex's vanguard at Horsebridge, and after a sharp struggle, was driven off with loss. Essex occupied Launceston, carried the Grenvilles' house at Stowe by storm, and drove the garrison out of Saltash.

In a few days the King was hard on his track. From Oxford he had crossed the Cotswold to Cirencester; on July 15th, 1644, rested at Bath; then by forced marches reached Exeter, (where he saw his little daughter, now in the care of Lady Dalkeith, though the Queen had fled to Pendennis;) and then, by Poulston Bridge, near Launceston, crossed the Tamar into Cornwall on Thursday, August 1st.

Essex by this time had penetrated into the heart of the county; from

Bodmin he moved to Lostwithiel, where Grenville was worsted in a skirmish with Lord Robartes' brigade, and fell back on Truro. Here he received a communication from the King that he was pressing close on Essex with ten thousand foot, five hundred horse, and twenty-eight guns, and ordering him to take immediate and vigorous measures for concerted action.

Charles slept the first night at Trecarrel, in Lezant, the residence of that brave old Cavalier, Ambrose Manaton, his troops being encamped about him in the fields. The next day he mustered his whole army on a heathery table-land called Caradon, and now bid the soldiers earnestly remember that they were amongst a people of signal fidelity, whose sacrifices for his cause had been eminently great, commanding them, on threats of severest punishment, to abstain from all acts of injury and spoil.

This day a spy of Essex's was taken in the camp and hanged. In the evening the King reached Liskeard, and quartered his forces around the farms of Cartuther and Beloytha, in the parish of Menheniot; 'and divers of the countrey people come to the King, with much joy to tell him of his enemyes where they lay, "and please his Worshipp." Divers prisoners also of Essex his army brought in on Satterday 3 August to the King, who lay at Mr. Jeanes house: among the rest two women took one.'

On Sunday, guided by a boy, 'who told of many gay men at the Lord Mohun's howse' at Boconnoc, a troop of the King's horse suddenly pounced upon the party in the midst of their carousals, overpowered the guard of eighty musqueteers, and captured several officers; Dalbeir, a Dutchman, the quarter-master-general, cleverly put aside his sword and regimental dress in the confusion, and passed himself off as a footman of Lord Mohun's, and so escaped. The King remained nearly a week at Liskeard, the Prince of Wales keeping Court at a house near the castle, which was in ruins, and one of his manors, as Duke of Cornwall. Every day skirmishes, more or less severe, took place between the reconnoitring parties of the two armies; and the King himself, riding over the downs, and driving Essex into confined limits, was often in danger of his life. On the 8th he took up his head-quarters at Boconnoc, but this house being only two miles from the spot where the main body of the enemy was posted, he moved towards Glynn; finding some troops there, he returned, and slept all night in his coach on the open downs.

During the three or four days while the two armies lay within sight of each other—Essex in the valley and along the river Fowey, about the town of Lostwithiel, and the King's forces on Braddock Downs—Lord Wilmot, by the King's order, for unbecoming conduct and seditious language, was arrested and sent to Exeter: Goring was made General of the Horse in Wilmot's place, and Sir Ralph (now Lord) Hopton, of the ordnance, in place of Lord Percy.

Charles also at this time wrote a letter with his own hand to Essex, urging him to return to a sense of duty and obedience, and restore peace to the afflicted county. To this the Earl replied, that according to the commission he had received he would defend the King's person and posterity; and the best counsel he could give him was, to go to his Parliament. Some of the prisoners, however, represented to Prince Maurice and the other officers that it was only Essex's fears that his transgressions against the King were too criminal ever to be forgiven, which prevented him assenting to a treaty: whereupon, they framed certain propositions, which, with the King's unwilling assent, they sent to Essex, and from him received the following answer:—

To His Highness Prince Maurice.

My Lord,

In the begining of your lettre you express by what authority you send it. I, having no authority to treat without the Parliament, who have entrusted me, cannot doe it without breach of trust.

Your humble servant,

Essex.

From Listithiel, Aug. 10, 1644.

Both the King and his officers were now fully satisfied of the impossibility of shaking the Earl's sturdy adhesion to his cause, however bad, and prepared to obtain at the point of the sword what they could not accomplish at the point of the pen.

Notwithstanding the perils of his position, and his thousand civil and secular duties of imperative moment, Charles, now as ever, found time for the discharge of the services of religion: 'the King was always the most punctual observer of all decency in his devotion,' testifies one who knew him well, 'and the strictest promoter of the ceremonies of the Church, as believing in his soul, the Church of England to be instituted the nearest to the practice of the Apostles, and the best for the propagation and advancement of Christian religion of any Church in the world.'

It is a refreshing scene, amid the aching sights and sounds of carnage, to look upon the Monarch bowing his crowned head before the King of kings, in the little village church of Boconnoc, snatching a precious hour of the Lord's Day from the world, and soothing his sad heart with the hallowed services of the Church he loved more dearly than his own life. An entry in the diary of one of the King's lieutenants records the subject of the sermon of the day, which, under the peculiar and solemnizing circumstances of the occasion, we might suppose should have been other than one of polemic divinity. 'Sermon on Sunday before the King at this church speaking against Popery; that one of the greatest arguments against them is the denyall of reading the Scriptures: for how can that be an honest guardian that will not suffer the heir to looke into his father's will?'

Sir R. Grenville, now advancing from the west, drove the guard out of Bodmin, and formed a junction with the new troops which Hopton had easily levied amongst his old friends, so zealous and so loyal. Thus a direct communication was formed with the King. And as they frequently made raids within the enemy's lines, they scattered papers about proclaiming pardon to all soldiers who should renounce their rebellion, and join the King's army; accordingly, the men came over in considerable numbers, and reported the straitened condition of Essex, and the general want of food. Hopton and Grenville gave Essex no rest night or day, pressing more closely on him, and hemming him in on that narrow neck of land between the river Fowey and Tywardreath Bay. As yet indeed he had the command of the sea, and drew large supplies from the ships coasting about Par and Fowey, as far as they could land them in the gusty weather which then prevailed, till the western forces made good their ground between them and Fowey, and thus intercepted the chief communication by sea, and also prevented them foraging by land.

While the two armies lay thus within sight of each other, Colonel Straughan, a Parliamentary officer, in presence of both armies challenged the Cavaliers to a fight with a hundred troopers on each side. The challenge was accepted on the King's part by Colonel Digby, and the combatants met on Saturday, August 10th, on Druid's Hill, above Lostwithiel. Straughan's troop consisted of young men, from sixteen to twenty years, on whose chins never a razor had passed; they were armed with double-barreled pistols, loaded with three or four bullets; and by Straughan's command—who fought in his shirt, with a led horse by his side—receiving their enemies' fire in silence, they rushed on the very horses' heads of Digby's troopers, (who fired at too great a distance,) and made so murderous a discharge, that one half of the Cavaliers fell dead at once, or wounded to death; and of the rest, scarce man or horse escaped without serious hurt. William May, a gentleman of St. Austle, one of Digby's troop, bore marks of this fierce encounter in his hands, arms, and legs, till the day of his death, twenty-eight years after. An old granite cross, found on the moors, was in 1846 removed to this site by the Hon. G. M. Fortescue, the proprietor of Boconnoc, and the following inscription carved on it:—

'On this hill, once the site of Druid idolatry, and in later times the scene of civil bloodshed, this ancient symbol of the holy religion of the Redeemer is erected, in grateful acknowledgement of the blessings of a pure faith, and of a peaceful country.'

Every day the King's forces advanced closer to Lostwithiel. Lanhydrock House, the residence of Lord Robartes, was occupied, with Resprin Bridge and the pass at St. Veep. A protection had been granted to Lanhydrock House, in consideration of the valuable property it contained, and the strictest orders on the subject were issued to the soldiers; a

thief, however, was caught in the act of plunder, and for warning, by Prince Maurice's command, was hanged outside the barbican, with a ticket affixed to the body detailing the crime. In this house was found a large number of bows, and quivers full of arrows; mention is also made, among the spoils of Essex's army, of 'a wagon full of musquet arrowes.' It is a remarkable fact, that these weapons were actually in use at so late a date as the middle of the seventeenth century: and that they were a regular part of the munitions of war is evident from this extract from Gwynn's Memoirs:—'I had the guard at the river side, and standing by Sir Jacob Astley, a bearded arrow stuck in the ground between his legs; he plucked it out with both hands, and said, "You rogues, you missed your aim."' This incident happened at Faringdon; but this same active officer was also in the Cornish campaign. By his resolute attack Pernon Fort was taken, and mounted with heavy guns, to command the mouth of Fowey Haven: of him also it is recorded, 'On Tuesday, Sir Jacob Astley tooke two butts of sack, much tobacco, horse-shoes, &c., coming from Fowey to the enemy.'

The weather continued still very cold and blustering, and the condition of the troops on the bleak moorlands, with no shelter but walls and hedges, and with scanty provisions, was very miserable. To support two armies, it is easily to be conceived, the whole neighbouring country was drained of its supplies, and the soldiery were compelled to go to a great distance to collect food and hay. This necessarily scattered the troops, and was very inimical to military discipline.

On one occasion the King himself was in danger of being captured in Boconnoc House, while the guard was foraging; on another, while inspecting the garrison at Hall, in Lanteglos, a shot fired from Fowey killed a fisherman on the spot where Charles had been just standing.

On the morning of the 21st, Sir R. Grenville, aided by a gallant movement of Major Smith, burst into Restormel Castle,* and 'took thirty of the rebells and divers barrells of beefe;' while the rest of the army, in a mist on every side, moved nearer to Lostwithiel, the foot coming down the hills with the cannon, flanked with horse, the Earl of Cleveland's brigade forming a reserve. At the bottom of the hill were a few cottages; these they fired; and a sharp struggle went on all day in their attempt to win Lostwithiel Bridge and the ford over the river. During the night they raised an earth-work on a ridge, which, as the morning broke, the enemy mistook for a body of horse, and till they saw their error, directed a heavy cannonade upon it. Colonel Champernowne, in a charge near Restormel Castle, was shot in his neck; his men, supposing him to be dead, took off his sword and cloak, and left his body: afterwards they heard the wound was not mortal.

On Saturday, August 25th, the King was in the field at three a.m., though the rain was pouring in torrents; and preparations were made all

* An ancient seat of the Dukes of Cornwall, 'unroofed and sore defaced' in Leland's time, but repaired and garrisoned for the Parliament.

along the line to carry out a vigorous attack on the retreating foe; but as the daylight showed that they were still very strongly posted, and out of reach of the new battery, all the plans were suddenly changed, and a large body of troops, which had been so long quartered *sub dio*, sent back to Liskeard for food and sleep.

Lostwithiel,
Saturday, sunset.

Deare wiffe,

This messenger will tell you how affayres goe here and in these lande partes. Here is infinite want of match. For God's sake send to Mr. Lane as soon as this comes to y^r^ hands, and cause him with all speede to press horses, and bring away six hundred weight of match from the Mount to this army, first to Lostwithiel, and thence to the army, which I hope in Christ Jesus will so bless us, as we shall be merry and joyfull againe in Cornwall. My Lord Mohun has lent me £100, I trust my ffriend Rolle will doe at least the like ffriendship, and I am sure you will procure what possibly you can. If it be but sixpence my love is just and full to y^o^ still. Pray let Jacke write to me timely what match he hass in all: and I conjure you both to get as much as possible to be made with all possible haste, at what coste soever. Send to Fubbs for all his oakum. I write in as much haste as ever in my life. I Love you, and Jane, and John, and Bess. God give mee good news of you all, and of poore Punch. Deare heart, love still your own ffarty part.

F. Bassett.

I thank Christ I am very gracious with
Kinge and Prince, I hope w^h^ all.

Superscribed—

To Mrs. Bassett, my dear wiffe, at her Tehidy.

The match, with a large store of powder, came up in due time, from the Mount and Pendennis; a great quantity also came eastward from Dartmouth.

The King's line now reached in a semi-circle round Essex; his guns commanded the haven; his forces were vastly superior to those of the enemy; it seemed he had but to strike another blow, and the great Parliamentary general, with all his army, would be his prisoners. A great part of the horse had, however, already escaped; and Essex himself was not to deliver up his sword to the King.

It was well known in the King's army that some movement was intended. Two soldiers came in and reported the evening before that their horse were already drawn up in readiness on the east bank of the river. Orders were immediately issued to both armies to stand to arms all night. There was no possibility of any portion of the enemy's forces escaping, except over a narrow space between the eastern and western divisions, which was guarded by a company of fifty fusileers, lodged in a cottage. Special notice was sent to Goring that the enemy were about attempting to break through the beleaguering line, and orders given to him to gather in instantly all the cavalry, large numbers of whom were out foraging around St. Blazey, and hold himself in readiness to act in any direction necessary; a former order was also repeated, to break down the bridges, and throw the trees across the roads and lanes.

The night came on as dark and foggy as the enemy could wish. About midnight, moving slowly and silently, Sir William Balfour, with the whole of Essex's cavalry, 2500 in number, passed unchallenged through the King's quarters out on the open downs. Goring was indulging in one of his drunken revels when the orders from the King reached him. He made light of the intelligence, and continued his carousals, till another message reached him to certify that the enemy were now passing over the opposite hill. He mustered his troopers with all possible haste, but the enemy were gone too far. But for his negligence and indolence, as his force was large, and his charge ever most vehement and overwhelming, probably not a man had escaped.

Charles had received intelligence at Boconnoc that the hostile squadrons were actually in motion, and coming up the hill from Lostwithiel; but the troops, both horse and foot, had straggled so far, and the means of communication in the darkness were so difficult, that of the whole Royalist force, only about a hundred men under the Earl of Cleveland, and these only a fourth part of his brigade, could be mustered to meet the enemy as he rode up on the down. Cleveland faced them, but durst not charge, until being soon joined by the Queen's guard, (which had lately come up from the west, having escorted Henrietta to Pendennis,) and gathering up many of his own troopers, he fell on their rear; and though the fugitive squadrons turned and often checked them, they were in such panic—as Sir E. Walgrave told the King—that had he but been warned an hour before, he might with his own troop have cut off the whole body, as eight would make twenty cry for quarter. As it was, they only took a hundred prisoners.

As soon as it was evident these horsemen were fairly out of reach, the King sent two expresses on the swiftest and freshest horses to Sir Francis Doddington, who was in command of a thousand horse in Devon, to watch for Balfour about Launceston, supposing, to avoid Liskeard, he would certainly take that route. Balfour, however, took a middle route; and leaving the main road, and pressing on with unslackened rein in the early morning, passed over Caradon to Pillaton, and then turning southwards to Saltash, crossed the ferry, and got safe into Plymouth.

Among Cornish gentlemen who rode with Balfour were Colonel Boscawen, James Hals, of Merther, Henry Courtenay, of Lanivet, Colonel John St. Aubyn, of Clowance, and others; and if it had been known in the enemy's quarters that all the King's horse were actually quartered behind them, and the foot scattered so far, and very badly shod, Essex's infantry might, with very good hope of success, have marched away with the horse.

Meanwhile, the King lost no time, but with the few troops who had returned to their companies, marched towards Lostwithiel. On the opposite hill still remained some bodies of foot to support Balfour's escape; but in the night Essex had retired with his main body, baggage, and artillery, towards Fowey. The Royal troops, mustering under their

colours, as morning broke, entered Lostwithiel without much opposition, and just in time to prevent the destruction of the bridge, and getting a few guns to bear on the enemy's reserve, they broke up, and followed their general. Still pressed by their foes, and driven from hedge to hedge at a rapid pace, they abandoned their guns. For two miles there was very severe fighting, the King in person leading on his men; near St. Veep pass the enemy made an obstinate stand. It was now about eleven o'clock. The western division was operating on their flank, while the King in front, with still increasing numbers, was carrying field by field. The arena of conflict was now extremely contracted, and in some places only one horse could pass. Immediately before the King's eye, and under a hot fire, Captain Brett led on the Queen's troop against a compact body of the enemy, well posted; and in gallant style drove them off their ground, though with some loss in officers and men, and having received a bad wound in his left arm. As he was retiring from the field that his wound might be dressed, the King stopped him, took his sword out of his hand, and knighted him on his charger's back. These sanguinary engagements continued till night, the enemy still fighting, but fast retreating. Notwithstanding the rain and cold, the King determined to remain with the army through the night, lying under a hedge, and snatching what sleep he could, his own staff about him, and his body-guard in the next field; 'his meate and drinke were drest at Mr. Hext's.'

Early on Sunday morning, though their presence could be ill dispensed with, the mounted troops were compelled, for the sake of fodder for their horses, to ride far around into the neighbouring parishes: the fields over which Essex had moved were absolutely bare of grass, and the poor beasts were almost starved. The King was preparing for Morning Prayer, when Colonel Butler, who had been taken at Boconnoc, but exchanged, rode into his quarters, bearing a letter from Essex. It contained propositions for a parley. But before the King's answer could be returned, Essex, Robartes, and some other of the officers took ship, and sailed for Plymouth, leaving Major-General Skippon in command, who immediately capitulated with six thousand men. That Sunday night the King slept also in the field. On Monday, Skippon delivered up the whole of their arms, ammunition, and artillery, consisting of thirty-eight guns. The officers were to have liberty to wear their swords, and to pass with their own money, and proper goods; a convoy of one hundred horse was to protect them to Southampton; all the sick and wounded to lie at Fowey till cured, and then to have passes to Plymouth.

It was late in the afternoon before all negociations were concluded, and yet Skippon determined to march away that night. All care was taken to protect the captive army from violence; but as the feelings of the Cornish peasantry were greatly excited against them, having suffered in person and property from their depredations, first at Castle Dore, and

afterwards at Lostwithiel, (where they had been long quartered, and had committed various excesses,*) they were very roughly handled. The Cornish women especially, who pretended to recognize individual officers and soldiers as having been concerned in plundering their houses, fell tooth and nail upon them, and unmercifully stripped them of their swords, regimentals, money, hats, &c., and rode off with their horses.

The following extracts are from the diary before referred to:—'All that rowt of rebells marched away with their ensigns wound up, veloped. It rayned extremely as the varlets passed, a great part of the time. The King himself ridd about the field, accompanied by all his gallant Cavaliers, and gave strict command to his cheife officers to see that none of the enemye were plundered, and that all his soldjers should repair to their colours. Our officers with their swords drawne did perpetually beate off our foot, who would flout at them, and bid them remember Reading, and then would pull their swords, &c., away, for all our officers still slasht at them. They all, except here and there an officer, (and seriously I saw not above three or four that looked like a gentleman) were strucken with such a dismal feare, that the rowt of soldjers presst all of a heape like sheepe, though not so innocent; so durty and dejected as was rare to see. This was a happy day for his Majestie, and his whole army that without losse of much blood beat this great army of rascalls that soe triumphed and vaunted over the poore inhabitants of Cornwall, as if they had bin invincible, and as if the King had not bin able to follow them, that 'tis conceived very few will gett safe to London, for the country people whome they have in all the march so much plundered and robd will have their pennyworths out of them.

'One of their actions while they were at Listithiel must not be forgotten. In contempt of Christianity, Religion, and the Church, they brought a horse to the fount, in the church, and there, with their kind of ceremonies, did, as they called it, christen the horse, and called him by the name of Charles, in contempt of his sacred Majestie. Another was done by their Provost Martiall, who put his prisoners in the said church. The night they marched away, two of their prisoners, being rich men of Cornwall, gott up in the steeple, and pulled up the ladder, and called to the Martiall, jeering at him. "Ile fetch you downe," said he; and sett mulch and hay on fire under them: besides they shott many muskets into the belfry at them: all would not doe. Then he fetcht a barrel of powder, and gave fire to it, threatening to blow them up; and that blew into the church, and blew off most of the slate, and yet did no hurt to the prisoners.'

Even after the disarmed soldiers of the Parliament had escaped from Lostwithiel, and were passing over Braddock Downs, those who had any clothes left were stripped comparatively naked, and it is said that some

* They had also plundered the Exchequer Hall, and burnt the Stannary records, then in MS.

were shot. Skippon rode up to the King, and in a spirited remonstrance represented to him the injury done, and prayed him to be just. Charles took every measure to prevent these and like barbarities, but all his precautions were powerless. The convoy, however, seems to have done their duty to the utmost of their power; they conducted them, or rather their remains, amounting to about two thousand men, to Southampton; and Skippon gave them a certificate under his own hand, 'That they had carried themselves with great civility towards them, and fully complied with their obligation.'

The King returned to Boconnoc House in the evening, the next day marched to Liskeard, and on Thursday, September 5th, left his faithful county. Sir F. Bassett records his public parting words.

Thanks to our Jesus.

Dearest Hartt,

L—— is the happy messenger to the West of Cornwall. Peace, and I hope perpetual. Sadd houres I have seen many, but a joyfuller pleasanter day never than this. Sende the money as much and as soon as you can. Sende to all our ffriends at home especially this good news. I write this on my saddle. Every friend will pardon the illness of it, and you chiefly, my perfect joy.

F. Bassett.

The Kinge and army march presently to Plymouth;
Jesus give the King it and all.

The King in the hearing of thousands, as soon as he saw me in y^e^ morning, cryed to mee, Deare Mr. Sheriffe, I leave Cornwall to you safe and sound.

Superscribed—

To my Lady Bassett, at her Tehidy, joyfull, after the success near Lostwithiel.

The following chronogram circulated among the Cavaliers at this time:—

VIVat ReX CoMes EsseXIVs DIssIpatVr.

Anno Domini, 1644.

After having thus so triumphantly closed the campaign in Cornwall, Charles made fresh proposals of peace to both Houses of Parliament, with what success is well known. The Cornishmen were anxious to be relieved for a while of military service, that they might reap their harvest; however, at the King's wish they followed him to the siege of Plymouth. To the King's summons to deliver the town a defiant refusal came; and Charles, whose presence was urgently needed in other parts of his kingdom, leaving Richard Grenville in command, moved eastward, very few of the Cornish troops now following him.

The Earl of Essex had left Lord Robartes governor of Plymouth, between whom and Grenville sprung up so mortal a hatred, that every prisoner taken on either side was immediately shot, or hung, or stabbed. Richard Grenville was the younger brother of Sir Beville, but unlike him in everything but undaunted courage: Clarendon paints his char-

acter in dark colours, and his actions show him headstrong, violent, and merciless. 'He saw four or five fellows coming out of a neighbour wood, with burdens of wood upon their backs, which they had stolen: he bid his troopers fetch those fellows to him; and finding they were soldiers of the garrison, he made one of them hang all the rest.'

Taunton had been treacherously betrayed to the Parliament, and Waller was advancing westward. Grenville was ordered to lead up the Cornish regiments, both to check Waller and to re-occupy Taunton. But reconnoitring Wellington House, a post near Taunton, which gave him much annoyance, he was hit by a ball in the thigh, and lay some time at the point of death. On his recovery, he resumed his command; but sad strife followed between him and Berkeley as to the extent of their relative authority, and the Commissioners bitterly complained of his tyranny, extortion, and waste of public money.

Under the Self-denying Ordinance Waller resigned his command. Sir Thomas Fairfax, his successor as general of the army of the west, defeated Goring at Taunton; and the Prince of Wales, fearful of falling into the hands of his enemies, passed into Cornwall. In August, 1645, the Prince came to Exeter with all the Cornish and North Devon levies, in hope to relieve Bristol, now closely invested by Fairfax. Bristol fell in the middle of September, and Fairfax, with his victorious army, came sweeping through the western counties like a flood, carrying all before him. If there had been union and discipline in the Royal forces still in the west, as their numbers were far from inconsiderable, Fairfax might have found no easy conquest; but the scandalous conduct of Goring and Grenville, their rebellion, their negligence, their mutual inveterate discords, their cruelty, and villainous excesses, did more to paralyze the King's power, and alienate the affections of a loyal people, than all the arts and arms of his rebellious parliament. Goring, to show his contempt for Grenville, would slap one of his Irish soldiers on the back, and say he was worth ten Cornish cowards; and Grenville, on his own authority, caused proclamation to be made in all the churches, that if any of Goring's troops should enter Cornwall, the people should rise and drive them out.

The day after Christmas Day, 1645, the Prince, who had again withdrawn into Cornwall, returned with all the force he could possibly raise, to attempt the relief of Exeter. At Totnes, a letter from the King reached the Prince, commanding him instantly to leave England, and if possible, transport himself to Denmark. This movement, at this particular crisis, would have been destructive of all their hopes. Therefore, it was resolved the Prince should remain with the army, but on the reasonable approach of danger, should remove to Scilly. That course, however, which the King counselled, the force of circumstances compelled him to adopt; for Lord Wentworth, who commanded the cavalry, and was posted at Ashburton, kept such careless guard, that a small party of Fairfax's troopers coming up to his quarters, found no

soldiers, but horses feeding in their stalls. Fairfax eagerly caught at the occasion, broke in on the horse on two sides, and drove them out of Devon; the siege of Plymouth was raised, and the Prince went again to the west.

The condition of the King's troops was wretched in the extreme. Undisciplined, riotous, violent, ruined by the bad example and fierce dissensions of their officers, they were 'feared by their friends, scorned by their enemies, terrible only in plunder, and resolute in running away.' Broken up into factions, the cavalry would obey only what officer they chose. Over this disorderly mob Hopton, by the advice of Grenville, was made commander-in-chief; and the first man to disobey his orders was Grenville himself. Whereupon, worn out by his audacity, obstinacy, and folly, the Prince committed him to Launceston gaol. He had proposed that the Prince should make an offer to the Parliament to renounce all his claim on the English throne, on condition that he should be allowed to enjoy the revenues of his duchy without molestation; and one amongst many of his wild schemes, was to cut a broad ditch, forty miles long from north to south, by which he said he would defend Cornwall against all the world. He was afterwards removed to St. Michael's Mount, on Fairfax's approach released, and escaped over sea, and died in great want at Ghent, in 1658.

By this time Dartmouth had surrendered, and messenger on messenger came from Exeter imploring immediate aid. Even with the rude elements at his command, Hopton resolved to attempt to throw some supplies into the beleaguered city. He was forced to halt at Torrington till the commissariat stores should arrive from Cornwall. So negligent and unfaithful to orders were both officers and privates, that no sentinels or picquets were posted, and Fairfax was close on the town before he was aware he had left Exeter. Hopton was doubtful whether to fight or retreat: eventually he determined to make a stand in the town, and threw up such barricades as he hastily could do. Fairfax burst furiously on the town. The coward infantry scarce stood the shock. The horse could be induced neither to charge nor stand. His own troopers fought resolutely round Hopton till his horse was shot under him in the street, and he was wounded in the face with a pike. He mounted a fresh horse, made a vain endeavour to rally the fragments of his army outside the town, then turned his back on the foe and rode to Stratton. During the fight, a magazine of powder placed in the church was fired by one of the Royalist soldiers, and the building destroyed with part of the town. Lord Hopton's standard, with the motto, 'I will strive to serve my soveraigne King,' was taken with his private baggage, and a great number of prisoners. This action was fought on February 16th, 1646.

Some squadrons of horse, with a few foot, still rallied round Hopton; and a proposal was made, which was as hastily abandoned, that the troopers should break through to join the King at Oxford. But everywhere,

throughout the kingdom as well as in Cornwall, all was disaster and defeat. The King was shut up in Oxford, now almost his only garrison; and from north to south the troops of the Parliament, flushed with past victories, ruled under strict discipline, and meeting only a foe cowed by repeated defeats and enervated by licentious habits, were crowned with rapid and uninterrupted success.

At Launceston, Edgecumbe with his company deserted to the enemy; and numbers every day fell off, some spreading over the country to plunder, some withdrawing to their homes. Hopton kept the field with what troops still held together, and all the bitterly cold night of March 1st was riding about endeavouring to muster a sufficient force to strike a blow on the morrow, when, finding the soldiery entirely beyond control, and all martial discipline at an end, he called a council of war. All the officers, with one exception, declared their troops would fight no more, and proposed a treaty. Hopton refused to entertain any such proposition without authority from the Prince, who was now at Pendennis. While in deliberation, a letter arrived from Fairfax, the contents of which Hopton withheld, until the officers threatened to treat for themselves.

In fact, the struggle was already over: no orders were obeyed; no guards kept; and the King's troops mixed freely with those of the enemy. In this dilemma, Hopton, having first sent his own faithful brigade with the ammunition to Pendennis and the Mount, and solemnly protesting before the council that he would never so far disgrace his commission as to treat for himself or the garrisons under his command, left them to do as they pleased. The officers, who had been conducting a parley with Fairfax while the armies continued in motion, immediately accepted his terms: five thousand men, chiefly cavalry, on delivering up their arms, disbanded at Tresilian Bridge, in the parish of Probus, near Truro, and received twenty shillings apiece to carry them home; such officers as desired it, had passes to go over the seas; others bought pardon of the victorious powers.

'At the time of the unhappy rebellion,' says Hals, 'when Lord Hopton had disbanded his army, some of Fairfax's forces entered the house at Merther, threatening to murder Mrs. Laa and the family for being too dilatory in dressing meat for them. Mr. Laa, then riding about his estate, had intimation that the rebels were in his parlour, carousing at the expense of his bacon, poultry, and strong beer. He with all possible expedition alighted at the door, enters the kitchen, which is opposite the parlour, and being warmed with an honest zeal for his king, took down a loaded gun from the chimney-piece, and shot one of the rebels who was at the head of the table dead on the spot. Immediately he took horse and rode towards the river Par, and preserved his life from the vile pursuers, being providentially well mounted, by leaping a five-barred gate, and swimming across the Par, it being at that time high water.'

Hopton and Capel withdrew to the Mount, and sailed with the first fair wind to Scilly. To these islands the Prince, alarmed by an intimation from Hopton of a conspiracy to seize his person, had already withdrawn with Hyde, afterwards Lord Clarendon: he remained in Scilly six weeks. But a summons arrived from Fairfax, who was now close to Pendennis, and a fleet of twenty-seven ships of war suddenly enclosed the islands. Fortunately, within a few hours, a furious storm, which lasted two days, entirely dispersed this formidable squadron; and the sea being now open, coupled with the cogent arguments that provisions were so scarce they were in danger of starvation, and the isles at present in no condition to afford safe shelter, the Queen also writing to Hyde from France that she should not sleep until the Prince was safe, he set sail, and landed in Jersey, April 12th, 1646.

Many Royalists of name found at this time a temporary refuge in Scilly. Lady Fanshawe, in her memoirs, gives a description of her miserable sojourn here: 'Having been pillaged, and being extremely sick, I was set on shore almost dead. When we got to our quarters, it was a little house, with two low rooms, and two little lofts with a ladder to go up. I lay down to sleep in a vile bed, which by daylight was near swimming with the sea. With this we were destitute of fuel, clothes, and meat; and truly we thought every meal our last.'

There lay in Pendennis Castle, as a prisoner at large within the walls, the great Duke of Hamilton. A Royal warrant came to Sir A. Bassett to remove him to the Mount. The Duke, in great trouble and discomfort, protested he could not ride so far because he suffered so acutely from the stone, for which he had petitioned the King that he might go to France to be cut, and declaring he certainly should die in a year. However, Bassett was peremptory, and the Duke mounted the horse, and bore his journey well. When the Mount surrendered to Hammond, he was released; rode on horseback speedily to London; never afterwards complained of the stone; lived many years to atone fully for all his errors; acted a noble part in the closing scene of the great drama, and at last died on the scaffold for his king.

On April 23rd, St. Michael's Mount surrendered, the garrison and governor retiring to Scilly. Pendennis Castle, though invested by Colonel Fortescue with a large force by land, and battered by the Parliamentary frigates by sea, held out till August; it was the very last fortress held for the King; for although Raglan Castle, in Monmouthshire, was not delivered up till two days after, the treaty for its surrender began three days before that for Pendennis. Under the command of John Arundel, of Trerice, then nearly eighty years of age, who went among Roundheads by the names of 'Old Tilbury' (having been at Tilbury with Queen Elizabeth) and 'John for the King,' the garrison made a determined resistance. After six months' siege, driven to extremity by sickness and hunger, having consumed all their horses, &c., they capitulated on most honourable conditions, marching out with

arms mounted and colours flying. But a mortal disorder, induced by the surfeit of sufficient food, carried off a large number of those who had escaped; so that it was said of Pendennis, 'More died in its defence by putting their hands to their mouth than to their swords.'

Arwenack House, between Falmouth and Pendennis, was a seat of the Killigrews. John Killigrew, seeing the Parliamentary army advancing, set fire with his own hand to his noble mansion, lest it might furnish an outpost to favour the attack on Pendennis. Henry Killigrew, who had been a member of the House when Essex was chosen general, and one and another said what troops he should raise, stood up and exclaimed, 'I shall provide a good horse, a good buff coat, a good brace of pistols, and I doubt not, I shall find a good cause,' and so went straight out of the house, and rode post into Cornwall, and plunged devotedly into the gallant struggle. He never would take any command, but was in every action, and always where there was most danger; a man exceedingly beloved by his friends, as earnestly hated by his foes, and an unmerciful denouncer of men of lukewarm minds, and undecided action. After the castle was yielded, he went out to discharge a carbine which had been long loaded; it burst, and a splinter wounded him in the head. Yet he embarked for St. Malo the same day, landed safely, and wrote to Hyde in Jersey to send a bark to fetch him. On its return, Hyde, Hopton, and Capel hastened to the quay with a longing desire to greet their friend, but found only his breathless corpse.

The Chaplain of Pendennis during the siege was Mr. W. Jackman, Vicar of St. Feock; and it is an interesting record connected with his ministrations in his own parish, that he used to administer the Holy Communion to the old people in the Cornish language, because they did not sufficiently understand English. In 1678, the Rector of Landewednack, the most southernly parish in Cornwall, in which the Lizard Point lies, preached a sermon in Cornish; this was the last occasion of its being used in public worship.

St. Mawes Castle, with thirteen guns, and Little Dinas, with twenty-six, at the entrance of the Helford river, under Sir Richard Vyvyan of Trelowarren, yielded about the same time as Pendennis; in the north aisle of Mawgan Church hang the sword and helmet used by Sir R. Vyvyan throughout the Great Rebellion. Penzance, as having received and supported Lord Hopton's troop of horse after the treaty at Tresilian Bridge, and as always displaying a fearlessly loyal spirit, was marked out by Fairfax for special vengeance. For two days he gave up the town a merciless prey to his soldiers. The wretched inhabitants suffered most wanton barbarities, and scarcely a house was left unsacked, 'to the one's great loss, and the other's great enriching; for one of those troopers, *viz.* Edward Best, of St. Wenn, had to his share five gallons of English coin, silver and gold, and pieces of eight, as I was told (says Hals) by one of his servants that was the measurer and spectator thereof:

though long since all riotously spent, as also the shares of his fellow-troopers, Littlecot, Kenn, and Lockyer, of Roche.'

Honourable mention is thus made of one of the resolute Penzance Cavaliers, by William Batten, the Parliamentary admiral, on board his ship Andrew, off Pendennis:—'A dogger-boat with four guns have I taken, whereof one Kedgwin, of Penzant, was captain, a notable active knave against the Parliament, and had the King's commission, but now would fain be a merchantman, and was ballasted with salt, and had divers letters in her for Pendennis Castle.'

In his letters to the Speaker, Fairfax attributes much of his success to the influence of Hugh Peters, Cromwell's chaplain, born at Fowey, hung at London, 1660.

> Truly, Sir, this must needs be acknowledged for an admirable mercy from the same gracious hand of Providence that hath hitherto gone along with you, that so considerable a force as this should be so baffled, first at Torrington, and afterwards should put themselves, as it were, into a net; whereby they were necessitated to take termes, to the utter ruine of so great a bodie of cavalry. The articles of agreement will speake the mercie, and needs no comment.
>
> For further particulars concerning this businesse I referre you to Master Peters, who since he came into this county (where he was borne) hath very much furthered the service, in the bringing of the country in so freely to the protection of the Parliament.
>
> I remaine,
>
> Your most humble servant,
>
> THOS. FAIRFAX.

Amongst the ejected clergy of Cornwall was James Rosington, Rector of St. Allen, a man of eminent parts and piety, whose learning and Biblical knowledge came out so strikingly before the 'Committee of Tryers,' that they were compelled to own that he was more fit to examine them than they him. On one occasion, he escaped being taken by hiding in the furnace of a malt-kiln; but a faithful servant, who would not betray his master, was most cruelly beaten by the troopers. His family of eight children were reduced to beggary. A like fate befell many other of the Cornish clergy, under the hand of Francis Rouse, of St. Dominic, a hot enemy of Church and King, Cromwell's Provost of Eton, one of the Assembly of Divines, M. P. for Truro, a commissioner of Cornwall for ousting scandalous ministers and ignorant school-masters, and called by Cavaliers 'The old illiterate Jew of Eton.'

Fairfax left Cornwall utterly crushed and prostrate. Two years after, in May, 1648, the Cavaliers of Cornwall rose again; they were routed by Sir Hardress Waller. In August, 1649, Sir John Berkeley and Colonel Shingsley, having come over from the Continent to excite a movement in the west in favour of Charles II., were taken prisoners at Colonel Trevanion's house near Truro. The Scilly Islands had surrendered to the Parliament in 1646. In 1650, they were again seized for the King, and strongly fortified, one of the Godolphins being governor under Sir John Grenville. Van Tromp, the Dutch admiral,

appeared before Scilly with his large squadron, and tempted Sir J. Grenville with a large bribe to cede the islands to him; but the noble Cavalier stood there to contend against treason, not imitate it, and he scornfully rejected the humiliating proposal. Blake and Ayscough with fifty ships invested the islands in 1651. The Cavaliers fought hard both by sea and land. Bernard Grenville, the governor's brother, by the aid of the Rashleighs of Menabilly, where he lay concealed, threw in a large reinforcement; but the enemy having got a footing on the island of Tresco, erected a battery on an old breastwork, which not only commanded Grenville's camp in St. Mary's Isle, but could reach any ship passing in or out of the harbour. This advanced position so greatly distressed the Royalists, that after communication with Charles II. they surrendered in May, the whole garrison of eight hundred men, with the governors and officers, enough (says Whitelocke) to head an army, being all taken prisoners of war. Sir John Grenville was the eldest son of the immortal Sir Beville. At the age of sixteen he headed his father's regiment, was engaged in all the great battles of the west, and in the second battle of Newbury was left on the field as dead. He attended Charles II. in all his wanderings, conducted the negociation with Monk for his restoration, and was the King's messenger with his letter to the Parliament.

THE MYSTERY OF THE CAVERN.

CHAPTER XI.

A KNOCK came to Damaris's door. Was it a mad-doctor? She hardly durst answer! She saw Lady Maynard, and with her a well-known figure—so familiar, yet so unexpected, that she hardly durst believe her eyes.

'Here is an old friend come to see you,' said Lady Maynard, and left them while Damaris was still sobbing in Mrs. Foley's arms, and asking in wonder how she came to help her in her utmost need.

'We were in Bristol, my dear. Mr. Foley was to preach there, and we found it was not too much out of our way to come and see you.'

'It was very very good,' said Damaris. 'Is Mr. Foley here?'

'Yes, down-stairs with Lady Maynard. But do I hear that you have been unwell, my dear?'

'Not really—no, only from agony of mind,' said Damaris. 'Oh, dear Mrs. Foley, your coming seems to answer my prayers; I think a good angel has sent you.'

Mrs. Foley half smiled at this, but said nothing except a tender question as to the cause of her distress. The girl trembled, and caught

hold of her hand without speaking. Then her friend kissed her, and said, 'Only tell me, my dear, that we may see if we can help you.'

'Ah! you will hold me fast? You will not say I am mad, and shut me up? You will not leave me to their mercy?' implored Damaris. And in reply Mrs. Foley put her arm round her waist, and again said, 'We are your oldest friends, my dear; only let us see what we can do for you.'

Then absolutely holding by Mrs. Foley, Damaris whispered, 'I have made a dreadful discovery. Oh! Mrs. Foley, it is no fancy of my own. I have the proofs here. I showed them to a professional man! There has been a shocking crime, injustice still going on. It will rend the hearts of many dear to me here. I cannot tell how to speak; and those who suspect I know it, would not scruple at any method of suppressing my evidence. I know justice must be done, and now—oh! thank Heaven that you and Mr. Foley are come to protect me.'

'Had you rather tell me alone or Mr. Foley?'

'Oh! I should like Mr. Foley to be there, if he would be so kind. I should not be so much afraid.'

'I will fetch him.'

Damaris could scarcely bear to let her go out of her sight; but she speedily returned with Mr. Foley, and then all the soothings and encouragements had to be gone through again, and she needed to be assured that nothing should be divulged without her full consent, before —having first locked the door—she opened first a drawer, then two boxes within it, and still holding the innermost parcel in her hand, she spoke with greater composure than could have been expected, as if the preparations had in some way nerved her for the effort.

'You know that Miss Maynard once had two little half-brothers, and that one was thought to have fallen from the crag, and swept away by the river.'

'I did know that she once had brothers,' said Mrs. Foley, 'but not that she had lost one by so sad an accident.'

'It may—may have been accident, and courage wanting to avow it,' said Damaris; 'but—dear friends, it was only this frightful evidence that has made me have worse than suspicion. Then,' lowering her voice, 'the fatal spot has been closed up ever since, with absolutely jealous care; but a providential chance led me there. There is a cavern on the side of the precipice, and oh! Mr. Foley, this is what I found in it.'

Mr. Foley took the parcel which she shudderingly handed over to him, and uttered an exclamation; then after a few seconds said, 'These bones look to me like fossils.'

Possibly Damaris was for the moment more hurt than relieved, as she answered, 'I showed them to a professional gentleman. I told him nothing about them; but he assured me they were the tibia and metatarsal bones of a child of four or five years old.'

'What professional gentleman?'

'Mr. Lebrun. He is a medical student here. I have given him no

explanation, but I have reason to think him a sufferer by these terrible machinations.'

'You don't consider these to be his bones?' said Mr. Foley in an odd sort of voice.

'No,' said Damaris, half affronted; 'but, Sir, I do believe it will be proved that he is the younger child, who was said to have died of convulsions in his parents' absence; and that if the secrets of the grave were disclosed, it would be found to contain either a figure representing the true infant, or else mere gravel.'

'This is a frightful accusation, Damaris,' said Mr. Foley gravely. 'What is it founded upon?'

Damaris paused; but instead of being as entirely disconcerted as he had supposed she would be, she said, 'Sir, you have only looked at the bones as yet; but you will see that there was further irrefragable proof of the unhappy perpetrator.'

Mr. Foley took up the glove, and plainly read the letters upon it, and the locket.

'You found these in the cave?' he said.

'Yes, almost in a handful with the bones.'

Mrs. Foley, partly because she was holding Damaris's hand, and partly from repugnance to the relics, had left their examination entirely to her husband; but as he handed the locket to her, she almost screamed, 'Cecil's!—It is Cecil's! My dear brother Cecil's.'

'Cecil's!' exclaimed Mr. Foley, as if he thought the frenzy was extending to her.

'Yes, yes—you know he was engaged to her. Oh! it is all plain now. Poor dear Cecil!'

'Another horror!' gasped Damaris, turning very white at the thought of a fresh victim added to the list.

'No—no,' said Mrs. Foley, with a hysterical spasm of laughter in her throat; 'but the locket was lost, and she never forgave him—and—oh! that this had been found twenty years ago!'

'My dear Mary,' said her husband, 'you had better take a little breath. I cannot help thinking that you have the clue to this mystery; but you must think it over, and wait to speak more clearly.—And in the meantime, Damaris, I do assure you that to the best of my belief these are not human bones; and that if the owner were murdered at all, it must have been before our creation. But as it is right to be certain, I will show them to any surgeon or anatomist you please, and get his opinion.'

'I know! I know!' proceeded Mrs. Foley; 'Cecil was always eager about geology. He used to tell me of the wonderful cave full of hyenas' bones, and of the creatures they had gnawed here—in this very place. They must have been digging here. Oh! that locket! How well I remember his showing it to me when he came home—and then so soon came the misunderstanding!'

Damaris looked still only half comprehending. It was not easy to believe that she had suffered so much for absolutely nothing, and it hurt her a little to see her discovery almost set aside for the sake of some forgotten love affair; nor was her mind instantly able to disabuse itself of the complications that she had so dwelt on, or to perceive that if the bones were not human, the whole fell to the ground. She spoke half plaintively, 'Indeed it was not lightly taken up! I told no one of my suspicions, though the silence has been intolerable; and a young surgeon ought to be an anatomist.'

'He *ought*, certainly,' said Mr. Foley; 'but if it will satisfy you, I will get a more experienced opinion. Lady Maynard has asked us to sleep here, and I am going back to Rollesford to fetch our goods. Will you come with me, and hear for yourself what is said of them?'

The started distrustful look returned for a moment. 'O Sir, I know you would not take me away and send me anywhere.'

'Most certainly not,' said Mr. Foley; 'I am going to leave my wife as a hostage.'

The bright cheerful manner did much to re-assure her, and Mrs. Foley added, 'My dear, we are not blaming you; we do not share the alarm that has possessed your friends. Believing in the discovery you thought you had made, no wonder you seemed to them as if you were distracted; but we do not think you so; all we wish is to convince your reasonable senses of how the bones came there. You can trust Mr. Foley?'

'Oh yes,' said Damaris eagerly. And she hastened to make herself ready, exclaiming from time to time that she could not think how it was that her friends had come so opportunely to comfort her. And yet—and yet—perhaps she had still some slight lurking desire that now she had Mr. Foley to back her up, the bones might be proved recent.

At the door there stood, to her amazement, Mr. Newton's dog-cart; and she presently understood so far as that he had come down by the same train as Mr. and Mrs. Foley, had driven them to Torwood in the trap that had come to meet him, and had insisted on also driving back again for their bags. He looked anxiously at her when she came down, and professed himself much pleased to have the honour of driving her, so she was placed by his side; and Mr. Foley sat back to back with them, not without much reluctance on her part. She had learnt to take her precedence as a lady of any stranger gentleman, but not of Mr. Foley.

It was a silent drive. She was too uncertain and agitated to wish to say anything. It was very hard to have to be derided for so well authenticated a tragedy on circumstantial evidence, and she dreaded Harry Newton's examining her on those wild and mysterious hints that she had thrown out to him. Thus it was a great comfort that after he had packed her up well with a carriage-rug, he spoke not a word till he had driven to the inn-yard at Rolleston.

They had gone safe past the door of Mr. Pigou's partner—that was one good thing; then after a few questions and consultations they walked

into the street, where Mr. Newton left them, promising to meet them at the inn-yard in an hour's time. The first thing they did was to ring at a door bearing a brass plate, with the name of the doctor of whom Damaris had often heard. He, however, was not at home, and Mr. Foley then said, 'I hear there is a museum not far off, perhaps the curator would be the best person to satisfy you.'

So they repaired to a nondescript building, something between an office and a private house, and there, on paying sixpence apiece, they found themselves the sole visitors of a room with a fusty smell, with drawers, glass cases, and bottles ranged round, and presided over by a keen little old man in spectacles, who looked very much as if he were a mummy brought to life, and wearing clothes as like its cerements as modern fashion would permit.

He wriggled down from the perch where he was studying something with a microscope, and looked well pleased to have some intelligent-looking visitors, such as might not confuse his alligator out of spirits with his crocodile in spirits.

'This young lady,' said Mr. Foley, 'would be much obliged to you if you would give her some account of this curiosity.'

The old man opened the little parcel with the eagerness of a terrier on the scent of a rat—looked, nodded, licked, muttered, 'Semi-fossilized—tertiary period—embedded in limestone stalagmite—metatarsal bone of an animal of the ovine family—ha!—leporine femur—the teeth of hyena showing—precisely what was needed to complete magnificent skeleton.'

And in another moment he had whipped out a deep drawer, which was quite filled with well-ranged bones looking just like those that had so terrified Damaris, and which she saw to be labeled in large letters—'Limestone Cavern at Priors Torwood. Presented, 1856, by Sir Walter Maynard, Bart.'

'Exactly!' exclaimed the old man, seeking among his bones. 'It is the very thing that was needed! May I ask if the young lady would part with it? Also where it comes from?'

'The cave at Torwood,' Damaris was forced to falter.

'Ha! I thought as much, Ma'am. That cave was a perfect mine—a very Kirk's Hole, Sir—discovered by quarrymen; the late Sir Walter Maynard investigated it closely, and you see the valuable produce.'

'We are anxious,' said Mr. Foley, 'to be told exactly what these bones are, as there has been some question about them lately.'

'Nothing easier, Sir. This is the metatarsal bone of a young specimen of Ovis Primitivus.'

'A bit of a leg of primitive lamb,' translated Mr. Foley.

'And this is a portion of a rabbit,' added the curator; 'the very portion that was missing. You perceive that they are not entirely fossilized; they are, in fact, comparatively recent; but that they are of the primeval periods is shown by the peculiar dryness with which they affect the tongue.'

Damaris declined this experiment.

'Perhaps,' added Mr. Foley, 'you could even show us the remains of the murderer.'

Nothing loth, the little curator produced some larger bones, in especial a jaw, with fine white teeth in it, and proceeded to show how well these same teeth fitted into the marks of gnawing visible on the larger bones of lesser animals.

'Quite enough to convict the owner of that jaw,' said Mr. Foley, smiling. 'Who was he, Sir?'

'A hyena,' was the immediate answer. And then came fuller explanation of that wonderful history, as now understood, as if when the limestone rocks were upheaved, fissures and caves had, as it were, gaped between them, and become the dens of beasts of prey—chiefly belonging to that period when the forms of the existing creation seem to have come in 'with a difference,' and climate was in a strange and hitherto inexplicable state. Then that after these creatures had perished, whether by a sudden convulsion, or by a slow decay caused by the cold of the climate, the slow filtering of the water through the mass of limestone overhead, bringing with it lime-dust, had formed the stony icicles called stalactites, and dropping on the floor of the cavern had embedded the bones, to be discovered in after ages.

'So,' said Mr. Foley, in an undertone, 'the murderer of the innocent lamb is plainly convicted; but—he appears to have lived before Adam.'

Damaris coloured crimson and scarcely spoke. She had laid down her bones, and showed no desire to resume them; and the curator was much too anxious for their possession to do anything to remind her of them, little thinking how gladly she would have them forgotten.

'Are you satisfied?' asked Mr. Foley.

'Oh, quite, quite, Sir,' murmured Damaris. 'If only I had known it.'

'But, Damaris,' said Mr. Foley, when they were once more in the street—a very quiet and sleepy one—where they had nothing to do but to dawdle away the hour that Harry Newton's horse needed for refreshment, 'it seems to me that I have read something much like those bone caverns in—which was it—the Fourth or Fifth Book?'

'Yes, Sir; but that book was too difficult for our girls,' said Damaris, again feeling the school-mistress under the clergyman's authority.

'And for their mistress?' asked Mr. Foley.

'Why, Sir, I must confess, those subjects never had much interest to me.'

'Our country certainly had not much about it to excite curiosity as to geology,' said Mr. Foley; 'but I should have thought that the sight of the Swiss mountains, or indeed of the beautiful rocks about here, would have excited some curiosity to know what they were made of.'

Damaris was silent a minute, and then, collecting herself, said, 'Lady Maynard did always wish us to know all about whatever we saw; but, if you please, Sir,' (force of habit and confidence were bringing back her

old formulas towards him,) 'it did seem to spoil the pleasure of things to be always learning lessons about them, as Jane did; but I did not see that others did, not even real ladies, Sir. They made a joke of those that were always referring to their Murrays.'

Mr. Foley smiled. 'That is a stock jest,' he said, 'partly from those who are superior to Murray's information, and a great deal more from those who are too lazy to take even that small trouble to gain information. However, Damaris, you must not think me blaming you. I think that, considering the terrible blunder you made, you acted both with discretion and consideration; but I think you would not have fallen into that blunder if you had laid your mind open to cultivation, and taken the pains with yourself that, pardon me, we thought you intended to do.'

'Sir,' said Damaris, 'I do read aloud with Jane, as Lady Maynard wishes.'

'But what do you read to yourself?'

'Tales, chiefly, Sir,' said Damaris. 'I did not think there was any harm in it. Lady Maynard told me she did not wish them in Jane's way; but then Jane is so much younger, and I cannot take interest in history as she does.'

'Tales—can you tell me their names?'

Damaris mentioned a few, adding, 'Indeed, Sir, they read them at all the houses we visit at, except the Priory, and everybody thinks Miss Maynard very particular.'

'I have not read them, except one that I chanced on at a station. I do not believe Mrs. Foley would read them, unless she were unwell, or in great need of relaxation. Certainly she would not make them the staple of her reading; neither, I imagine, do the young ladies you cite as reading them. But tell me, Damaris, was it not these books that led you to think crimes and mysteries possible—the manners of the aristocracy, in fact?'

Damaris coloured a good deal. Mr. Foley had not been able to repress a certain tone of amusement; and she was hurt—above all, as she knew it was true.

'They seemed very real,' she said, finding she must speak, and in a self-defensive tone.

'That is true,' he said, 'of the better written. The tendency of taste at present is to expect great reality and exact portraiture of modern manners, mixed up with an intensely exciting story, the horror of which is enhanced by the perpetrators appearing as every-day people. It is an unwholesome taste. Romance is the proper field for exciting adventures, which happened naturally then, but are out of keeping with modern portraits except in the Newgate Calendar. No writer of those stories really believes that the lady of the house has drowned one husband, or keeps her brother's wife locked up in a boat-house for life. Such things are only written to supply the demand for incident from people who are too lazy to look for it where it happened in a real and instructive manner.'

'Happened, Sir!' exclaimed Damaris, startled.

'What! did you never hear of a cruel uncle who had his nephews stifled; nor of a king who had six wives? I believe two is the utmost a novel allows.'

'Oh!' exclaimed Damaris with disgust. 'But indeed, Sir, I cannot take interest in history, nor recollect the facts.'

'You recollected them at your examination,' said Mr. Foley. 'But I did not wish to drive you into a distasteful pursuit, only to try to show you, that you—without much depth of cultivation or knowledge of the world—had let yourself be led by exclusively studying these books with their fallacious realism, into fancying that the first stiff disagreeably-mannered person you met could have two or three skeletons in her cupboard.'

'Ah!' sighed Damaris, 'what shall I do? How shall I ever lift up my face again? Miss Maynard will be worse to me than ever—need she know it, Sir? My own Lady Maynard must, I know; and I do love her very much. But, oh! if I could go away for—for a long time, and not see Miss Maynard.'

Mr. Foley was silent, pondering whether this would be possible or advisable; and presently Damaris broke out again, 'Oh! Mr. Foley, could I not go? There is that young man! The false hopes I have excited!'

'What false hopes do you mean?' asked Mr. Foley, rather anxiously.

'Oh no—not of *that* sort,' cried Damaris eagerly; 'but I thought him implicated in the mystery. I thought—oh! must I tell you? that he was the true heir. And there really *is* a mystery about him. He does not know who he is himself.'

'Have you told him your suspicions?'

'No—only that these bones might concern him.'

'That they were his own—eh?'

'No, no, no, Mr. Foley, I am not so silly. I thought he was the younger child, smuggled away—a wax baby buried instead. Such things *have* been, Sir.'

'In your favourite studies,' said Mr. Foley drily.

'But there *is* a mystery,' repeated Damaris.

'Very shallow, and not very pleasant, perhaps,' said Mr. Foley; 'but I am glad to understand from you that you have no—no entanglement with him.'

Damaris paused.—'Never! never, Sir! I used to think—I am ashamed to say it now, but I did think that if he were proved to be the poor child whose name he bears, that if an advance in life made him more dignified and more sensible, the loss to her brother might be made up to—to dear little Jane. But for myself—oh no! and if he misunderstood the confidence I have been forced to repose in him, I am very sorry.'

Longer conversation became impossible, for Mr. Newton met them

again, and in a short time they were in full career on his trap on the way home. Damaris was silent again; but after some time she felt such anxious glances peering under her hat, that remembering her desperate conversation of a few days back, she felt it right to say, 'I am quite satisfied now, Mr. Newton, except that I am ashamed of my own ignorant folly.'

'Ah!' he exclaimed, passing over the latter part of her speech, 'I knew it was the real friends of old times to whom you could speak freely.'

'Oh!' then exclaimed Damaris eagerly, 'was it to you that I owe this comfort? Did you fetch them here? You were away yesterday!'

'Could I see you in such trouble without endeavouring to bring you assistance?' said Harry.

'But how could you—where did you find them?'

'I had seen in the newspaper that Saturday morning, that Mr. Foley was to be one of the preachers on the anniversary week at St. Oswald's, so I went up there on Saturday night.'

'Oh! how good of you!' cried Damaris, her eyes brimming with tears. 'You have brought me from darkness to light.'

There was no saying any more, except that there was a little hoarse murmur down in Harry Newton's throat about being happy to be of any service.

And thus they reached Lady Maynard's cottage; and Mrs. Foley came to meet them in the hall, looking quite at home there.

'Mr. Thrupp is here,' she said.

Damaris looked startled.

'I have told him nothing,' she said. 'Indeed, I have told Lady Maynard nothing. I begged them to have patience till you came home.'

'Please, please,' entreated Damaris, 'let me run up-stairs. You tell them all, dear Mrs. Foley—all that is right; but oh! don't let me come down-stairs to-night.'

(To be continued.)

THE FAIRY OF THE SANDS.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.—PAUL FEVAL.)

PART II.—CHAPTER VII.

THE BLOOD-HOUNDS.

When Méloir had put his feet close to the fire, and was beginning an attack upon the cold fowls, just as if he had eaten no supper, Gueffès, standing beside him cap in hand and head bent down, resumed his speech respectfully in these words:—

'My dear Lord, I cannot tell why I am so tenderly attached to you—I love you as a dog loves his master.'

'I once had a cur that bit me,' Méloir grumbled between two mouthfuls.

'I never met a gentleman who treated me so well as you do, my Lord.'

'Come, Maitre Vincent, you make no difficulties.'

'I really think I could love little Jeannin if you ordered me to love him.'

Méloir yawned with his mouth full.

'I say this to make you understand the extent of my devotion to you, my dear Lord. They say I am a heathen; and who are those that say so? Those who believe in the Fairy of the Sands, and other idle tales.'

'Tell me,' said Méloir, 'what is this about the Fairy of the Sands?'

'She is a beautiful damsel, my Lord, who could, if she would, take you straight to Maurever's hiding-place.'

'Really!'

'Quite true.'

'Where is this beautiful fairy to be found?'

'Here and there, right and left. You saw her last night.'

Méloir put his hand to the belt, where the severed string of the purse was still hanging. 'What,' he cried, 'was it?'

'Neither more nor less than the Fairy of the Sands,' said Gueffès, smiling.

'Are you laughing at me?'

The wind now brought a second trumpet-sound nearer than before.

'Heaven forbid, my Lord!' Gueffès answered. 'Here come the hounds, and when they arrive you will not listen to me; let me take advantage of the time that remains. If I can do nothing better, I must at least gain the fifty crowns. As I told you, I go about to gain my living: people speak, and I listen everywhere. Is it long since you have been at court?'

'About a week, at most.'

'An age! My poor Seigneur, how many times the wind may change in a week! Francis of Brittany becomes paler, and more swelled. At the court of King Charles of France they begin to speak of fratricide; and our future Duke, Monsieur Pierre de Bretagne, has sworn to hang Messire Jean de la Haye on the highest tower of his Castle of Guildo.'

'Are you sure of that?'

'As certain as I am of seeing before me a gallant knight,' answered Gueffès. 'As to Robert Roussel, he is to be burnt in a fire of green wood in the court of the Castle of Hardouinays.'

Méloir became thoughtful.

'All this is nothing to you, my Lord,' Gueffès went on carelessly; 'so I do not even tell you what is to be done to Bastardi the Milanese, to Olivier de Meel, and the rest; only you must hasten if you would have Reine de Maurever; for remember this: in a week's time Maurever will

be no longer an exile; the wind will have changed; Monsieur Hugh will find Norman archers to protect him, even in the sanctuary of Mount St. Michael.'

A third flourish of trumpets, and this time at the foot of the hillock.

Meloir did not move.

Gueffès could not help smiling. 'Here are your dogs, my dear Lord,' he said. 'I leave you; when you want me, you will find me at Simon le Prioul's farm.' He made as if he was going; but he came back, and said in a low voice, 'If—by my own industry, without my dear Lord having any concern with it—little Jeannin should be hanged—'

'Go to the devil, miserable rascal!' said Méloir, in a voice of thunder.

Gueffès hastened to obey; still at the threshold he turned to say, 'Hanged, stabbed, suffocated, or drowned—I understand.' Méloir seized a jug of cider, and threw it at the door, where Gueffès was no longer; but Méloir heard the demon voice saying in the court, 'It is all settled, my dear Lord; you will have no concern with it.'

Bellissan, the master of the hounds, now entered with three assistants, bringing the twelve blood-hounds of high degree. Noble beasts, of different colours, from the kennel of the eldest branch of the house of Rieux, Sieur of Acérac and Sourdeac, and Lord of the Islands. They were trained to the chase at Ushant, where they hunted for ship-wrecked men on the sands, for the blood of Rieux was good and noble blood; there, in old times, at the foot of the rocks of Penmarch, Rieux sought the ship-wrecked, as the Monks of St. Bernard now seek the travellers lost in the snow.

Tall, muscular, high-bred, the muzzle long, ribs well raised, these twelve blood-hounds, in spite of the fatigue of the journey, bounded into the court, now and then uttering a plaintive short bark.

Bellissan, with his trumpet at his back, uncoupled and caressed them. Méloir came down; the dogs jumped about madly, then came to Bellissan, as he called each by name. 'Rougeot, Tarot, Noirot, Messire,' as he presented them by turns, naming them. 'Nantois, Grégeois, Pivois, Ardois, Ravegeux and Merlin, Leopard and Finot. As to this last,' he said, showing a noble beast of spotless black, 'he does not come from Rieux; I bought him at Dol, to replace poor Rabot, who died of decline on the road.'

'Will they be good for the chase that we are going to undertake?' asked Méloir.

'They are used to track men, living or dead, on the rocks, or on the sands, at a league off, Messire. Give them only a day's rest, and you will hear news of them.'

'We will put them on the sands to-night,' said Méloir; and he turned away.

Bellissan had expected a different reception. 'To welcome twelve Rieux blood-hounds after this fashion! not one caress! only cold looks, and then good night! The Chevalier Méloir must be ill.'

In fact, he was thinking of the words of Gueffès: 'The Duke grows pale, and swells; fratricide is mentioned at the court of Charles VII.; and Monsieur Pierre, the future Lord of Bretagne, had sworn to hang Messire Jean de la Haye on the highest tower of his Castle of Guildo! The wind was changing!' Henceforth the game depended upon one stroke, unless one had friends on both sides: and Méloir was half a Norman.

When the little Jeannin left the men-at-arms, at full speed near the house of St. Jean des Grèves, he went back to Simon le Prioul's farm; but the door was closed; the arrival of the soldiers had put an end to the party. The farmer and his wife were asleep; and so was Simonette, on her little bed in the loft. The two cows, La Rousse and La Noire, chewed the cud near their common bed. As to the four Gothons, and the four Mathurins, history is silent as to what they were doing at this time.

Jeannin was fond of walking by moon-light; whole nights passed out of doors had no terrors for him, although, as everyone said, he was chicken-hearted. The holes in his sheep-skin let in the cold wind, but his skin did not mind that. More than once, even more than a hundred times, he had come at the same time to the same place, winter or summer, rain or shine. He sat down under the old apple tree, which still spread out its branches like a parasol, though its trunk was covered with wounds and knots.

Little Jeannin had loved the sweet apples of this tree long before he had loved Simonette, and very good spotted apples they were; but Jeannin had left off caring for such things since he had loved Simonette, for he loved with all his heart, and had done so for a year or more, ever since the Pardon at St. Georges sur Couesnon, which takes place the third Sunday in the month of May. He had there seen the daughter of Simon and Fanchon. He had seen her often enough before, but now he saw her with different eyes. That day Simonette had a head-dress, with flying lappets, fastened to her little round embroidered cap, which could hardly cover her profusion of black hair; her shoes had silver buckles; her petticoat was of fustian, with white and blue stripes; she had gold ear-rings, and a bunch of roses in her boddice of fine woollen cloth. You might search and look amongst the girls of Cherrueix, St. Georges, Quatre Salines—they were all there—and those from Avranches, Dol, and Cancale, from beyond the bay, but amongst them all there was not one so pretty—not one! Simonette was the sweetest flower of this bouquet—the brunette Simonette, with the great black eyes and red lips smiling so sweetly.

Poor little Jeannin had left his heart at the Pardon of St. Georges; and ever since he had travelled many a long mile, only to meet Simonette, and say, 'Heaven bless you!' Whenever Simonette went upon the sands, either on her way to Avranches, or to make a

pilgrimage to the Convent of St. Michael the Archangel, Jeannin led the way; and as he knew every square inch of the shore, Simonette used to arrive at her journey's end without once wetting her little feet. On these occasions, of course Jeannin picked up no shell-fish, and carried back an empty bag to Quatre Salines, therefore on these days he went to bed supperless; but he was so happy! Sometimes, and that was better still, he did not go to bed at all; but he came there, under the old apple tree, and looked at Simonette's house all night long.

Laugh as much as you please—the Mathurins and Gothons laughed before you did: how they made game of poor Jeannin, of his sighs and his sheep-skin! He did not perceive it; he loved, and did not dare to tell his love; but perhaps that is the best way of making love for a boy of eighteen, with the look of an angel, and light hair like a golden glory round his head.

Certain it is, that Simonette knew very well that Jeannin loved her; did she love him? There was one song that Simonette sometimes sung when she was alone. She very often heard it in the marsh, or on the sands, from such a distance, from so very far off, that she might be said to have guessed it; and when Jeannin's trembling voice murmured his 'Heaven bless you!' as she passed, Simonette's cheek became still more rosy—that was all.

It was then, in a fine night of June, that our Jeannin, seated wide awake under his apple tree dreaming, had seen the fairy, the good fairy. He was amusing himself with building all sorts of castles in the air, making a happy paradise, in which, of course, Simonette had the first place, when a light footstep disturbed the pebbles on the road. Jeannin saw a young damsel—he was quite sure he was not asleep; the damsel paused before Simon le Prioul's house-door, and took up a wheaten cake, which Fanchon never forgot to place there on the threshold when there was no broth. This evening it was cake. Jeannin was a little afraid, he fully believed it was the Fairy; and certainly—while a shudder passed over his whole frame, and his little pearls of teeth, whiter than a lady's, chattered in his mouth—he never thought of pursuing the Fairy; on the contrary, he had shut his eyes, and hid his face between his hands. Then he did not know that whoever seized the Fairy might obtain all he wished for: he was wiser now; and it was not for the sake of dreaming that he had placed himself under that rugged old apple tree. He watched the Fairy; he trembled beforehand at the idea of what he was about to do, but he was quite determined. There is nothing like a little coward for attempting impossibilities.

Jeannin waited with beating heart and panting breath. He made himself certain that the cup of gruel had not been touched; the Fairy would certainly come. He waited long; the moonlight showed him that it was past midnight, when a confused murmur reached his

ears from the direction of the great house. Presently the pebbles on the road were lightly moved; the young lady came running. Jeannin raised himself gently; he had said to himself, 'When the Fairy stoops for the porringer, I will seize her.' But the Fairy passed with a light and rapid step; and she did not stoop to pick up the porringer. Jeannin stopped for one moment confounded; then he left the event to chance, and set himself bravely to overtake the Fairy.

CHAPTER VIII.

FAIRY HUNTING.

JEANNIN was swifter of foot than anyone in those parts; but the Fairy went like the wind. Jeannin's delay had given her the advantage of some hundred paces, and after ten minutes running she did not seem to have lost an inch of ground. She went straight to the sands. Jeannin threw off his wooden shoes; he was already very much heated, but he redoubled his exertions. He said to himself, 'Happily the tide is out, for the Fairy walks on water as well as on land, and there I could not follow her. But why did she not take the gruel? so good as it was this evening! perhaps she likes the wheaten cake better.' These thoughts did not prevent him from 'devouring the way,' as the saying is; all along the Couesnon road, now that his feet were bare, he made great progress.

The path that he and the Fairy followed led down to the sands, making many turns between the hedges; the moon was high, and cast a brilliant light. He often lost sight of the Fairy as the road curved; and when he turned the corners, there she was again, light as a spirit. She made no noise as she ran, at least Jeannin could not hear her footsteps. Once he thought he saw her turn her head to cast a look behind her. It was very near the sands, close to a ruined wind-mill, surrounded by brushwood, and the young shoots of aspen, with its whitish leaves.

The Fairy, having probably now for the first time seen that she was followed, jumped quickly into the thicket, and Jeannin lost sight of her. He ran round the mill; behind it were the quicksands, lying flat in the moonlight, where no one could be concealed.

There was no fog; in the distance, black and distinct, might be seen both Mount St. Michael and Tombelaine, relieved against the pale azure of the sky. Jeannin went once more round the old wind-mill; then, instead of losing time in beating about the bushes, he threw himself on the ground, and put his ear close to the sand.

He heard three things. To the west, towards St. Jean's, horses' feet sounding against the stones in the road; to the north, the dull sound of the sea; to the east, a light footstep, so light, that no ear less quick than

Jeannin's could have detected it. He jumped up joyfully, thinking, 'She is mine!' And he bounded like a fawn in the direction of that slight noise, which was, in fact, the Fairy's footsteps.

As Jeannin had gone round the mill, she had escaped towards the land, as the sands were too open to conceal her flight; and probably she did not know what sort of an enemy she had to do with. Those she thought of, were very different from little Jeannin.

When she had looked back, she had only seen something moving on the track, for the moon, being in the west, left Jeannin in the shade, while the light came fully upon the Fairy. The poor little Fairy had said to herself, 'That one is in advance, because he runs so fast; the others will follow.' The others—those men-at-arms and soldiers, asleep so lately in the great hall of Mount St. Jean—she had then braved them in her rash folly, and now they were coming to punish her.

She was not much mistaken, for at this very time eight or ten horsemen came down the hill, and galloped towards the sands; only Jeannin was not acting as their van-guard, he was giving chase on his own account: the Fairy perceived that she could only escape by stratagem.

But how is it that a fairy should be in need of stratagem? Why not mount upon her usual conveyance, the silver rays of the moon? Why not skip playfully over the stunted oaks of the marsh, over the apple trees, over the aspens, with their pale foliage? or why not slide quicker than the lightning upon the wet sand, jump over the quicksands, and plunge beneath the waves, down to those diamond grottoes which, as everyone knows, exist at the bottom of the sea? What is the use of being a fairy, if you must lose your breath on beaten paths, double like a hare before the dogs, and hide amongst the brushwood?

Jeannin was quite equal to such reasoning; but he did not reason, he believed. If he had reasoned thus, perhaps he would have given up the pursuit; for it was a real fairy that he wanted, one that could change his poverty into wealth; not a chance fairy, trembling with fear like a young girl.

He had said, 'She is mine!' and he felt sure of her. The slight sound he had heard was in the direction of the Couesnon; so in making straight for the river, without quitting the edge of the sands, he saved all the windings of the paths as they turn about the fields. He started in this direction with new ardour; he even forgot his fear; he smiled; and as a knight rushing to battle invokes his love, so he called upon Simonette.

Perhaps the name does not sound romantically to you, but Jeannin knew none so harmonious. Now the Fairy must take care of herself. All the rivers that furrow the sands are strange; and the Couesnon, the river of Brittany, is the most capricious of them all. To-day a torrent, a quiet brook to-morrow; the Couesnon astonishes even those who inhabit its banks by its wild and sudden fancies. It should have had a feminine name, for its fantastic humours do not sit well upon a

bearded god, unless indeed he is in the power of a Naiad. Sometimes, on reaching the banks of the Couesnon, you might take it for a dried up pool. Its banks, excavated perpendicularly by the waves which have departed, resemble walls of greenish marl. In the middle of the bed, far from the banks, is a narrow channel, where the Couesnon runs babbling over the pebbles. Yesterday, the Couesnon, under its picturesque bridge, threw up its white waves, like those great rivers that are always disturbing the clay of their beds. It thundered against the piles of the bridge; it was proud; it lavished the water out of its urn without care for to-morrow, like a spendthrift, who dazzles the world one day to excite its compassion the next. Now it is humble, reduced, little, like a poor wretch between the last night of an orgie and the first day of the hospital. But all this is nothing, as long as it is on dry land. When it arrives at the sands, the caprice of the sands, added to the caprice of the water, makes frantic struggle between them. The Couesnon is the strongest; he considers the sands as his right; on them he chooses his place, now to the right, now to the left. Never look for it in the same place where it was last week. He ran in this place, that is quite a reason that now he should run somewhere else; he changes his domicile from one high tide to the next. That thread of water that crosses the sand like a furrow made by a plough, that is the Couesnon; that great river, as wide as the Loire, that is the Couesnon. In this case, the river, though as wide as the Loire, is quite shallow, you may pass it without covering your ancles; it spreads a quantity of water on the sands three inches deep, the sun is reflected in it, and you are dazzled. It is like a sea; and this sea has its shipwrecks too. These brilliant sands tremble under the feet of the traveller, they open, he sinks, they close again, and still they shine. It is a terrible death; it comes slowly, but every effort to avoid it makes it more certain. Death prepares the tomb even under the feet of the dying.

This death in the quicksands! and how many are the dead in this vast cemetery? The inhabitants of that coast say, that on the 2nd of November, the day after All Saints, a white fog always rises at nightfall, consisting of the souls of those sleeping in the quicksands. It is their fête; and as they are innumerable, so the fog extends over the whole bay, surrounding in its funeral folds both Mount St. Michael and Tombelène. In the morning, lamentations come from that animated fog; and those who pass the shore, hear, 'In a year's time! In a year's time!' It is the souls giving rendezvous for the following year. Whoso hears them crosses himself. The day breaks, the great sepulchre opens, the fog clears off.

At the same time as Jeannin arrived at the brink of the Couesnon, the horsemen from Mount St. Jean had also stopped at the river. There seemed to be a short consultation amongst them; then the troop divided, one part returned by the river towards Pontorson, the other followed its course to the sands.

Jeannin could not guess the motive of this nocturnal march. He hid in a bush, while the horsemen went by towards the sands. They passed; but where was the Fairy? poor Jeannin had lost all trace of her. Alas, alas, for the fifty crowns, love, and happiness! Once more he put his ear to the ground: useless trouble; the heavy tramp of the horses stifled all other sound. Had the Fairy hidden herself to escape the soldiers? had she passed the Couesnon? he knew not; and to add to his troubles, the moon went under a cloud. Nothing could be seen on the sands. Jeannin was in despair; he had a good mind to cry; henceforth the Fairy would mistrust him. Never again, never, should he have such a good chance.

Overcome with fatigue, he sat down, and put his head between his two hands. As he was in this attitude, something touched his hair; he jumped up, and cried out; a feeble cry answered him. There was the Fairy in the bed of the river.

This Fairy then could not run upon the water without wetting her feet? He took care not to ask himself this indiscreet question; but he set off again. The Fairy had already gained the other side; but what had touched his hair was the Fairy's veil; if he had but had the sense to put out his arm! On the other side of the Couesnon it was necessary to go upon the sands, or go by the Norman villages near the coast. This road turns its back upon Mount St. Michael; and from the first direction she had taken, Jeannin thought that the Fairy was going to Mount St. Michael. He was not long in doubt. The Fairy, after once looking back, made an abrupt turn, and ran quickly over the sand. The sands were his element: he tightened the cord that served him for a belt, and again made play with his legs.

The moon came out from under the clouds, and lighted up the sands. The cavalcade from Mount St. Jean might be seen wandering as chance directed; now approaching, now receding, from the Couesnon. Jean, and she whom he followed, were too far off to be in much danger of being seen. They were now running fifty paces apart, on a surface smooth as ice; and there was no doubt that Jeannin was gaining upon her. She still ran lightly and quickly; but Jeannin thought he saw some signs of fatigue, his courage increased, and again he said, 'She is mine! She is mine!'

He did not know that fairies have the character of being deceivers. Simon le Prioul, who was strong in the matter of fairies, could have told him so. They allow the approach of any poor boy who is pursuing them; they encourage him by pretending to be fatigued; they entice him; they stir him up to persevere, when he is going to give up through fatigue. He runs as long as he has any breath left; then, just as he thinks he has caught her, away she flies, laughing; and down he falls, flat, uttering cries and moans, happy if he has not been beguiled into some pit-fall. Jeannin was an ignorant fellow, to think of catching a fairy, indeed! he might as well try to catch the moon with his teeth. Fairies may be surprised, but never overtaken, as all the world knows.

If Simon le Prioul had heard the little shell-fish picker cry, as he ran, 'She is mine!' he would have laughed like a hunch-back. How came the Breton knight in the legend to succeed? It was because he seized the Fairy as she stooped to pick up the dainties bought of the confectioner at Dol.

Evident as all this is, still Jeannin gained ground. Between him and the Fairy there were not more than thirty paces. The wind came fresher on his forehead, and he knew that the tide had turned. He was half way to the Mount, on the Pontorson road. As he ran, he thought of a plan, suggested by his perfect knowledge of the pools and quicksands. Flat as are the sands, there are some channels which have a slope so slight as to be imperceptible to the eye, but where the tide rises long before it covers the rest of the sands. Jeannin studied the ground for a few moments, he then changed his direction, and seemed as if he had given up the pursuit.

While she ran towards the north, he went towards the east, running as fast as ever—a fine scheme, indeed! With a damsel of flesh and blood it might have answered, for Jeannin, letting her run towards a pool that she could not see, gained a great advantage; but a fairy! of course she will jump over the pool, that is all! unless, indeed, she took a fancy to feign embarrassment, the better to deceive the little cockle-picker. And so it happened, feint or not. She stopped at the pool, which she had not suspected; then, as she was going round it, she found herself face to face with Jeannin. She put down her veil, and asked, in a voice which trembled a little, what he wanted with her.

Jeannin's heart beat; but he answered with resolution, in all the candour of his superstitious faith, 'Pardon me, good Fairy; I want fifty golden crowns, to enable me to marry Simonette.'

And for fear the good Fairy should escape him, he seized her round the waist, respectfully, but firmly.

(To be continued.)

FERNDOM.

(BY FILIX-FŒMINA.)

CHAPTER XI.

DUMB VOICES.

It is very strange and wonderful how the speechless things of the Creation are yet gifted with voice—how the sighing of the wind, and the rippling of the sea, and the scent of flowers, or it may be only the shaping of a little leaf, takes tongue and tells us stories of people and

things long since passed away; and from the simple history passes on to evolve long trains of thought, and argument, which evermore will be inseparably connected with the agent which first touched the 'electric chain.'

Not very long ago, there was a Snowdon guide who possessed not only a sure foot and steady head, but a gentle affectionate heart. The young lad had a widowed mother living at some distance, whom he most earnestly longed to see, but the expense of the journey prevented his being able to undertake it. At the time when the occurrence, which I am about to relate, happened, the little *Woodsia ilvensis* and *hyperborea* had just been discovered in the Snowdon district; these ferns were so rare, and their few habitats considered so inaccessible, that a large price (sometimes even as much as a guinea) was given for a plant, and young David Lewis (I cannot vouch for the name) had often been heard to say, 'Yes, indeed, if only I could find this new fern, I could go and see my mother.'

One summer's day David had to escort two ladies up the mountain; they were young, and wandered here and there in search of wild flowers, discoursing meanwhile of the new and wondrous ferns, and of their great value. By-and-by they sat down to rest, other parties passing them in the distance. On rising to continue the ascent, which was nearly accomplished, David was missing—they called and waited long, but all in vain; they thought that David had been beguiled by some other party to guide them down the more perilous descent by Cwm-glas fawr. At last they joined another guide, finished the ascent, and returned in safety. But where was David? he had not been heard of. Alas! he never returned. Numbers of the neighbouring poor went out in search, and at last the lad was found lying dead at the foot of an awful crag, the much coveted fern tightly grasped in the poor cold hand.

So the *Woodsia* speaks to me, and looking at their tiny fronds, I forget for a while all but that filial love, by the light of which I seem to see the poor boy guided safely to the Great Father's Home above.

The rare *ilvensis*, and the still rarer *hyperborea*, form the only British species of Genus XIV.; a genus so small as to include (according to the present arrangement) not more than twelve species in all.

The genus *Woodsia* (so called after Mr. Joseph Woods, a well-known English botanist), has small membranaceous fronds, which are 'pinnate, pinnato-pinnatifid or bipinnate,' the sori are involucrate, that is, the indusium is developed in an inferior manner.

I only know the genus under the aspect of *ilvensis*, and *hyperborea*, which are the only European species belonging to it.

Woodsia ilvensis—the oblong Woodsia—has small oblong fronds, of a dull green colour, with oblong much-rounded and lobed pinnæ, which are covered beneath with chaffy scales that extend down the rachis and stipes. It is neither elegant in shape, nor beautiful in outline, but from its extreme rarity and the difficulty of cultivating it, it is intensely interesting.

Woodsia hyperborea—the Alpine Woodsia—is even more rare and interesting than its little oblong neighbour. I have two plants of it; one brought from Glydyr fawr, near Snowdon, and the other sent to me from Scotland—the former planted in a pot, and before me as I write; the latter planted and flourishing in the rockery—and each claiming to be the tiniest of all tiny ferns. I will describe my plant from Glydyr fawr. It is not an inch and a half in its entire length, while the fronds do not measure a quarter of an inch across; yet the small triangular-shaped pinnæ bear well-developed masses of fructification, the round sori nearly covering the lobes of the pinnæ. In colouring, *Woodsia hyperborea* is a pale yellowish green, it is erect in growth (while *ilvensis* is somewhat drooping in habit), and though so very minute, it looks sturdy and likely to do well.

The specimen planted in the rockery has thrown out a number of young fronds, and seems even happier than the more cared-for plant.

Having surmounted the difficulty of procuring plants of true *Woodsia*, the next difficulty that presents itself is, how to grow them?

Many will say, 'Keep them damp and in the shade; they choose moist rocks for their habitations; try and fulfil the like conditions, and the result will be the same.'

I do not agree with either the wisdom of the advice, or the truth of the statement. These little ferns, as I believe, grow on rocks which are exposed to the full blaze of the sun, hiding themselves in crevices from the direct rays of sunshine, while they are fully exposed to its light and warmth.

Like all other Alpine plants, the genus *Woodsia* requires peculiar treatment: it must have perfect drainage, frequent waterings, sun, air, and shade; and thus cared for, I believe that both *Woodsia ilvensis* and *hyperborea* would grow freely.

Dr. Hooker speaks of the 'soil and climate theory' as 'hard pressed,' but I think that all practical gardeners will admit that the theory will bear a great deal of pressure before it gives way. Like other theories, it has its *limits*—limits that have been fixed by an Agency beyond our control, as it is at present beyond our comprehension; but it is most surely founded on truth; we look in vain for bog plants on a rock, or for Alpine plants in a lowland swamp: who ever found *A. ruta-muraria* growing in a grass field, or *Botrychium lunaria* on a wall? There is, I know, an elasticity in nature, a power of 'struggling for existence' in plants, that makes many species adapt themselves to uncongenial conditions, and as years have rolled on, these conditions may have so altered the *appearance* of a plant, that to our short-sighted vision it may seem as a new species, but it will not really be one; and I believe that if it were restored to its original habitat—that habitat unaltered in its climate and conditions—in the years to come, the original form would be evolved.

But Dr. Hooker allows the theory a certain play; and in the practical cultivation of ferns, I think it may be extended to its utmost limits.

The great difficulty in the cultivation of *Woodsia* is the winter. I have been too careful of my plants to trust them, as yet, out of doors during the extreme cold, but if they are kept free from stagnant moisture, I do not see why they should not be as hardy as *P. lonchitis* or *A. septentrionale;* happily they are not sufficiently juicy to tempt the slugs.

The British habitats of *Woodsia ilvensis*, together with those of *W. hyperborea*, are amidst the high mountains of Wales, Scotland, and the North of England.

The world distribution is confined to within the Arctic Circle; to temperate Europe; North Africa; Asia; and North America.

I read that Dr. Moore, of Glasnevin, found both *ilvensis* and *hyperborea* growing abundantly on sunny rocks in Norway.

From the sun-loving little *Woodsia* we must pass on to the beautiful genus *Trichomanes*, (Genus XV.) which (as known to us in its one British species *radicans*) lives, like Niobe, dissolved in tears.

I have never seen this lovely fern in its wild state, but I can picture to my fancy nothing more beautiful than its long weeping tresses, with here and there a stray sunbeam glinting upon them, as they adorn the romantic waterfalls of the dear Emerald Isle.

But before I speak more particularly of the British *radicans*, I must say a few words of the genus *Trichomanes*, which has the name of Linnæus attached to it. In writing of this genus, it is almost impossible to separate it from that of *Hymenophyllum* (of which we shall speak presently), and to which it bears a resemblance which, while it allies the two genera to each other, at the same time separates them from all other British ferns. I allude to the pellucid character of the fronds, and to the peculiar cup-shaped involucre within which the sorus perfects itself.

The genus *Trichomanes* is widely distributed over the globe, inclining to the tropical, rather than to the temperate zones, and includes (according to Sir W. Hooker) eighty-seven species, of which New Zealand claims six (*T. reniform; humile; venosum; Colensoi; strictum;* and *elongatum);* and Britain one (*radicans*).

I think I cannot do better than quote the description given of the genus in the little New Zealand book I have before referred to.

'Sorus marginal; involucre tubular, of the same texture as the frond, narrowed at the base, widening at the apex; the receptacle often protruding like a hair. This is a more tropical genus than *Hymenophyllum*, from which it may be distinguished by the tubular or trumpet-shaped involucre (which is less obviously two-lipped, being often quite circular at the mouth), and also by the protruding thread-like receptacle' (the support to the fructification).

When first our British species was brought prominently forward, it was some time before the generality of botanists could agree that they had the true tropical species, *radicans*, before them—it seemed so strange for a fern growing commonly in the torrid zone, to have taken up its

abode, not only in the more humid atmosphere of the sister island, but also (for *T. radicans* was gathered in Yorkshire, within the present century) in England.

These doubts have, however, now passed away, and *T. radicans*—the European Bristle Fern, or as we commonly designate it, the 'Killarney Fern'—is now received by, I believe, all botanists as a true British species, and it is grown by nearly all fern lovers in a variety of ingenious ways.

It is a fern possessing the strongest individuality; it could never be mistaken for other than itself. The large pellucid fronds—with their crowded pinnæ and deeply pinnatifid pinnules—when seen under magnifying power, present a transparent net-work, over which wiry veins run in a 'series of forked ramifications.' The little elongated 'cups' which hold the sorus, appear as though they were merely the inflated continuations of the veins.

I have before me a frond gathered in its wild state in Ireland some years ago, and it is to my bought and cultivated specimens of *T. radicans*, what *Hymenophyllum unilaterale* is to *H. tunbridgense;* the frond is smaller, but the pinnæ are larger, and the apices of the pinnulets are much forked and elongated.

This lovely fern is difficult to cultivate, and very varied are the modes by which people attempt to persuade it to make itself at home.

Never but once have I known of its being grown apart from artificial heat; and (as I consider any addition to our knowledge as to the 'how to cultivate ferns out of doors' as so much added to the pleasure of daily life) I cannot resist giving a part of a letter which contains the account of this interesting fact. 'Four years ago,' writes a friend, 'I had a small plant of *T. radicans* given me with two fronds. I kept it under glass in the house, and petted it in all kinds of ways for two years. It did not die, for there remained the two fronds, but *rather smaller* at the end of the two years. Tired of the sight of it, last April twelvemonth I plunged the pot in the open fernery in the shade, put a bell-glass over it, giving it frequent air and rain—it stood the winter well with a bee-hackle over the glass, and has this year six fine healthy fronds, and is beautiful.' I must add, that my friend lives at Exmouth, in Devonshire.

Desirable as it may be to know how to grow *T. radicans out* of doors, it is perhaps quite as desirable to know how to grow it *in;* and what shall I say about this knotty point? Hitherto my experience (though not positive failure) has not been success. I am now trying a new method, of the result of which I am very sanguine.

A few weeks since I had a healthy young plant sent to me from Ireland. I prepared a home for it as follows. A deep pan nearly filled with drainage and rock. I sprinkled the rock with peat earth mixed with silver-sand, and fastened the creeping rhizoma of the fern to it; I filled up the pan with earth, laying a fine mass of *H. unilaterale* and *tunbridgense* on either side; over all I put a large bell-glass, and

I sprinkled the fronds with water daily. The 'happy family' looks very contented at present; and even should *T. radicans* turn restive, I shall have the pleasure of seeing *Hymenophyllum* flourish. Mr. Wollaston advises me to add some sphagnum moss (Grey Bog Moss), which, though retentive of moisture, has sufficient astringency to check decay.

Of *Trichomanes radicans*, Mr. Fraser gives three varieties—*Andrewsii* (found at Turk, Killarney; Glouin Caragh; and Mount Eagle, Kerry); *concinnus;* and *tortilis.* To these Mr. Lowe adds *dilatatum; alatum;* and *furcans* (all natives of Ireland).

The fern, in all its varieties, is commonly called the 'Killarney Fern,' and it is generally supposed to be now confined to the Irish shores; but Mr. Lowe, in his 'Native Ferns,' hints mysteriously at 'Welsh habitats extending over several miles.'

The world distribution of *T. radicans* (according to Mr. Baker) is, in the temperate zone—Europe; North Africa; Asia; and North America: and in the torrid zone—Africa; Asia and Polynesia; and America.

Separated from all other British species, as the genus *Trichomanes* is—by the pellucid character of its large and much-divided fronds, and by the peculiar formation of the involucre, which protects the sori from the injurious effect of the damp atmosphere in which the ferns live—yet it bears (as I have before stated) a certain, and easily recognized resemblance to *Hymenophyllum* or Film Fern, which in Mr. Moore's division stands as Genus XVI. amidst British ferns.

For a description of this genus, I will once more quote from my New Zealand pamphlet. 'Sorus marginal; the receptacle on which the capsules are arranged is either immersed in the edge of the frond, or protruded beyond it. The cup-shaped or box-like, often flattened, involucre is formed of the substance of the frond, the outer edges of the valves do not unite; the involucre is sometimes produced beyond the edge of the frond, and stalked.' To this simple description Mr. Moore adds, 'This group, which is rather extensive (Sir W. Hooker has described eighty-five species, and there are fifteen in New Zealand only,) is in general well distinguished from *Trichomanes* by the involucres consisting of two separate valves instead of being blended into a cup. In some few species however, where the valves are combined below, this difference becomes nearly one in degree.'

So much for the genus *Hymenophyllum;* and we shall find in the British species *tunbridgense* and *unilaterale* (only one species—*tunbridgense*—is recognized as British in the 'Synopsis Filicum'), the two-valved character of the involucre strongly marked; a distinguishing feature between the two species, is, that the valves of *tunbridgense* are toothed, while those of *unilaterale* have 'smooth and uncut edges;' in *tunbridgense* also the valves are flattened, and appear more as if they were a part of the pinna.

Hymenophyllum (so called, according to Mr. Moore, from the Greek *hymen*, a film or membrane, and *phyllon*, a leaf); *tunbridgense*, the Tunbridge Film Fern; and *unilaterale*, Wilson's Film Fern, are little moss-like plants, clinging to rocks and the trunks of trees in the neighbourhood of waterfalls or streams of water, and as unlike our usual notions of ferns, as plants could well be: they are, as it were, a connecting link between ferns and mosses; and for a long part of my fern education I could never see the pellucid *Bryum ligulatum* (with its delicate urn-like capsules) without making a rush at it, thinking that I had discovered *H. unilaterale* at least.

The *Hymenophylla* share this great advantage in common with the lower orders of the cryptogamic family—they can be sought for and found all the year round: safe in their lowly retreats, sheltered alike from storm and sunshine; the rays of the scorching summer's sun does not reach them; the winter's frost does not kill: yet they have their spring, when little plumes of tenderest green appear like stars over the surface of the fern-covered rock, and by-and-by, towards the apex of these plumes transparent cups are seen, through which the bright green sorus shines, waiting till the lid of the cup opens and allows the fructification to disperse itself abroad.

I could never find words worthily to tell how charming the chosen homes of the *Hymenophylla* are! how fresh, and green, and cool! how laughing waters come dashing over the huge masses of rock, and then turn away in side-long ripples to the river's bank, as if they had no work in life to do but to make sweet music for trailing Lysimachia as it dips its golden blossoms into the tiny waves! how the huge trees twine and interlace their great broad arms overhead, following the winding descent of the waters as if to watch over and guard them; a thousand brilliant-coloured lichens start into life on every side, and a million delicate mosses spread soft velvet coverings on rock and tree; each separate minute organism, by the beauty and fitness of its structure, offering a vast field for scientific observation, if only man cared to examine the works of God.

I cannot speak of the two species of *Hymenophyllum* separately, they are so closely bound together—not only by their resemblance to each other, but also by their non-resemblance to the rest of the fern brotherhood. In your search for the one you will constantly find the other; the fragile fronds of each, embrace the self-same silent rock, their tender beauty giving warmth and colouring to the cold, passionless stone.

Of the two, *unilaterale* is the more common; it may be known at once by the one-sided branching of the pinnæ which crowd towards the apex of the frond (the pinnæ from each side of the rachis often overlapping each other); while the frond of *tunbridgense* is flat and spreading, sending out the pinnæ on either side of the rachis in an even net-work of veined ramifications. If once freshly-gathered fronds from the two species be carefully examined together, all difficulty about

distinguishing them apart will vanish, and the fern hunter will never again be puzzled.

Another peculiarity attending *H. unilaterale* is, that the fronds have 'summer shoots;' and so curious are these shoots that they give the plant the appearance of being a 'variety,' the new shoot looking like a tiny fresh green plume, affixed to an old frond.

I have only noticed this peculiarity in cultivated plants, and I have observed that the fronds of *unilaterale* in the plants in their wild state are much shorter than obtains in plants under cultivation.

I have gathered *H. tunbridgense* and *unilaterale* in Devonshire, at the Lakes, and in Wales; not in one place only, but in many. I have seen rocks in wooded glens, overhanging a river, literally covered with the soft velvet-like *unilaterale*, while the more shy *tunbridgense* would be hidden away in retired nooks and corners. I have also found *unilaterale* growing on a hill side, beneath boulders of rock in company with other ferns and mosses; and I have seen it on the roots of trees at some distance from any water.

In some parts of Wales, these ferns grow so luxuriantly that they might be sold by the square yard. Not long ago, I sent a little Welsh girl to bring me 'a nice plant' of *tunbridgense* and *unilaterale*, and to my horror, she appeared with a huge bundle swung over her shoulder, and strapped round with a leather band, which, when unfolded, was what the girl called 'two of he,' the singular number 'he' being as much of either fern, as a good strong pull could tear at one time from the face of the rock.

With the exception of the Arctic Circle, temperate Asia, and North America, these little ferns are to be found distributed over the world; they are both natives of New Zealand, where *tunbridgense* boasts of a variety (*cupressiforme*) which is described as having tall fronds (sometimes three inches and a quarter in height), 'with very narrow pinnæ, far apart from each other, and often bending downwards, rendering the involucra very conspicuous;' *unilaterale* is found on the Ruahine range.

I have several happy-looking specimens of each species in cultivation, and they thrive without any great amount of care. I plant them on a piece of rock, placed in the centre of a shallow pan half filled with drainage. I fill up the pan, and sprinkle the plant with peat earth, putting a stone here and there, to keep the roots in the shallow soil. I then cover the whole with a bell-glass, slightly raised to admit air, and place the pan in a saucer, frequently sprinkling the fronds in summer time. I empty the saucer every few days, and give but little water (and that only in the saucer) during the winter.

(To be continued.)

BEE NOTIONS.

BY THE REV. J. C. ATKINSON.

PERHAPS, if I had been obliged to mention my design in writing this paper before inditing a heading for it, it might have been thought by some of the readers of the Monthly Packet, not so much that there was more or less occasion for perplexity in the selection or adaptation of a title than in the last paper, as that the writer had been fairly bewildered and bemused by the perplexity, and had blindly or despairingly sought extrication by writing down something at a venture. 'What can,' it might have been asked, 'what can Bee Notions and charcoal in burial-mounds possibly have to do with each other? How can you connect live bees and dead men's ghosts in any conceivable manner the least reconcileable with common-sense or every-day reason?'

Certainly, appearances are against me. But still, I seem to think I may be able to throw a little light on a dark subject, and it may be, a little light may in turn be reflected upon the subject which supplied the matter for our last paper.

There can be no question, either that the fear of ghosts—what I spoke of more generally in the paper on Burial-mounds under the terms, 'superstition, or the fear which originates in it,'—has been (perhaps yet is, in many places and in many hearts) very widely spread, or that it is of the extremest antiquity. It is hard to find a people in any age or in any country, who had not, or have not, some notions, fears, practices, to a greater or less degree connected with what we mean, when, in our ordinary talk, we speak about ghosts. No small part of existing European folk-lore is made up of narratives more or less of the ghost-story species. You find the element in rich abundance in the old myths, which once did duty for history; in old religious observances—one might almost say Christian as well as heathen; in the mouths of the story-tellers of old time and our own; almost in the necessary atmosphere of our nineteenth century nursery and school-room. Who can tell where almost all the little boys and girls of comparatively a few years ago—if not still as much as ever—got their notions of ghosts and ghost-like doings and appearances from?* Forty years ago, I knew twenty-two boys' heads that used to go under the bed-clothes night after night, when certain mysterious knockings at the back of our dormitory-wall commenced; and forty days ago I heard of more than one or two who would not have gone into the room I was sitting in for any consideration, because there were human bones, that had been buried some twenty centuries before, in it; and of one lady, born and

* The author has the best means of knowing that a book, which eventually found great acceptance with 'the school-boy public,' as also a shorter story—indeed, two—were gravely criticised, and 'declined with thanks,' by certain publishing purveyors of school-boy literature, simply on the ground that they had in them 'a ghost,' so called, and duly explained, figuring as one of the *dramatis personæ*. No more convincing testimony to the proved insinuating tendency and general prevalence of what may be termed ghost-lore can well be conceived, than was conveyed in the remarks accompanying the rejection: 'Parents and guardians objected to any book which gave currency to ghost-stories.'

brought up in London, who would not have gone near the opened barrows containing them on any persuasion.

But widely spread as these ghost-notions are, and apparently pervading the records of all times, and capable of exercising potent influence over the feelings, if not the minds, of all classes, there is still another general feature about them, always present, and always unmistakeable. The ghost is never purely spiritual. There is always something material about him, not to say corporeal or personal. I do not mean simply that the ghost is visible, though that in itself bespeaks the presence of somewhat of matter; but that there is, over and above this, something of a tangible nature—if not tangible to human sensation, yet at least admitting of self-proclaiming contact with other matter. All sounds or odours attributed to ghostly visitants come under this category. How many of the ghost stories, traditions, myths, are there, which lack everything of the rattling chain, sepulchral voice, mournful groan character? Or in which no clattering steps, clapping doors, raps on panels, or the like, find place? Or in which buffets or inflictions, not unworthy of a right stalwart arm, are not some of the properties? The simple truth is, that the ghost of even the ghost-stories of our own days is not of Christian parentage, or even adoption. He is a gipsy, or a Jew, but never naturalized. He is more like the seven brethren who had the same wife, and, by the querist, were supposed capable of disputing for her possession after they had seen the inside of the grave.

The word spirit is a misnomer applied to him; as is ghost, if properly understood. The popular phraseology is truer. Such an one is said in Cleveland 'to come again,' as in the south 'to walk.' In Denmark and Sweden he is a *gengånger*, an again-goer.

Now all this—and the subject admits of very great expansion yet—all this is very significant. Our ghosts and ghost-notions are pre-Christian, and simply ignore the clear decisive distinction of soul and body; nay, the very existence of what we understand by soul or spirit altogether.

Now, for the purpose of comparison with what has been so far advanced, let me translate a few sentences from Mr. Hylten Cavallius's book already referred to in a previous paper; only premising that there is no English equivalent possible for the Swedish word *Döding;* our 'deceased,' or 'departed,' come nearer to it than 'dead;' but they quite fail to convey the idea implied. He says:—

'The *Döding*, or human being after his decease, conceived of as a mythic being of human kind, *(att mythiskt mennisko-väsen,)* still survives in the folk-trow of Wärend, as a melancholy, morose or malignant, cold, and bloodless existence. He abides in his peculiar houe, or in his grave in the Kirk-garth where he was committed to the ground. Should he be molested or disturbed, he revenges himself pitilessly; and the man who dared to force an entrance into the burial-mound was supposed to be first under the necessity of risking a struggle for life or death with its inmate. The *Döding* retains in the grave precisely the same tastes and inclinations as in his lifetime, and derives enjoyment still from the goods and riches which either he had hidden away in the earth himself, or which had been deposited together with his body at its burial. Hence it was ever the custom of old in the north, to place gold and valuables with the deceased on the

funeral pile, and to place him in the houe, or bury him, with his decorations about him. If the *Döding* has had a special liking for anything during his lifetime, so he is held to retain after his decease the inclination to have the fruition of it, and so to cast a spell over it. In the year 1627, it was deposed before the District Bench of Albo, in reply to the query if any old tale were still current in the neighbourhood, that when the master of a farm dies, the hop-garden is in danger of being bewitched. To remedy this, the custom of the people is to shoot a roe deer, and place it in the hop-ground. The roe thus shot and buried is simply an offering to the *Döding*, and intended as a compensation for the hops or ale which the old Wärend farmers in the days of their lifetime preferred to all other things whatsoever. The same idea precisely lies at the root of the still practised popular observance of laying a sod on the bee-skeps, or else of placing the bee-skeps themselves on the ground, co-temporaneously with the removal of the corpse from the farm-stead, as otherwise, the bees will all surely die out. For, as is well known, our forefathers used to brew their mead with honey, thence a spell was believed to be cast upon the bees by the *Döding*.'

Read by the light which is herein afforded, how very intelligible all the Bee customs and notions, such as, and like unto, the following become.

'The ceremony of informing the bees of their owners' death is in full force in Ashbourne, Derbyshire; Hinton, Wilts.; and even in the highly intellectual city of Oxford. The ceremony is the same in all these places. Three taps are made on the hives with the house key, while the informant repeats, "Bees, bees, bees, your master is dead, and you must work for ——;" naming the future owner. A piece of black crape is then fastened to the hive.'*

Again. 'Some twenty years ago, an old gentleman died, (in Berkshire,) a near relative of my own; and on going down to his place, ... I was taken to the bee-hives; and at the door of every one of them the man who accompanied me knocked with his knuckles, and informed the occupants that they must now work for a new master, as their old one was gone to Heaven. I know the same superstition as still extant in Cheshire, North Wales, and in some parts of Scotland.'†

I did not select these two extracts for reproduction without a reason. The first might have been translated from the Swedish, as told about a community who, less than a century since, could still furnish forth a votary or two of Odin's, or more than one or two, on occasion. The second is different; and those three little words, 'gone to Heaven,' mark the difference. The true character of the old observance has been lost sight of. The pith of it was in the fact that the old owner was departed, but *not* 'to Heaven,' only to the houe; and could—and would, if not hindered—come back again to help himself to his own.

But the wonder is, not that the old motive and intention has begun to be lost sight of—has been in many instances completely lost sight of—but that it remains so recognizable, at least in such instances as our first, down to the present day. But there it is, and unmistakeable; and it reflects abundant light on all the rest of the bee-notions connected

* J. G. Wood, (in Notes and Queries.)

† Choice Notes. Folk-lore, p. 128.

with death as past. Thus: 'Many bee owners think it politic to inform the bees of the death of a relation; but in this case they never give the name, but the degree of relationship, as, 'Your master's brother, sister, aunt, &c., is dead.' *

'When a death occurs, (at Bradfield, parish of Ecclesfield,) a person is appointed to call the neighbours to the funeral, who delivers the invitations in one form of words. And if bees be kept where the corpse lies, the messenger is instructed to address the same invitation to the bees in their hives, because it is considered that, if this compliment be omitted, the bees will die.' †

An innovation on the old practice: but the very soul and essence of it is seen in full vitality in the simple motive, 'if omitted, *the bees will die.*'

In this part of Cleveland, the bees have a portion of every article of food and drink that is provided to be placed before the numerous guests 'bodden te t' burial' taken to the hive; but no announcement of death is made, and no mourning affixed. Just on the western borders of Cleveland, this is what happens, the account having been given me by the clergyman who was about to perform the funeral ceremony:—

'I was waiting in the cottage garden, when I observed one of the waiters on the sorrowful occasion, ('Servers,' we call them in Cleveland; they are two young women, specially selected and habited for the occasion,) drawing near the hives with a salver laden with sweetened ale, spice-cake, &c. She walked up to the bee-hives, and thus delivered her message: 'John and Bessy S——'s compliments, and they have sent you a taste of everything there is, and they hope you'll not be nice.' The hives were afterwards put in mourning, by sticking 'a skewer, with a bit of crape at the top, like a flag-staff, into the cork at the top of the hive.'

There the true message and the true motive are alike lost sight of; the whole observance is but a dim, and by itself, shapeless, shadow of the original substance.

As an Essex boy, I knew of the taps with the door-key, and the tying of the crape about the hives, but the message was not borne; and only the ordinary vague idea, so common and so generally meaningless alike in the mouth of the speaker and ears of the listener, that it would be 'unlucky' not to observe those ceremonies, maintained a lingering existence, as indeed it does here in Cleveland, in this and divers other instances.

Bee-notions, connected with death as coming, or with future calamity in general, belong to a different stem, and may be dealt with in another paper. Those we have spoken of, as taken in connection with ghost-lore, are not without a measure of peculiar interest; and not less so from the probability that their connection with the charcoal in burial-mounds, which can scarcely fail to betoken our ancestors' faith in the power of fire to deter or repel the so-called ghost of the buried man, is a very close one indeed.

* J. G. Wood, *ut supra.* † Alfred Gatty, in Notes and Queries.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A SECOND VISIT TO ST. MICHAEL'S, SHOREDITCH.

October 5th, 1867.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Whenever I have heard of help flowing in to the Sisters at St. Michael's, Shoreditch, in consequence of the little account of their work in last January's Monthly Packet, I have felt very grateful to you for inserting that account. But I did not know the full extent of my obligations till on a second visit to the Sisters a week ago I learnt that above £200 had been sent to them by friends who had in that way been made acquainted with what they were doing. Much of this help was peculiarly valuable, from its being tendered during the deep distress of last winter and early spring.

My second visit has been one of exceeding interest. I saw at once that the Sisterhood had been 'lengthening their cords and strengthening their stakes.' Part of the adjoining house had been taken, and space gained for a few more workers and for 'the shop' in which at certain hours one of the Sisters sells Bibles, Prayer-books, and Hymn-books, together with small religious books and pictures—an excellent way of diffusing them among the people. Ellen, the consumptive patient of last year, whom the Sisters had brought in from a cellar to share their home, had been passed on to an hospital, and there had died. But there was a visitor this time too, a little girl suffering from scrofulous wounds. Sister ——— had found her in a small, crowded, and very dirty room, ill fed and scantily clothed. There was plainly no chance of recovery under such circumstances. So the child was dressed and carried off to the Children's Hospital, with every hope of her being received there; but alas! she was just past the age for admission. What was to be done with her? Well, the Sisters put up a bed in their tiny community room, laid the little girl in it, and nursed and fed her up themselves. And she did credit to their care. She grew plumper and looked brighter every day, and soon crept out of bed after breakfast. When I came away the wounds were almost healed, and little L—— was able to make her bed and dust the room, proud to save her friends that trouble. She had also had a drive round Finsbury Square too, under the charge of one of the choristers, in the old bath chair which the Sisters keep for their convalescents, and was soon to go home, with an invitation to dinner every day till she was quite strong.

Poor little L——! this visit will be the brightest memory in her young life. She was the pet and plaything of the Sisters who had nursed her so tenderly; but at home, though only (I believe) twelve years old, she was in the ranks of grown-up people, one of the bread-winners of the family. She told me, with some little pride, that she was 'a paste-fitter,' and earned four shillings a week—paste-fitting being, it appears, fastening the elastic sides into boots. She walked two miles to her work, which began at six o'clock in the morning, and often did not get home till nine or ten at night. Over-fatigue and exposure to cold, with scanty food, and dirt, had no doubt brought on her illness.

I was thankful to see some fresh faces among the little band of workers, though it is still sadly insufficient for the field of labour. During last winter they could do but little beyond supplying the wants of the starving ill-clothed poor and ministering to them in sickness. From morning till night the reception room was thronged, and the Sisters were either in it or in the houses of the sick and suffering. After a time, typhus fever broke out in the district, and the labour increased. Two of the workers were struck down by it, but they were mercifully spared, and struggled back to life. At last spring came, and with it a little breathing time. As the immediate presence passed away the Sisters felt acutely the neglected condition of the girls around them, with no school in that district of ten thousand poor people. Plainly the children were to be thought of next.

If the Sisters want a thing done, it is their fashion to do it themselves; so on the 8th of April they opened a girls' school in a large loft close to St Michael's Church, and entered the names of five children in their books. Now they have more than one hundred on the books, with an average attendance of between seventy and eighty. One of the Sisters is school-mistress, and a very efficient school-mistress too. I believe they thought themselves fortunate in getting this loft, and it has its advantages. It is near the church, which is a great point for the boys' Sunday-school, which is also

held in it, and for the night-school. And it is airy and spacious. On the other hand, it must be allowed that the water finds its way in as well as the air, that the floor like the roof has awkward holes in it, and is so insecure that it is not safe for the children to march on it, and that the ascent to it, half ladder, half staircase, is full of perils to the little ones, one of whom did make its way headlong from top to bottom the first day I was in school. But one makes the best of things in Shoreditch, and there are hopes of a new school-room in course of time. The Incumbent feels deeply how much it is needed, and will strain every nerve to get it built. I heard something of his beginning a fund for the purpose, by going round the district and begging a penny from every house. Few I believe could give much more, the poverty is so great. Very few of the residents are in a position to keep a servant, and the greater part are exceedingly destitute.

I was just enough in this school to see what difficulties the Sisters must have had in starting it, and to appreciate the results. Young Shoreditch is intelligent enough, and not without affection and gratitude; but it is turbulent, lawless, restless to a degree, and it finds exquisite pleasure in doing battle with its governors and teachers, just for the sake of trying its strength, relishing the conflict as one does a game at chess, without any sense of right or wrong in the matter. Nothing but exceeding patience, gentleness, and the might of love, could have 'elaborated into life' the orderly well-conducted school I saw. From their quickness and intelligence, I found the children easy to teach when once their attention was gained; but it was hard to gain it, and very hard to keep them quiet during the change of lessons and the time of assembling and dismission. Indeed, new scholars seemed quite unaware that it was not the thing to get up and look out at window on these occasions.

May I bring before your readers the difficulty of maintaining this school through want of funds? The parents prize it, and pay their pence with wonderful regularity; but I fear in the winter there will be a shortcoming in this respect. There is a great deficiency of school stock—books, slates, Scripture pictures, and so forth; for the Sisters, with the many claims on the alms supplied to them, do not feel at liberty to spend more on these things than is barely necessary. The walls, too, are blank and dreary, and considering the squalid poverty without, one would be specially glad to cover them with bright-coloured pictures. The children have not many pretty things to look at. There are six beams across the room, on which my eye rested, thinking how the whole character of the place would be changed if they were covered with texts, and wishing I were clever enough to illuminate them. I measured the beams, however, and found they were fifteen feet long, and seven inches in depth.

A Christmas tree, or some similar treat at Christmas-time, would tell very well in the school, but of course it is quite out of the question for the Sisters to prepare it. How could they find time for making needle-books, pin-cushions, work-bags, and so forth, for seventy or eighty children? There may be willing hands elsewhere disposed to help in their construction, and hearts that estimate the privilege of doing something, even in this small way. To labour in Shoreditch, and such like places, one must have great power of mind and body, a will to bear down all difficulties, and a heart glowing with love to God and man. But we who are less richly gifted, may do something in the cause from a distance, as we can. To me, St. Michael's, Shoreditch, stands out as a spot in the great battle-field of the Church, where the war is thickest and the strife deadliest. The work of the Sisters is subsidiary to that of Clergy who have flung themselves into one of the Enemy's strongholds, and defied him where he has too long held undisputed sway. They too labour night and day. They go out of an evening and draw poor lads about them, bring them home, and teach them the Christian faith. They hold Confirmation classes till midnight, when they cannot get their Catechumens at any other time. They cast their net into all waters. They go out into the streets and lanes of the city, and compel them to come in. And they come, so that here, in very deed, the poor have the Gospel preached to them.

May I remind you that the direction of the Sisters of the Poor is Luke Street, Paul Street, E. C. I believe that the little sketch I have given of their past work is correct; but it was not easy to collect information about it. During the ten days I spent with them we had not much time for talking; and I was anxious not to awaken any suspicion that I was taking notes. I ought to add that this letter is written entirely on my own responsibility.

I beg to remain,

Yours faithfully,

S. W.

ZENANA TEACHERS.

Dear ——,

When the 'Ladies' Association' for the promotion of Female Education amongst the heathen was inaugurated, the needs of India, and the many promising openings for female work and female co-operation in that extensive heathen land were especially dwelt upon, under the conviction that India would probably constitute their most important—as it undoubtedly is their largest—sphere of Missionary labour.

Not the least interesting and important of the Missions there is that of Delhi, the seat of an S. P. G. Mission, where a great work is being carried on under the auspices of the Rev. R. R. Winter and his wife. Mrs. Winter's zeal and untiring exertions have been rewarded by a rapid growth in the female part of the work; but she greatly needs *more* helpers, her own health being very much impaired, and the amount and pressure of the continually increasing labour having become very distressing and burdensome to her.

It is therefore very grievous to find from a letter recently received, that she is about to be deprived of some of her most efficient female assistants. We learn that several ladies, with the native teachers employed by them, who are now engaged in the instruction of the native women in the zenanas, and in visiting the normal and girls' schools, and the Christians in the native regiment, &c., are to be withdrawn from the Mission at *Christmas next*. £300 per annum barely suffices to maintain these Christian teachers.

Under these circumstances, the 'Ladies' Association' has been earnestly entreated by Mrs. Winter and others, to take up and to carry on the good work, by instantly supplying the places of these ladies. And many members of the committee long to do so, being satisfied of the great importance of the work, and of the desirableness of keeping up intercourse once begun with these zenanas. But it is wholly out of their power, their scanty funds having been recently pledged to Mission purposes elsewhere. They have therefore no alternative but to appeal to their fellow-Churchmen and fellow-Churchwomen for the sympathy and substantial aid which shall enable them to meet this most urgent need, and to prevent the great evil and discouragement which the cessation and collapse of such an important work would cause. The door of access to their Indian sisters is *now* opened at Delhi, and is likely to open continually more and more widely. Let it not be closed, and Mrs. Winter's cares and anxieties be redoubled by the want of that support and pecuniary assistance which we cannot but believe many will deem it a privilege to give out of their abundance.

Donations and Subscriptions will be thankfully received by the 'Ladies' Association,' 5, Park Place, St. James's Street, London, S. W.

Yours, &c.

A MEMBER OF THE LADIES' ASSOCIATION.

ON BOARD THE CONWAY.

September 20, 1867.

My dear ——

I have just paid a third visit on board the Reformatory vessel 'Akbar.' There were grand doings in the Mersey at the time, on account of the visit of the Lords of the Admiralty to the School Frigate 'Conway' for the annual Prize Distribution.

The river was fuller than usual of shipping—many noble vessels having been driven in by the late gales for refuge and repairs. There was the Great Eastern too, looming largely above her fellows; and the fine Cunard mail steamers just home from New York, and half a dozen large transport ships bound for Abyssinia—well and elegantly proportioned vessels, looking strange in their unwonted garb of white paint, donned on account of the great heat of the coasts they were destined for. They had on board—at least the two largest, the England and the Queen, had—3000 tons

of coal, 200 tons of Government stores, and 70 tons of gunpowder; much of the coal will be left by the way, and make place for the troops from Bombay.

The steam was getting up, their sails were ready to unfurl, and at the first streaks of morning dawn they were about peacefully to glide out of harbour on their errand of war. What message will they bring back with them? who can tell! We can but say—'If the Lord be on our side, who shall be against us?' And oh! I do trust it may be His good will to deliver our suffering countrymen, and the persecuted long-enduring missionaries Stern and Rosenthal, safely from the hands of King Theodore. Some say that he has good points. Is not this a time to pray with unceasing earnestness that the Holy Spirit may breathe upon his stony heart, and that God may direct our efforts for good!

I was filled with these thoughts, as the Akbar boat, manned by Akbar boys, bore me and my friends over the tossing crested waves, for it was a rough morning even in the Mersey, amid vessels decked out with flying colours, and garlands of gay streamers, to the side of the good ship Conway, where we were received by the Captain and chief officer, and conducted to the deck.

A platform for the accommodation of the Lords of the Admiralty, and the aristocratic and local notabilities who were expected to accompany them, had been erected near to the bow of the vessel, whilst tiers of raised seats on either side accommodated a large number of ladies in gala costume. The whole was draped with crimson. The boys—the young 'Conway cadets'—were ranged on the deck between the platforms, and behind them a crowd of gentlemen. The decorations were very brilliant and effective, the company being protected from the effects of either stormy or sunny weather by a tent-like awning, lined with bright flags. The pupils looked well in their neat sailor-like uniform of white trousers and blue jacket and waistcoat, with gilt badge and buttons; and it was pleasant to note their frank and gentlemanly bearing, and open happy countenances.

Pleasant—but not surprising when one knows something of the kind of men who take a lively interest in the ship, and who assisted in giving life to the Institution so greatly needed.

For instance, one finds one of these gentlemen addressing the boys at the opening of the school, barely eight years ago, with this admonition, 'That they should adhere to a love of truth, that they should cultivate self-control and self-reliance, and above all things sobriety, that they should never neglect those religious duties which were incumbent upon every man, but, if possible, more incumbent upon those who go down to the sea in ships to seek their bread upon the perilous waters of the great ocean. Their motto, and the motto of every man—their watchword—ought to be *semper paratus*.'

Another gentleman, in addressing the boys at the first examination, six months after the training-school was opened, said:—'As the school has been opened so short a time, it is, of course, not to be expected that any of you have yet become either scientific navigators or practical seamen, or that you will be yet able to shew your friends what we hope to make of you, or turn out of the Conway; but there is one thing quite in your power to show them—that is, that the cadets of the Conway have all the manners of "young gentlemen." And I hope you will not forget that in returning for a time to your homes, all of you take with you and wear the uniform of the Conway. Now I wish to say there is no reason whatever why your uniform should not be, in time, as much respected as the uniform of Her Majesty's navy. In that service it is thought a great disgrace for an officer to do anything "unbecoming a gentleman." Now, young sailors are subject to a great number of temptations; for instance, older sailors than themselves are apt to offer them "a glass of grog," and young sailors are very apt to think it very manly to take it, or to take a pipe, or what not. Now, I wish I could make you believe that to refuse is far more courageous and far more manly than to accept them; and that it is more difficult to break yourself of a vice once indulged in than it is to refrain in the first instance. You are all aware that the great object of the Conway is to train up a set of men as officers in the Mercantile Marine of superior attainments, and to make them both officers and gentlemen. (Boys intended for the Royal Navy are also admitted and specially trained, and naval cadetships are offered for competition.) Now there are very few officers indeed of the present day who have enjoyed the advantages which you possess, not only in receiving on board this ship an education which will peculiarly qualify you for your future career, but in having the patronage, and the support, and the encouragement, of some of the leading ship-owners of Liverpool. It will be your own faults if, with ordinary ambition, and if you be sober, steady, and vigilant, you do not obtain every step in the rank of promotion as fast as the law and the rules of the service will admit of it.'

The fact is that instead of, as formerly, going to sea with scarcely any education at all—especially no nautical education—so that a boy might be sent on to a topsail-yard without knowing where a rope was, these lads have an opportunity of becoming thorough navigators almost before they see the salt water, and receive besides a sound general education, including French and Latin, and some instruction in the most useful and practical departments of surgery and medicine. The terms of admission are £50 10*s.* a year, including uniform, &c. The parents have to provide under-clothing and shoes. Boys are received between the age of twelve and sixteen. The course of education is completed in two years, but they may remain longer if necessary. For those whose conduct has been satisfactory to the Commander, ships are found on the completion of their course. The children of nautical members of the Mercantile Marine Service Association, and of deceased and unfortunate members of the merchant service, have privileges of admission, regulated by the amount of subscriptions to the Institution.

The Queen takes a lively interest in the Conway, and presents annually a gold medal as the first prize. And with a view to encourage the boys to qualify themselves for the cadetships in the Navy granted by the Admiralty, Her Majesty presents a binocular glass, with a suitable inscription, and a sum of £35 towards the expenses of the outfit of the boy who is the successful competitor.

This year two nominations had been competed for, and won by two very young looking little lads, with bright frank faces that made one glad. But one felt as though one must honour the youth, personally unknown as he was, who gained the chief prize, the Queen's gold medal; for the requisitions, according to Her Majesty's own directions, are, that the boy shall give evidence of the qualities which will make the finest sailor—'Cheerful submission to superiors, self-respect and independence of character, kindness and protection to the weak, readiness to forgive offence, desire to conciliate the differences of others, and above all, fearless devotion to duty, and unflinching truthfulness.'

This is a high and noble standard worthy of a Christian and a gentleman; and if the head boy of the Conway attains it, it is but reasonable to hope that the others will follow in his footsteps.

The mode of selecting the Prize Pupil adds to his honour, for it consists not only in the testimony of the Commander and Head Master as to his possession of the necessary qualifications, but also has the endorsement of the boys themselves; the regulations approved by Her Majesty requiring that the names of not less than three nor more than five boys, shall be submitted to the other pupils, who then and there shall give their votes, the successful candidate being determined according to the number gained.

What more can I tell you in order to excite an interest in the 'Conway' training ship? From all I have heard in and near Liverpool, it is doing a good work, supplying a long yawning gap in the educational institutions of our country. A captain of a merchant-ship is put, as someone has said, in the most responsible position in which it is possible that a man can be placed, not because he is the guardian of rich cargoes and valuable merchandize, but because he is the guardian of human souls. A captain must necessarily be as much an autocrat in his own vessel as the autocrat of all the Russias. He can do as he pleases; and the happiness of all in the vessel, their character and condition in this world, and it may be in the world to come, depend mainly upon the character of the captain of that vessel. Therefore he requires the advantages of education as largely as any person in any position of society whatever. The institution is a practical commentary upon the opinions on this head held by the 'merchant princes' and great ship owners of Liverpool; and the wider it makes its name and object and real merits known, the better.

This was my second visit on board, and I was greatly pleased with all I saw. Many valuable prizes were given, and received with honestly proud faces; many pleasant, encouraging, and earnest speeches were made, and new interest in the ship was expressed. The final cheering for the Queen, the Right Hon. H. T. L. Corry, M.P., First Lord of the Admiralty, and the Commander, was long and loud. When the 'Lords' and their suite left the vessel, the band played the National Anthem, and the boys manned the yards. And so the happy proceedings were at an end, and we were rowed back to the Akbar, with which you are already acquainted.

So for the present, good-bye. I shall be so glad if you find a place for this account in the pages of The Monthly Packet.

Very sincerely yours,

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

E. G.—*The Rosetta Stone is a large block of stone, found in Egypt, and now in the British Museum, engraven with the same inscription in Greek, in hieroglyphics, and in demotic*—i. e. *the popular Egyptian writing—and thus serving as a key to hieroglyphical writing.*

Games of skill and chance, requiring apparatus, and engrossing much attention, should certainly not be played on a Sunday, since they would be a deliberate means of excluding all higher thoughts or impressions. And such as are connected with either gambling or with gaiety and frivolity, have a savour about them of desecration.

Declined with thanks.—Sweet Death; H. E. D.; Evening.

F. *asks whence does the following quotation come:—*

'As when the earth
Turns her broad back upon the blazing (?) sun,
And stoops her weary forehead to the night;
The moon—that patient sufferer—pale with pain,
Presses her cool lips on her sister's brow
Till she is calm.'

A. B. *begs for the name of a tract or sermon inculcating reverence in church-yards.—The only one we know of is one of Parker's tracts, called (we believe)* Mary Harris's Funeral.

Sir—You have often given most useful counsel to those of your readers who live in quiet country homes, and are not only allowed, but expected, to take a share of parish work. Can you help those who live in London nearly all the year round, who may not walk out alone, and whose parents would not approve of their going to visit the poor in their own homes? I have often, at irregular intervals, plenty of time to dispose of; but I am liable to interruptions of all kinds, and have plenty to do for my parents and younger brothers and sisters. Now, I feel that if I can do anything for the Kingdom of God, I must. During the last few weeks we have all heard and seen a great deal about Christian Missions, both to our own poor destitute and to the heathen in distant lands. Is there anything which I could do to help in this great work? I am sure there are many who would be very grateful for advice besides myself, so I hope you will excuse my writing.

Your obedient servant,
GLADYS.

We insert this letter entire, as actual workers can best make suggestions. Ours would be offering to visit at a hospital—say that for eye diseases—where, some years back, we know a lady to read to the inmates would have been no small boon.—EDITOR.

E. P. *asks how to dispose of old postage stamps. We should simply answer—in the fire. We believe that they are better* not *accumulated, as a dishonest use can be made of them by erasing the stamps.*

A.—

'Do good by stealth,
And blush to find it fame.'

Pope's Epilogue to the Satires, *Dialogue* I. *l.* 135.—G. A. T.

N. L.—M. C. W. *and* I. L. *combine in recommending* Emblematic Illumination, *price* 5*s.*, *published by Day and Son, Lincoln's Inn Fields.* M. C. W. *also recommends* Hints

on Illuminating, *by Audsley, price* 1*s.* 6*d. (Rowney.)* Ivanovna *and* E. S. *speak highly of Bradley and Laing's* Hand-book of Illumination, *in* 1*s. parts, published by Winsor and Newton,* 38, *Rathbone Place.* E. S. *also mentions Masters's* Illuminated Capitals, in the Style of the Middle Ages. *To this* M. C. W. *adds a recommendation of Johnson's Gold Paint,* 1*s.* 6*d. per box, as preferable to beginners, though the lump gold, at* 4*s.* 6*d. a piece, is of course preferable for enduring work.*

Lucy.—Ina *and* E. S. *recommend Hamilton's* Catechism of Harmony and Thorough Bass, *price* 2*s.; published by R. Cocks, New Burlington Street.* E. S. *further recommends Jousse's* Catechism of Thorough Bass, *as likely to explain some difficulties, but says the simplest book on the subject is Dr. Wylde's, to be obtained at Cramer's, Regent Street.* Edith *recommends* Burrowes's Thorough Bass Primer, *and would herself be glad to hear of a more advanced manual.* Irene *recommends Hullah's* Grammar of Musical Harmony, *and asks if any Correspondent can furnish her with the names that have been given to Mendelssohn's Songs without Words.*

Ina *wishes for information on the use and purpose of a Portuary.*

F. J. B. *asks for the name of a society that will be glad of cast-off clothes too good for the poor. We should recommend that for the aid of poor Clergymen's families, whose depôt is* 82, *Southampton Street, Strand. Parcels should be directed to the care of the Committee.*

C. E. *could not do better than take in* The Gardener's Magazine, *edited by Mr. Shirley Hibberd, author of the* Rose Book, *&c.*—W. H. C.

A. de C. *begs to inform* A. C. *that if her boys reach the standard height they can always be entered as first or second class boys on board the Royal Navy. If not tall enough for that, they can join the merchant service, in which a boy who can read and write is sure to get on well. A boy with a turn for music can always be enlisted as a band's boy in a regiment coming home from foreign service. For older boys with any education, emigration offers a good start; and Government is very liberal in its offers, but it generally requires some funds to start them properly. All cathedrals have schools at which the choir-boys have to attend; but I do not think they admit extra pupils, and it is but rare to find a labouring boy with a sufficiently good voice to be admitted.*

The Clewer Fields Mission gratefully acknowledges a parcel of clothes from Constance, *sent last February; and* 5*s. from* Violet, *sent last month.*

We should be much obliged if the author of French Photographs *would write to us, as we have unfortunately missed her address.*

We beg to thank W. B. *for his kind correction of the Erratum in p.* 321, *line* 36, *where for* Gospel *read* Epistle. *The omission to mention Faber's* 'Most ancient of all mysteries,' *as a Trinity Sunday Hymn was accidental. The author of the* Hymnus Eucharisticus *is Dr. Thomas Smith, Fellow of Magdalen College in James the Second's reign. It is used on great festivals as part of the College Grace.——Dr. Littledale repudiates the alterations in* 'Thou hallowed chosen morn of praise,' *and informs us that his text was, by accident, taken from the first edition of Dr. Neale's Greek Hymns, in forgetfulness that he had retouched and improved his version.*—[The School-house, Ipswich, October 15th, 1867.]

[Erratum.—*In the* Morning Hymn *in our last,* third stanza, fourth line, *for* weakness, *read* danger.]

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

THE MONTHLY PACKET

OF EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

PART 24. DECEMBER, 1867. PRICE 1s.

HYMN FOR THURSDAY.

RAISE we our thankful song of love to greet this hallowed morn,
With the choir of winged creatures from the watery depths upborne;
The dew-drops of their wondrous birth are glistening fresh and bright,
And the air is filled with music as they soar above our sight.

Fair falls the beam of morning on lake or ocean blue,
Yet the azure heavens above us wear a brighter deeper hue;
And one by one the white clouds ride in silence through the sky,
Like the calm and holy Angels in their awful purity.

See where around the sacred Mount with one consent they move,
No law their course impelling save the mighty Law of Love;
Yes! they are Heavenly Chariots! with glad exulting wing
They haste to join the triumph of their glorious Lord and King.

The living canopy of Cloud has veiled Him from our sight;
His Form Divine has passed from earth to Heaven's transcendent height;
Through ear and heart re-echoing the Alleluias thrill,
Like the voice of many waters—now they cease and all is still.

Still in the blaze of noontide, the heavy heated air
Reflects the scorching rays with intense and painful glare;
Where shall the Living Fountain flow our burning thirst to slake,
Till in Thine Own Blest Presence, Lord, our hearts shall cease to ache?

What! heard ye not the promise? The Victory is won:
Now is our Lord gone up on high to claim His Heavenly Throne.
Soon shall the gracious rain-drops fall to cheer thy drooping head;
The never-failing Manna for thy fainting soul be spread:

Within the 'Upper Chamber' at even-tide be found
The sacred Feast to share with the favoured ones around.
O Gift above all gifts Divine! O Word of wondrous might!
With loving faith thy Lord adore, and read His Word aright.

'One are ye; love as brethren.' The last command is given,
And for His own the Saviour's prayer once more is raised to Heaven.
Oh part not from His side, albeit His trial hour is nigh,
Blest if the grace be thine to view His awful agony.

To fill thy cup of blessing His precious Blood must flow;
Then shrink not if He bid thee taste His bitter cup of woe.
Watch with thy Lord one little hour, nor sink in slumber down;
His Presence shall be endless rest, His Love thy joy and crown.

C. B.

'AMBROSE IS BISHOP!'

'Twas on a day in old Milan,
A mighty crowd together ran,
Fired with one purpose to a man.

For void by death the Bishop's chair:
And eager citizens prepare
To place a fit successor there.

Dispute and clamour wax amain,
And Ambrose strives, but strives in vain,
The angry tumult to restrain;

When sudden breaks on every ear
A voice that seems to each one near—
A childish voice, but silver clear.

'Ambrose is Bishop!' says the voice;
The crowd approve the infant's choice,
And at the heavenly sign rejoice.

'Ambrose is Bishop!' they repeat,
The wondrous words the Prefect greet,
And travel on from street to street.

'I am not worthy,' answers he;
'Lord, why this honour unto me?
Choose, friends, again,' is long his plea.

'Shall I, unwashed, with brow uncrossed,
A simple soldier scarce at most,
Become a Leader of the Host?

'Shall I, a Layman, hardly meet
Of GOD's Arch-priest to kiss the feet,
Dare on his throne myself to seat?

'No holy hermit, nerved by prayer,
By watchings in the midnight air,
And wrestlings on the mountain bare!

'No lowly Priest from Christ's meek school,
"Wise to win souls," for Him called "fool,"
And taught by serving how to rule.'

Fervent his words, but useless all,
For, like a storm against the wall,
Their voices on his spirit fall.

And in the urgency of these,
A higher Power at length he sees,
And trembling takes the awful keys.

And was it, then, an earthly child,
Who sentence gave in accents mild,
Swayed by a word that concourse wild?

Or some strong Angel spake the word,
Who, like his Everlasting Lord,
An earthly form had not abhorred?

Yet wherefore so? Hath He not sent,
And chosen for His instrument,
'The young child' by his parents 'lent?'

What need of thunders from His throne?
If so He will, a child's weak tone
Can make His weightiest purpose known!

E. W.

ENGLISH HYMNOLOGY.

VI.

HYMNS ON THE SACRAMENTS, ON CONFIRMATION, ETC., FOR EMBER DAYS, ORDINATIONS, AND MISSIONS.

We may perhaps feel some surprise that no place for the singing of anthem or hymn is formally appointed in our Offices of Holy Communion and Holy Baptism. Custom has, however, long sanctioned the use of a hymn at the beginning of the former Service, and also before the sermon or homily contained in it; and though this place for the second hymn is not without objections, it seems the most convenient for those churches where the choir is not present during the Celebration. A Baptismal Hymn may be sung either before or after the Office, or it might be introduced immediately after the reception into the congregation.

There is a strange and lamentable dearth of Eucharistic Hymns in some of our best collections of Church Hymns. There are only five in Hymns Ancient and Modern,[1] seven in the enlarged S. P. C. K. Collection, one in the 'Hymnal for Use in the English Church,' one in 'Hymns and Introits.' Gratitude is due to the Editor of *Lyra Eucharistica* for directing attention to this deficiency, and endeavouring to supply it.

Two Greek writers of the eighth century—S. Andrew of Crete, and S. John Damascene—have produced Eucharistic hymns very similar in their beginning, but otherwise quite different. The former[2] is, 'Oh, the Mystery, passing wonder,' in Dr. Neale's translation; the latter,[3] 'Christ, we turn our eyes to Thee.' The mediæval hymns of the Western Church, which have met with the widest acceptance, and which have been most often translated, are those of S. Thomas Aquinas. 'Now, my tongue, the mystery telling,' is translated from one of his hymns[4] by the Compilers of Hymns Ancient and Modern. We may be astonished to find a translation of it in the 'New Congregational' (Nonconformist) Hymn Book. It there begins, 'Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's Glory.' One stanza is omitted, and the expression of several lines is considerably weakened. Another of the same author's hymns,[5] 'Thee we adore, O hidden Saviour, Thee,' has been admirably adapted for English use by J. R. Woodford. There is a curious alteration in

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[1] Of the books put forth as supplements to this hymnal, Mr. Baynes's contains ten Eucharistic Hymns; Mr. Jellicoe's, thirty-eight; Mr. Palmer's, seven; Mr. Nicholson's, three.

[2] Τὸ μέγα Μυστήριον.

[3] Μέγα τὸ Μυστήριον.

[4] Pange, lingua, gloriosi.

[5] Adoro Te devote, latens Deitas.

some hymn-books of the last stanza, the two concluding lines of which should run thus:—

> 'To gaze on Thee unveiled, and see Thy Face;—
> The vision of Thy Glory and Thy Grace.'

Neale's version, 'Humbly I adore Thee, hidden DEITY,' and Caswall's translation, 'O GODHEAD hid, devoutly I adore Thee,' are more literal, but less suitable as English hymns. S. Thomas's Vesper Hymn on the Eucharist[1] is not very happily rendered by Mr. Chambers, 'Let this our solemn feast.' 'The WORD descending from above' is Caswall's translation from another[2] of S. Thomas's hymns. His longest and most elaborate sequence,[3] 'Laud, O Sion, thy Salvation,' can hardly be adapted for use in our services. Gerard Moultrie has admirably rendered the prayer of the Cherubic Hymn in the Liturgy of S. James, 'Let all mortal flesh keep silence.'[4] Neale's hymn, 'Draw nigh, and take the Body of the Lord,' is translated from a Bangor antiphonary; the original[5] is at least as old as the seventh century. The Canterbury Hymnal gives a beautiful translation from an ancient anthem,[6] 'O Bread to pilgrims given.' A sixteenth-century sequence,[7] translated by A. M. Morgan, 'The sun that lights this happy day,' deserves to be better known, as do also two other hymns by the same translator, 'CHRIST sits at His Own Board,'[8] and 'Hail! Flesh of CHRIST the Regal.'[9] A selection from one of S. Bernard's long hymns[10] appears in Ray Palmer's translation, 'JESUS, Thou Joy of loving hearts,' as an Eucharistic Hymn.

The German hymns on the Holy Communion seem mostly adapted rather for private meditation than for church use. Miss Winkworth's translations from Kern,[11] 'Oh, how could I forget Him;' from Tersteegen,[12] 'JESUS, Whom Thy Church doth own;' and from Rist,[13] 'O living Bread from Heaven;' are examples of this. On the other hand, Rambach's Eucharistic Hymn,[14] 'O LORD, Who on that last sad eve,' in Miss Cox's translation, is well suited for public worship, though too long to be used without curtailment. From the Italian[15] of S. Alphonso we have R. A. Coffin's beautiful hymn, 'When the loving Shepherd.'

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[1] Sacris solemniis juncta sint gaudia.

[2] VERBUM Supernum prodiens.

[3] Lauda, Syon, Salvatorem.

[4] Σιγησάτω πᾶσα σὰρξ βροτεία.

[5] Sancti, venite, Corpus CHRISTI sumite.

[6] O Esca viatorum.

[7] Hodiernæ Lux diei.

[8] Recolamus sacram Cœnam.

[9] Ave! Caro CHRISTI Regis.

[10] 'JESU, Dulcedo cordium,' from 'JESU, dulcis memoria.' The authorship is disputed.

[11] Wie könnt ich Sein vergessen.

[12] JESU der Du bist alleine.

[13] Wie wohl hast Du gelabet.

[14] Mein JESU, der Du vor dem Scheiden.

[15] Partendo dal Mondo, l'amante Pastore.

Our most popular and very beautiful hymn, 'My GOD, and is Thy Table spread,' is by Philip Doddridge. It is very curious to notice how its assertion of sacramental doctrine has been strong enough to offend some Church of England compilers. In Hall's Collection, verse 2 stands thus:—

'Hail, sacred feast, which JESUS makes;
Memorial of His Flesh and Blood!
Blest, who with lively faith partakes
That sacred cup, that heavenly food.'

John Wesley's Sacramental Hymn, 'All hail, Redeemer of mankind,' asserts plainly the sacrifice of the altar, and evidently implies a daily Celebration. To Josiah Conder, a Nonconformist minister, we owe the hymn, 'Bread of Heaven, on Thee I feed.' The beautiful lines, beginning 'O GOD unseen, yet ever near,' were contributed to Hall's Collection by Edward Osler, a layman of the Church of England. James Montgomery has left two Eucharistic hymns, one of which, 'According to Thy gracious Word,' has attained great popularity. Dr. Neale has a beautiful hymn for the evening of a Communion Sunday, 'O JESU, once for sinners slain.' Dr. Wordsworth's 'SON of GOD, Incarnate Word,' is too long. In his other hymn, 'The Waters were Thy Path,' there is very poetically brought out a comparison between our LORD's unexpected Presence at Capernaum and His Presence in the Holy Communion. Heber's 'Bread of the world, in mercy broken,' is somewhat short, and its peculiar metre makes it difficult to lengthen it by the addition of a doxology. Of Bonar's two hymns, 'True Bread of Life, in pitying mercy given,' and 'Here, O my LORD, I see Thee face to face,' the latter has more depth, but the former is perhaps the more widely known. 'LAMB of GOD, Whose dying Love' is re-cast, and greatly changed from Charles Wesley's 'LAMB of GOD, Whose bleeding Love.' Mrs. Alexander's glorious poems on the Eucharist, 'O JESU, bruised and wounded more,' and 'He cometh,—on yon hallowed Board,' could scarcely have been intended for public worship; but they are admirably fitted for meditation during any pause in the Service before receiving. R. H. Baynes's 'JESU, to Thy Table led' may deservedly be placed in a very high rank as an ante-Communion hymn, as may also 'LORD, when before Thy Throne we meet,' a hymn contributed in January, 1838, to The Church of England Magazine, by the Rev. Tressilian George Nicholas. Of Faber's two best-known Eucharistic Hymns, 'JESU! my LORD, my GOD, my All!'[1] and 'JESU, gentlest SAVIOUR!' the latter alone is adapted for English use. Sir Archibald Edmonstone's 'This is My Body, take and eat,' and Mrs. Charles's 'No Gospel like this feast,' must be noticed. Dean Alford's 'Lo, the Feast

[1] This hymn must be distinguished from No. 178 in Hymns Ancient and Modern, which begins similarly, but is the composition of Rev. Henry Collins, having been taken from his Hymns for Missions.

is spread to-day,' is rather a remonstrance with non-communicants than a hymn for communicants. Dr. Irons's 'O SAVIOUR, now at GOD'S Right Hand,' and L. Tuttiett's 'When sink our hearts in famine sore,' deserve to find a place in our hymnals. For the Communion of the Sick, a beautiful hymn by Miss Caroline M. Noel may be placed in the sufferer's hands. It will be found in her little book, 'The Name of JESUS, and Other Verses for the Sick and Lonely,' and begins thus:—

'SAVIOUR, above all heavens ascended high,
With Angels and Archangels waiting nigh,
Yet still a wounded LAMB upon the Throne,
Still with a human Heart, remembering Thine Own.'

As a Processional Hymn before a Celebration, J. W. Hewett's 'In the Name of GOD the Father' may be used. For a Celebration at Sea, may be used a hymn by W. C. Dix, given in his 'Altar Songs.' It begins:—

'Thou Who of old didst hush the storm,
And bid the tempest cease,
We pray Thee, in this awful hour,
To shed on us Thy Peace.'

For Holy Baptism, most of our well-known hymns are from modern sources. It may be interesting to compare two translations of Benjamin Schmolck's Baptismal Hymn:[1]—

'JESUS, LORD, Thy servants see,
Yielding here obedience willing;
Lo! this infant comes to Thee,
Thus Thy mandate blest fulfilling:
'Tis for such, Thyself declarest,
Thou the Kingdom now preparest.

'Loudly sounds Thy warning plain,
Us with holy fear imbuing—
"He must here be born again,
Heart and mind and life renewing,
Born of water and the Spirit,
Who My Kingdom will inherit."'

Frances Elizabeth Cox.

'Blessed JESUS, here we stand,
Met to do as Thou hast spoken,
And this child, at Thy command,
Now we bring to Thee, in token
That to CHRIST it here is given,
For of such shall be His Heaven.

'Yes, Thy warning Voice is plain,
And we fain would keep it duly—
"He who is not born again,
Heart and life renewing truly,
Born of water and the SPIRIT,
Will My Kingdom ne'er inherit."'

Catherine Winkworth.

Miss Winkworth's version of one by Albert Knapp,[2] 'O FATHER-Heart, Who hast created all,' is much better known than 'Thy parents' arms now yield thee,'[3] her other translation from the same author. The latter is addressed, like Dean Alford's 'In token that thou shalt not fear,' to the infant baptized, thus departing from the rule, on which some compilers insist, that hymns should be addressed to GOD. Another of Miss Winkworth's translations, from a hymn by Rambach,[4] 'I am

[1] Liebster JESU, hier sind wir.
[2] O Vaterherz, das Erd' und Himmel schuf.
[3] Aus deiner Eltern Armen.
[4] Ich bin getauft auf Deinen Namen.

baptized into Thy Name,' is more suitable for Confirmation or for Adult Baptism. 'Glad sight! The holy Church,' is the Rev. F. Pott's imitation from a Syriac hymn,[1] and well deserves a place in every Church-of-England Hymnal. 'With CHRIST we share a mystic grave,' is commonly attributed to Dr. Neale, but I have not verified its text as his. We owe to Sir Henry Baker 'Tis done;—that new and heavenly birth,' one of our most beautiful post-Baptismal hymns. For the conclusion of the Service, L. Tuttiett's 'Now our work of love is done,' and Hewett's 'JESU! now Thy new-made soldiers' may also be used. 'SAVIOUR, Who Thy flock art feeding,' by W. A. Muhlenberg, (1826,) and J. Moultrie's 'O Guide of faithful Israel,' are intercessions for those to be baptized. J. G. Deck's hymn, 'Around Thy grave, LORD JESUS,' is apparently meant to be sung by adults immediately before or after receiving Baptism.

For Confirmation, the Compilers of Hymns Ancient and Modern have given a translation of their own from 'Veni, Creator SPIRITUS.' Wesley's 'Soldiers of CHRIST! arise,' or Hewett's 'To Thy blest courts, great God and King,' may be sung before the Service; Caswall's 'Look in pity, Lord of Glory,' Chope's 'SPIRIT of Wisdom, guide Thine Own,' or Wordsworth's 'O GOD, in Whose all-searching Eye,' may be used before the Laying on of Hands; and after it, Dr. Neale's 'Blessed SAVIOUR, Who hast taught me,' or Wordsworth's 'Our hearts and voices let us raise,' may be sung by the newly confirmed; or Pott's 'Up! soldiers of the SAVIOUR'S Cross,' an exhortation to them by the congregation, may conclude the service. Cotterill's 'Look down, O LORD! and on our youth,' may be sung on the Sunday before a Confirmation; and Doddridge's 'O happy day, that fixed my choice,' seems adapted to the Sunday after.

Our Wedding hymns are not very numerous. Ungenannt's 'Rise high, ye notes, a glad ovation,'[2] in Miss Cox's translation, is well suited for use before the Service. George Wither's hymn for 'those who purpose a contract of marriage,' is so exceedingly quaint, that a brief specimen must be given:—

> 'We see no contradicting cause
> But that we may be joined,
> Without infringement of the laws
> Whereby we are confined.'

Another of his hymns, however, 'To grace, O LORD, a marriage feast,' is very beautiful, and might be used with little or no alteration. Charles Wesley's marriage hymn, 'Thou GOD of Truth and Love,' is one of his best. But the noblest song of praise for the wedding-day which we possess is Keble's, 'The Voice that breathed o'er Eden.'

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[1] The original may be seen, with a Latin Prose translation, in Daniel's Thesaurus, Vol. iii., page 226.

[2] Erhebt euch, frohe Jubellieder.

There is indeed scarcely any hymn equal to it in comprehensiveness—its retrospect stretches back to the union of our first parents—its prospect extends to the Marriage Supper of the LAMB. Sir H. W. Baker's hymn, 'How welcome was the call,' may be sung after the Service, or Collyer's shorter and somewhat abrupt hymn, 'Deign this union to approve.'

The introduction of a hymn into the Funeral Service may often be of great comfort to the mourners; but though we may strongly recommend its use, great care must be exercised that the sanctity of sorrow should have even its prejudices respected. When the corpse is leaving the church, some short and appropriate hymn may be sung; such as 'CHRIST will gather in His Own,'[1] Miss Winkworth's translation from Zinzendorf and Gregor, or some stanzas from her version from Michael Weiss, 'Now lay we calmly in the grave.'[2] The sentences at the grave (except the first, taken from Job, xiv. 1, 2) are from a hymn of the tenth century by Notker,[3] popularly known in Germany through Luther's translation,[4] which Miss Winkworth has rendered into English, 'In the midst of life, behold.' Dr. Watts's Ninetieth Psalm, 'Our God! our Help in ages past,' or Wesley's 'Come, let us join our friends above,' from which 'Let saints on earth in concert sing' is taken, may be used in the Service; but perhaps the most appropriate hymn is Milman's 'When our heads are bowed with woe.' 'Cease, ye tearful mourners,'[5] is a translation by Caswall from Prudentius, and, like Notker's hymn, a great favourite in Germany, where Nicholas Hermann's translation of it was long sung at every funeral. Monsell's 'Soon and for ever,' and J. E. Bode's 'O death, the change of earthly things,' though beautiful in their way, are not suitable for introduction into a service, where the chief aim is to tranquillize the feelings, rather than to excite them. Nor can such special intercessions for the rest of the departed one as G. Moultrie's 'Brother, now thy toils are o'er,' be sung without some risk of offence to surviving friends, or, on the other hand, of encouraging in them an exaggerated idea of the power of prayer to affect the condition of the departed. For the funeral of an infant, Dr. Irons's hymn, 'Oh, who are they, so pure and bright,' may be used. As funeral hymns adapted rather to meditation than to song, we may instance Toplady's 'Deathless principle, arise;' C. Wesley's 'Happy soul! thy days are ended;' John Newton's 'Oft as the bell, with solemn toll,' and 'In vain my fancy strives to paint;' Heber's 'Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee;' and Milman's 'Brother, thou art gone before us.' Pope's Ode of the Dying Christian to his Soul, 'Vital spark of heavenly flame,' was certainly written for music, but can hardly be called a hymn. It is partly imitated from the verses composed by the dying emperor Hadrian.

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[1] Aller Gläub'gen Sammelplatz.

[2] Nun lasst uns den Leib begraben.

[3] Mediâ in vitâ in morte sumus.

[4] Mitten wir in Leben sind.

[5] Jam mœsta quiesce querela.

On behalf of those at sea, Mr. Whiting's beautiful hymn, 'Eternal FATHER! strong to save,' may be sung, or D. L.'s hymn in the People's Hymnal, 'O GOD, Who metest in Thine Hand.' Those at sea may use Wordsworth's Sailor's Hymn, 'The Ark of GOD in safety rode,' or stanzas selected from it;—or Keble's Morning and Evening Hymns for those at sea may be found useful. G. Thring's 'The ocean hath no danger,' is too much confused in idea, and too much involved in expression, to be recommended. Montgomery's thanksgiving for deliverance from perils on the sea, 'They that toil upon the deep,' falls far below its author's average merit.

For Ember Days our hymns are mostly modern. One of Dr. Neale's 'Hymns for Children,' that for Ascension Day, 'Now to our SAVIOUR let us raise,' has been adapted as an Ember Hymn by the omission of the first stanza. In the altered form it begins 'CHRIST is gone up: yet ere He passed.' In the second series of these hymns four Ember Hymns are given. From that for Lent, 'O GOD, we raise our hearts to Thee,' the well-known hymn, 'The earth, O LORD, is one *great* field,' is taken. 'Pour out Thy SPIRIT from on high,' is by James Montgomery. 'O Guardian of the Church Divine,' is a compilation from several hymns, which owes its present shape to the Rev. T. Chamberlain. Littledale's 'Set upon Sion's wall' varies in its accentuation so much, that it must be difficult to sing it throughout to the same tune. 'O Thou Who makest souls to shine,' is a beautiful hymn by Bishop Armstrong.

The hymn in the Ordination Service is given in two forms in our Prayer Book. The C. M. Version appears, with a few trifling variations, in Sternhold and Hopkins's Supplement. This hymn has already been noticed among the hymns for Whitsun-Day. The last six stanzas of Wordsworth's 'O LORD, Who in Thy Love Divine' may be used if an additional hymn is required. For the Consecration of a Bishop, a more striking and appropriate hymn than Charles Wesley's 'Prayer for the Bishops' would be hard to find. It begins, 'Draw near, O SON of GOD, draw near.'

For Home Missions may be recommended a small book, 'Hymns for Missions, &c.,' edited by the Rev. H. Collins. 'I was wandering and weary,' by the Rev. F. W. Faber, and Bonar's 'I was a wandering sheep,'[1] treat the recovery of the straying more successfully than Littledale's 'JESU, most loving One,' a translation from 'JESU dulcissime! e Throno Gloriæ.' Several of Bonar's hymns have some fitness for use in English Missions;—'I lay my sins on JESUS,' and 'I heard the Voice of JESUS say,' may be given as examples. Miss Ada Cambridge's 'Light of the world! O shine on us,' is especially beautiful. Faber's 'O come to the merciful SAVIOUR that calls you,' is an earnest exhortation to repentance and confession, an invitation more gently urged in 'Sweet

[1] Founded partly on 'Arte mirâ, miro consilio.'

is the SPIRIT'S strain,' a hymn given without name by Mr. Jellicoe in his Supplemental Collection.

In behalf of Foreign Missions, Bishop Heber's hymn, 'From Greenland's icy mountains,' is the best known. It was written at Hodnet, in 1820. The alteration of Ceylon into Java in the second line of the second stanza seems to have been made by Heber himself while in India. Watts's Seventy-second Psalm, 'JESUS shall reign where'er the sun,' and Marriott's 'Thou, Whose Almighty Word,' are deservedly very popular. From America we have Bishop Doane's 'Fling out the banner! let it float,' and A. C. Coxe's 'SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations.' 'Spread, oh spread, thou mighty Word,'[1] is Miss C. Winkworth's translation from Bahnmaier. Archdeacon Churton's version of Psalm lxvii., 'GOD of Grace, O let Thy Light,' is given in Hymns Ancient and Modern as a Missionary Hymn. Of James Montgomery's Missionary Hymns, 'O SPIRIT of the Living GOD,' 'Sow in the morn thy seed,' and 'Fall down, ye nations, and adore,' are perhaps the best, (except his Seventy-second Psalm, already noticed as an Epiphany Hymn.) 'LORD, a SAVIOUR'S Love displaying,' by Ernest Hawkins; 'Souls in heathen darkness lying,' by Mrs. Alexander; 'O GOD, from Thee alone,' by R. K. Greville; and W. Shrubsole's 'Arm of the LORD! awake, awake!' must be mentioned. Cotterill's 'O'er the realms of pagan darkness,' seems to have borrowed its first lines from W. Williams's 'O'er the gloomy hills of darkness.' Watts's 'How beauteous are their feet,' Montgomery's 'Hark, the song of Jubilee,' and E. Perronet's 'All hail the power of JESU'S Name,' may be sung as Missionary Hymns; or stanzas may be selected from 'The Banner of the Cross,' by Dr. Wordsworth. For Missions to the Jews, Lyte's paraphrase of Psalm xiv. 7, (B. V.) 'Oh, that the LORD'S Salvation,' or Joyce's 'Oh, why should Israel's sons, once blessed,' may be used.

LOUIS COUTIER BIGGS, M.A.

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO LXXXVI.

THE NOBLEST OF THE STEWARTS.

'I WILL make the key keep the castle, and the bracken-bush keep the cow, though I should have to live the life of a dog to bring it about.'

So spoke the poet bridegroom, the freed captive, James I. of Scotland, when he had won the nightingale he had heard at Windsor,

[1] Walte, walte nah und fern.

as he called his fair Joan of Somerset; and when, with liberty regained, he set forth to take possession of his kingdom. Like his friend and companion, John of Bedford, he had thirteen years of struggle before him, and we will see how they prospered with him.

Tall, strong-limbed, majestic in bearing, beautiful of countenance, excellent in all martial sports, able to hurl the bar and 'put the stone' further than any of his nobles, he had all the bodily requisites for the chief of a bold uncivilized people, and could thus prevent himself from being despised for his more graceful accomplishments, his poetry, his painting, and his music, for he loved the organ as well as Henry V. had done, and was both a performer and a composer. His nature seemed to be formed in the mould of Henry V., the friend and model of his youth. Unflinching justice, zeal against all that was cruel, iniquitous, and unmanly, and fearless courage and resolution—these were the qualities that James, in his thirty-fourth year, took home to the remodeling of his native land. Such a king Scotland had certainly never had since St. David and his grandsons had given her the first lift above barbarism; and James's English education had accustomed him to see law respected, and life and property secure, so that his standard was infinitely higher than that of any of his predecessors.

And to what a country did he come! The Highlands and Isles, alien in language and blood, were almost savage. The old Keltic Christianity of Iona had been stifled in the counter-current imported from England and Rome by the Lowland civilizers, and the amount of influence that it retained, may be estimated by the Highland practice of leaving the right hand unbaptized, that it might deal the deadlier blows.

The Lowlands had from the time of Malcolm Ceanmohr been peopled with men of the old English blood; the language was English, the nobility half Norman, half English; and here was found, at least the framework of the ordinary European kingdom—royalty surrounded with princes, nobles, and knights; the feudal system, and a Church owning the Pope as its final appeal, and providing bishops and abbots with their secular and regular clergy.

But ever since the disputed succession, on the failure of Alexander III., these Lowlands had been in a state of anarchy. The over interference of Edward I., and the feebleness of Baliol, had rendered their attempts at enforcing law and discipline a mere exasperation of the national pride and patriotism; and ever since there had been one long desolating war with England. Bruce, himself a Norman-English noble, and surrounded with men who had not lost their tincture of chivalry, gave his warfare the grand and high-spirited character of a patriotic resistance; but his success had severed his country from its nearest source of improvement, and isolated it from that public opinion which is the conscience of the world. Hating England, it was only from France that the Scottish nation derived any external ideas; and France was too remote to be an efficient check upon the wild lawless-

ness continually increased by connections with the Highland border. The Lowland noble regarded all the mountaineers north of him as robbers, and almost wild beasts, and all the English to the south of him as his natural enemies; and he necessarily lived in perpetual warfare. Moreover, since Bruce, the kings had been mere helpless shadows; and the want of a controling hand had led to unspeakable violences and atrocities on every side, in which the foremost actors were the large family, legitimate and otherwise, descended from Robert II.

The Duke of Albany, the next to the throne, and murderer of Rothsay, was dead, or James's return would have been unsafe. His son, Murdoch, was a weaker, though less wicked man; but his grandsons were of the same savage mould with himself, and it was their insufferable violence that made Murdoch, their father, exert himself for the king's return. The crisis is thus reported. Murdoch had a favourite hawk, which his eldest son, Walter, had often asked of him, and had always been denied. One day, when the bird was sitting on the wrist of its master, Walter again demanded it, and on being again refused, he snatched it and wrung its neck. 'Since thou wilt give me neither reverence nor obedience,' said the offended father, 'I will fetch home one whom we must all obey.'

Of course, the crimes of the young Stewarts had been far more intolerable and outrageous than this, and it was not this alone that made their father resolve on calling home their sovereign; but it is very possible that the actual resolution may have been called forth by this personal insolence.

On the 21st of May, 1424, James and his queen were crowned together at Scone; and as Earl of Fife, Murdoch placed him in the royal chair. He then assembled a parliament, and caused excellent enactments to be made for the peace of the realm; but this was constantly being done in Scotland; the difficulty was not in making laws, but in getting them obeyed.

After eight months, the king convened another parliament at Perth. By this time, he had had time to become acquainted with the full horrors of lawlessness in his kingdom, and had learnt that if he wished to put an end to them, he must begin with his own kinsmen; and he had moreover secured the support of the clergy, of everyone who had the remnant of a conscience, or who hated the House of Albany. And thus strengthened, he arrested first Walter Stewart, the hero of the falcon, and then Murdoch, with his second son, Alexander, and his father-in-law, the Earl of Lennox, with twenty-six nobles and barons, beginning with the heads of the two houses of Douglas—the Black and the Red—the Earls of Douglas and Angus.

At another parliament held at Stirling, the Stewarts of Albany and Lennox were tried, the king presiding, with his crown on his head, and his sceptre in his hand. The records have most unfortunately been lost; and it is only known that Walter Stewart was accused of '*roboria*,'

i.e. robbery. They were condemned by a jury of twenty-one nobles, and sentenced to die. No doubt they richly deserved their doom, by murders and cruelties without number; but these were apt to be regarded as the ordinary occupations of a nobleman, who was supposed to be a being above all laws; and when James thus sentenced his cousins, the Scottish people only regarded his severity as unnatural towards his own kinsmen.

The Albany family were men of gigantic stature, and bright and winning manners; and when the father and his two sons, with the white-haired Lennox, were led out to die in sight of their own towers of Doune, the commonalty were moved with compassion for them and anger against the king, who had no mercy for his own blood. There was no capacity for understanding the high sense of justice that would not brook that relationship to himself or high power should be a screen for iniquity. James Stewart, Albany's remaining son, fled to the Highlands, collected a troop of caterans, and fell upon Dumbarton, which he sacked, killing Sir John Stewart, his own and the king's uncle, and burning the whole town. The king followed him up with fierce severity; and though he escaped to Ireland, five of his accomplices were seized and pulled to pieces by horses, for in those days the cruelty of an execution was proportioned to the atrocity of a crime.

After having shewn by these terrible examples that no consideration should impede his justice, James released the other noblemen, and continued to make every regulation in his power for the improvement of his subjects. The Highland chiefs were the worst enemies to any hope of order, and James sent a summons to them to attend a parliament at Inverness. The deficient records of his reign do not shew whether they were brought thither by threats or promises; all that is known is that forty of them were there seized and bound, and that James repeated some Latin verses in his triumph at his success. They were tried, the worst were sentenced to die, and those against whom there was no special charge were sent home with this warning.

Alaster M'Donald, Lord of the Isles, was one of these; but the only effect was to make him furious. On his return to his islands, he raised his followers, burst upon the Lowlands, wasted the country, and destroyed the city of Inverness. Such forays usually went unpunished, for the marauders were in their fastnesses before anyone could come up with them. But James was no king to be trifled with. The Islesmen found him and a Lowland force at their heels in Lochaber. Clan Chattan and Clan Cameron went over to him on the spot; the Macdonalds were utterly routed, and Alaster, after wandering about for some time, unable to return to his isles, came secretly to Edinburgh while the king was keeping the feast of Easter, and on the great day presented himself on the steps of the high altar, clad only in his shirt and drawers, and kneeling before the king, presented him with the hilt of a naked sword, which he held by the point, and made his submission.

James imprisoned him in Tantallon Castle, but released him at the end of a year, and sent him back to his islands.

The king's severity and promptitude were indeed so fast winning respect for him, that when a savage Highland chief had seized a poor widow's two cows, she cried out that she would bear her complaint to the king. 'I'll have you shod for the journey!' cried the brutal wretch; and he actually caused a pair of horse-shoes to be nailed upon her feet. She was a determined woman, and so soon as the wounds were healed, she made her way to Edinburgh and shewed them to the king. James was in an agony of pity and indignation; he caused the chief to be seized, brought to Perth, tried, and paraded through the streets in a garment on which his crime was depicted, then hung on a gallows. Rough and ready justice was, as he well knew, the only true mercy in the dreadful country he had come to; and one day, when one of his cousins quarreled with another noble at the council-board, and struck him on the face, James at once took out his own short sword, bade the offender's arm to be extended on the council-table, and commanded the aggrieved nobleman at once to cut it off, under penalty of death. However, the queen implored for mercy, and the bishops preached forgiveness, until James yielded, and contented himself with banishing the offender from court.

He desired to be no despot. He wanted to teach his people to love order, and govern themselves; and with this view, he held a parliament every year, in which he made wise regulations, that under him were no dead letter. Everyone felt that a king there was, and a king who would brook no cruelty or violence towards the meanest of his subjects; and James had thoroughly made himself the master of his realm, master as no one had been before him, as no one was to be after him, until the last of the Stewarts had passed away.

Love of the best kind—the love that is bred of trust and awe—was fast springing up for this gallant prince; but hatred could not fail to be also engendered among the men who had hitherto known no law but their own savage hearts. Nor was James a perfect man. No one could live among such characters, under the necessity of forcing them down by the strong hand, and with no fixed law to regulate his own powers, without sometimes being betrayed into acts that after ages cannot view as in strict equity.

James's great effort was to prevent the great nobles from being so mighty as to be absolutely independent princes, such as the crown could scarcely control; and with this object he had himself resumed all the estates of the House of Albany, instead of letting them go among the other Stewarts. By this means he was able to refuse the subsidy that had been offered him to meet the expenses of sending his little daughter Margaret to be married to the French Dauphin. Poor little thing! she was but ten years old; and had James known the fate she was about to meet, he would rather have wedded her to the

poorest knight in Scotland, than to the cold, sneering, fiendish-hearted boy who was growing up at Chinon. It was the year of Bedford's death; and Gloucester, with the English council, unworthily tried to play the old game of intercepting the princess on her way to France. They failed, and only succeeded in so justly offending her father, that he no longer attempted to interfere with his subjects' desire to be constantly at war with England. Accordingly, he laid siege to Roxburgh Castle; but at the end of fifteen days, just as the garrison were about to surrender, Queen Joan suddenly arrived in the camp, and had a private interview with him. Immediately after, he ordered the siege to be broken up, and marched away, having no doubt heard of some treachery by which his subjects were already endeavouring to rid themselves of his firm hand.

James's dealings with the great barons of Scotland had indeed been such as to awaken fierce enmity among the vindictive men whose only sense of honour was in the never forgetting an injury. The Earl of March, George Dunbar, was deprived of his vast estates on a point of law; and though James offered him a small compensation, he refused it, and retired into England moody and offended. Shortly after, the earldom of Strathern afforded another occasion of dispute. It had been created in favour of David Stewart, one of the many sons of Robert II., and on his death had gone to his only daughter, the wife of Sir Patrick Graham of Kincardine. But when Sir Patrick died, James declared that the earldom was incapable of descending through females, and must be resumed by the crown; but by way of making up for the hardship, he would give the new earldom of Menteith to the dispossessed heir, Malise Graham, and endow his old uncle, the Earl of Athol, the only surviving son of Robert II., with the rents of Strathern for his life-time.

No doubt this was hard unjust measure. The king had made up his mind that the sole hope for Scotland was in preventing the nobles from absorbing all the power in the kingdom, and reversion through females was the very means of heaping estates together on one head; but violent and unprecedented interferences, the apparent advantage of which fell to himself, were overstepping the course of justice; and though there is no question but that James acted with pure noble motives, and was veritably leading the life of a dog that the bracken-bush might keep the cow—yet, had he always been able to see where the exact line of duty lay, he might not have died the death of a dog, and left his work to be all undone.

Young Malise of Strathern was in England, but his uncle, Sir Robert Graham, hotly resented his wrongs. This man, one of the most unscrupulous, audacious, and treacherous Scots whom it was James's purpose to reduce, had been arrested among the twenty-six at the Parliament of Perth, but had since been reconciled to the court, and had remained quiet until the injustice done to his nephew freshly

aroused him. He agreed with the other nobles that at the next Scottish parliament he should speak in the name of all, and declare that the king was exceeding his powers, appealing against the tyranny under which they all believed themselves to labour. He spoke accordingly, but went far beyond the powers given him; and after describing in glowing language the ruin of the old families of Scotland, and the infractions of the law, he actually proposed to put the king's person under restraint.

James started from his throne, and called on his barons to arrest the traitor; and this they instantly did, for well did every man's conscience know that when Graham spoke of law he meant lawlessness, and that restraint upon the old families really meant prevention of the foul and horrible violences that had cried out to Heaven for many a year past. Though many might be there who hated to be reformed, they had not the effrontery to say so before the loftily indignant and pure face of their king, and they only shewed themselves eager to disavow Sir Robert Graham.

He was imprisoned, and afterwards his estates were confiscated, and he was banished; but he only went as far as the Highlands, whence he wrote a letter to the king, renouncing his allegiance, defying him, and declaring that he would slay him as his mortal foe. To this James replied by a proclamation setting a price on the traitor's head.

Graham, however, was in correspondence with the old Earl of Athol, and his grandson, Sir Robert Stewart, to whom he represented that there were doubts of the legitimacy of King Robert II., and that, James once removed, it would be easy enough to set aside his young son, who was but six years old, place the Stewarts of Athol on the throne, and bring back the good old times of raids, violences, and private wars. Both agreed; and Sir Robert, who was the king's chamberlain, and lived with him on the most confidential and intimate terms, undertook to open the way for the conspirators. Other assistants were found among obscure retainers of the House of Albany; and Graham further collected three hundred caterans in the Highlands, men always ready for bloodshed and spulzie.

James had meantime forgotten Graham's threat, and had appointed to keep his Christmas at the great Dominican convent at Perth. Nearly all the Scottish palaces were attached to convents, in order to give greater inviolability to their precincts in this most miserable and lawless of kingdoms; but the Black Friars were to be no protection to James, and indeed, Perth, being on the north side of the Firth of Forth, the gateway of the Highlands, was a place as favourable to the conspirators as their victim could have found. He was just about to take boat to cross the firth, when a Highland cailleach, or old woman, stood before him in a warning attitude, and announced to him that if he crossed that water he would never return alive. James was struck with her manner, but unfortunately, instead of examining her himself, merely bade a knight inquire what she meant. She said something about 'One Hubert—' and the knight, being either dull or himself a

traitor, rode on and told the king she was only a mad woman. On, then, he went, and spent his Christmas and his carnival in full enjoyment of the music, the graceful masques, the elegant pastimes that made his court a little island of civilization in the savage and rugged country. Those winter months, when few of his robber subjects could venture from their dens, were his times of leisure for enjoying the society of his fair queen, for whom his love had never faded since he first heard her voice singing upon the slopes of Windsor.

So came the 20th of February, and as darkness closed in, Sir Robert Stewart crept round the gates and doors, destroyed the locks, removed the bolts, and placed boards across the moat to admit the conspirators. Meantime, all was light and gaiety within the royal apartments. The king was playing at chess with a young knight whom he was wont playfully to call the King of Love, and telling him that there was a prophecy that a king should be slain in Scotland that year, and that he had better look well to himself, since they two were the only kings in Scotland. One of the conspirators, moved with remorse, at that moment came near to warn him, but the crowd of gay knights and ladies who were reading romances, or singing lays to the harp, or playing at games, seem to have hindered him, for he spoke no word; and it was past midnight before James bade the parting cup go round, and wished the fair company a good night. Even then the Highland woman made her way to the door, and entreated so earnestly to speak with the king, that he sent her word that he would see her the next day. 'Alas,' she solemnly said, 'that day would never come to him.'

The Earl of Athol and his grandson were the last to bid the king good-night; and he was soon standing before the fire in his wrapping-gown, talking merrily to his queen and the ladies who were disrobing her. Presently, there was a clang of arms and glare of torches in the court, and the women rushed to fasten the doors, but they found the bolts and bars removed, and James, attempting to escape by the opposite window, found it too closely barred to let him out. The steps of the murderers sounded on the stairs, and the king, sure that his life was aimed at, and utterly unarmed, could only catch up the tongs, and force up a board in the floor, so that he could descend into a narrow vault, where, when the board was replaced, he was entirely hidden. The vault had an opening into the tennis-court beyond, but unhappily, the king had only two days before caused it to be walled up, to prevent his tennis balls from rolling into it, and he could only wait there unarmed except with the tongs.

The queen's page, Walter Straiton, had loyally thrown himself forward in the passage to intercept the murderers, and was slain; and the ladies tried to drag articles of furniture before the door, brave Catherine Douglas even thrusting her arm through the empty staples to serve as a living bolt. Alas! it had only moral strength—it was at once broken by the rush of the armed men, and the whole number

rushed in upon the room that had lately rung with innocent mirth. The wretches even wounded some of the women, as they ran shrieking about the room, only Queen Joan standing still in the midst of the floor, her fair flaxen hair unbound on her shoulders, only a kirtle and mantle over her, but rigid and dauntless—a true Plantagenet. Some of the assassins even struck and wounded her, but Graham's son had sufficient manhood to call them off. 'What want you with the queen? she is but a woman;' and they searched through all the apartments in vain. They then proceeded to seek through the monastery, and in the meantime the people in the city had taken alarm, and were coming to the king's rescue; but unhappily, his patience became exhausted, and hearing no sound above, he called to the women to bring the sheets from the bed, and draw him up again. His weight was too much for them; one of them, named Elizabeth Douglas, was dragged down into the vault; and the noise brought back one of the conspirators, who holding the torch over the vault, shewed the inmates, and shouted with savage glee, 'Sirs, the spouse is found, wherefor we be come, and all this night have caroled here.' The whole troop hurried in, and fell on the unarmed, almost unclothed man; but he made desperate resistance, throwing two under his feet, and so grasping them with his iron fingers, that they bore the marks weeks after, though their long knives were frightfully lacerating his bare hands and arms. Graham sprung down, sword in hand, and answered James's entreaty for his life, 'Cruel tyrant! thou hast never spared thine own kin; thou shalt not look for mercy now.'

'Spare my soul, at least,' said James; 'give me a confessor.'

'None but this sword,' said Graham, plunging it into his body.

He fell, but still entreated for mercy; and Graham, overcome for a moment, was about to leave him, when the others of the crew called out that they would kill him if he did not finish the work, and he, with the two other ruffians in the vault, struck again and again.

The traitors then were about to fall on the queen, but she had darted out of the room in search of help, and a tumult was heard in the convent and town that warned them to fly, and they were seen from the windows crossing the moat, and rushing off for the Highlands. Sir David Dunbar pursued them, and killed one, but was himself severely wounded, and the murderers made off, only lamenting that they had failed to kill the Englishwoman with her husband.

Nobles and monks meanwhile flocked to the royal bed-chamber, where the vault had been made to yield up its contents, and James lay dead, pierced with sixteen wounds—a piteous spectacle; and Joan, casting aside her tears, her softer feelings, was burning with a furious thirst for vengeance. She seems to have left the priests to bury the corpse, and taking her little son, who was but six years old, she fled at once to Edinburgh, whence she so effectually roused all the loyal Scots, that ere a month was over from that horrible Ash Wednesday morning, all the chief traitors were in her hands.

Their punishment was horrible; Sir Robert Stewart was tortured and beheaded, and so was his grandfather, the old Earl of Athol, whose pretensions to the sovereignty were derided by a paper crown, in fulfilment of the delusive promise that he should be crowned that year. He denied, however, all share in the plot, though he allowed that he had concealed it for his grandson's sake.

Every refinement of cruelty was exercised on the arch-traitor, Sir Robert Graham, while he continued to aver that he had defied the king, and renounced his allegiance, and thus had a full right to slay him, and that Scotland would hereafter pray for the memory of one who had delivered her from a cruel tyrant.

He was wrong. He is thus remembered:—

Sir Robert Graeme,
Who slew our king;
God give him shame.

Had James been perfect—never driven to forget the means in the end; never violent where justice bade him be patient—this man's one-sided implacable enmity had not been roused. No doubt, Graham, seeing only with the eyes of a noble deprived of the pleasing privilege of murder and robbery, and seeing gentle and even princely blood no protection against punishment for offences against the meanest, felt himself and his congeners horribly aggrieved; but the true knights, the clergy, the burghers, the peasants, all that was wise and good, or that was weak and harmless, knew that their guardian had perished in the midst of his efforts for their good, and that Scotland had lost one of her few chances for redeeming her character. Her one great man, the only veritable king then in Europe, was slain. The little child, with one cheek scarred with red, who was proclaimed King James II., was full of spirit; but there were all the agonies to come of a long minority under a weak and passionate mother, and the wicked had their will. Rapine, murder, war, and savagery, were let loose again; and long would it be ere the key should keep the castle, or the bracken-bush the kine.

(To be continued.)

THE MYSTERY OF THE CAVERN.

CHAPTER XII.

It was at six o'clock when Damaris and Mr. Foley had come home, and Miss Maynard was sitting in the drawing-room when the latter and his wife entered it.

Both had made up their minds that the full truth must be known to the present party, though to no one else; and Mrs. Foley, while forced

to be silent, had seen enough of Eleanor Maynard to feel the explanation due to her.

'No,' said Mr. Foley, in reply to Lady Maynard's question, 'I did not take her to a doctor. The poor child's alarm was not a case of insanity. —Miss Maynard, may I not ask whether you have a limestone cavern on your property?'

'Certainly—I have.'

'Well, the girl found there a few bones, which—I am half ashamed to tell you—were the foundation of a sensation novel that might well make her like one crazed. She shewed them to one Lebrun, a medical student here, I believe, who displayed his acumen by pronouncing them human!'

'The incurable ass!' muttered Miss Maynard; then leaping to a conclusion, 'So she thought there had been murder, and by whom? One would think it had been me—by her horror of me and my coffee.'

Neither husband nor wife could answer; and their silence brought a thrill over Miss Maynard.

'I see,' she said in a firm but very different voice.

Silence answered again, and she resumed, 'Well, perhaps I was disagreeable enough to make her believe anything.'

'Poor Damaris!' said Mr. Foley; 'but at least I must say for her, that monstrous as the suspicion was, it was not absolutely gratuitous, for she did find a glove, with your name, and some other things that my wife will give you.'

'But whom could she think likely for me to murder?' added Eleanor gravely, checking her aunt's expression of indignation and dismay. 'Let us hear the whole, Mr. Foley; do not be afraid, I have stood many things.'

Mr. Foley then reluctantly told the whole of the foolish fancies, while Eleanor gazed steadily into the fire; but though she drew a long breath at the end, her voice was not angry, but had almost a sound of sad drollery, as she said, 'I think, considering, she behaved with great kindness to us all. Only what made her so much afraid of Mr. Pigou?'

'She thought him an accomplice. I believed she imagined he helped in having a supposititious child buried, and that his "young man" is the real heir.' At this Lady Maynard broke into an indignant laugh, but Eleanor said,

'I have often been sorry for that concealment; it was promised when I was more childish, and I regret it much if it has led that poor girl to make him a hero of romance.'

'I don't think any harm has been done in that way,' said Mr. Foley.

'Mr. Thrupp knows his story,' said Eleanor, rising, as to take leave; but Mrs. Foley came forward timidly.

'If you would kindly come to my room, I could give you what Damaris found.'

Miss Maynard followed. It was late enough in the season for a bright

fire to have been lighted before dressing time; and in its glow, Mrs. Foley took out the glove, and the chain and locket.

It was with a hoarse stifled sound that Miss Maynard held the latter for a moment to the light, then struggled to make the words clear, and to preserve her self-command—'Found? in the cave?'

'Found in the cave!' repeated Mrs. Foley; then as Eleanor was about to rise, and wave the thanks she could not speak, she laid her hand on her shoulder, and looking at her with eyes swimming in tears, said, 'I do not think you know that I was Mary Longford.'

The answer was only that Eleanor's arm came round her waist, her head leant against her, and there were a few moments, during which she felt that this strong woman was struggling with an almost convulsive agony, in which she longed to aid her, but felt powerless.

At last Eleanor sprang up, pushed her hair back, and gasped heavily. Mrs. Foley brought her some water to drink, and when she had swallowed it, she said, 'You knew.'

'Yes, I knew. So far as that there was a wretched misunderstanding. Cecil had been hasty, he owned; but he believed that all could have been set right but for the loss of that locket.'

'And would have been even with it, but for my madness and pride. Oh! let me have your pardon, it will be as near his as can be.'

'You shall see his, my dear. I will send you the last letter I ever had from him, where he told me, if I should ever meet you, to say he knew he had been harsh and passionate, and—'

'No, no.'

'And had hoped, if ever he returned, to obtain your pardon, though the rest he knew must be over for ever.'

'For ever!' said Eleanor, as the word floated away. 'For ever! Oh! and we could have been so happy!' There was something most piteous in the low grave voice in which she said these words, and in the still drooping attitude in which she sat, her hands clasped round her knee, gazing into the fire. Mrs. Foley hardly liked to rouse her, but at last said, 'He always loved to think of you.'

'He could not! He could only forgive. And he died—died far away on that unhealthy place—no friend near.'

'He had a friend, and a very kind one, a brother officer,' said Mrs. Foley, 'who sent me home all he had left, and saw the cross planted on his grave. When you see their letters, you will feel that he is happy.'

'I don't deserve it!' said Eleanor; then pausing—'Mary—his sister—your face has been perplexing me, and stabbing my heart with recollections for hours past. Let me tell you all! It will feel like the confession I longed to make, and hoped to make, till I saw those few words in the paper. It was twenty years ago! You know what *he* was. You know how we were thrown together at Lord Selwood's, and how we wrung out my father's consent, when I should—oh! how happily—have been ill provided for. I think it was respect that made him so very dear to me.

The world he came from was better, less trifling, more scrupulous, than our gay one. My Uncle William lived far away then, and nothing had sobered us; and though I looked up to him, I would not bear with interference, not always; and I had a whisperer at my ear. Poor Ninette! She was half French, daughter of a governess of my own mother's, and had been brought over at twelve years old to be my play-fellow, and speak French to me. I was very fond of her, and we kept her on as I grew up, partly to walk with me, and partly to be nursery-governess to the little ones. She was fit for no more: she never would learn anything; and I—I had exercised no good influence on her; so no wonder the poor thing exercised none on me; and being a year or two older, as she was, her folly told! Cecil and she never could endure one another—he thought her false and flattering—I resented his suspicions. Then she was scandalized at his attempts to improve me. I dare say he told you—' said Eleanor, breaking off.

'No, he would not complain. Only afterwards, in the ferment of his grief, he said something of influence that would not let you be yourself; but so little did he betray that I had fancied he meant your step-mother.'

'Poor Mamma! No, indeed! I don't think she was half happy at Ninette being saddled on her little boy; but we all rode over her with our plans. Ah! How often *he* would tell me I did not shew her respect, while Ninette whispered about not giving way to a step-mother. Oh! what a history it is! Those weeks when he was quartered at Rollesford seem to me one time of stubbornness and discord! And those were the days of the discovery of the Cave. I read up really then; Cecil interested me in it; we used to dig, and find, and name. Our most peaceful times were in that wood, that cavern. Well, there was a review of the yeomanry. My father had to go as an officer, and could not take care of me: my mother was not well enough to go. I hated the sitting up with a dull chaperon in a carriage, and said I would ride with Ninette. Cecil set his face against it. I had refused to go with any prosy county lady; and he stirred up the authorities to see that if I would not do that I ought not to go at all. You know the old story—a tyrant before marriage, a tyrant after. Ninette plied me with that, played on jealousies she had excited before, persuaded me to order our horses and go alone, we two with a groom. His regiment was keeping the ground. Ninette told me she would shew me why he would not let me come, except in the dull helpless line of carriages. She pointed him out to me, pic-nicking with two young pretty girls.'

'His Major's wife and her sister, whom he had been asked to take care of.'

Eleanor clenched her hands; but went on: 'Ninette had ten thousand stories—I listened. He was grievously displeased with my appearance at the review; I more displeased at what I was mad enough to fancy hypocrisy. Let us make it short! I sent him back all he had given me, and required again what I had given him. The locket came not; and

he was forced to confess that he had lost it. Ninette brought a tangle of supposed proofs that he had given it to the young lady. So it seemed to end! My people were glad enough to put a stop to it, and to forbid him the house.'

'That was where my dear brother repented,' said Mrs. Foley. 'He knew afterwards he had been severe, and he grieved over the having been too proud and angry to answer so injurious a suspicion. He was angered enough himself to make the rent violent; and was for the time convinced that all had been a mistake—all unsuitable; and truly we at home thought so too. Only when anger faded, and the tenderness revived, would he get me apart, and pour it all out by stealth, as it were, that he thought himself unjust and impatient, and you noble and true. He always thought and hoped you would find the locket, for he remembered seeing it on his chain the last day he was with you; but, as you know, in his first heat, he exchanged for foreign service.'

'And I—I—cut off from that cave and wood by the horror of Willie's accident! I have been left to see him vindicated by this locket after fifteen years!'

'I am sure you had acquitted him before.'

'I had, I had. Ever since I knew the truth about poor Ninette; ever since her faltering confession. Oh! without that, ever since I grew rational, I saw the wicked jealousy and folly of the suspicion. And yet, I cannot tell which is strongest, the misery of knowing my treatment of him, or the relief of this perfect clearing, and that it should come through you—you who have his look.'

Mrs. Foley took her into her arms, and she wept overpoweringly for several minutes, and was still for many more, not attempting to speak till she was quite able to control her voice. Then she said, 'Thank God, thank you, Mary. I think there is a dull weight off me, and that peace may come back now! But I cannot talk to-night. Can you come to me to-morrow morning?'

'With all my heart.'

'Then we will talk about the rest! Oh, I long to see more of you. Have you a Cecil?'

'A girl Cecil. I have no boy.'

'Ah! she must be my girl. Not living in this oppressive place; but let me love her! But what am I talking of? I meant to say that I suppose this poor girl will not sleep till she has been told I forgive her. I do most heartily. And tell her that I thank her for the treasure she has found me; and I do hope to be less ungracious to her. Oh, and that unhappy boy—if you think it will save her from dangerous fancies about him, tell her he is poor Ninette's son, by a wretched private marriage. I promised, under one of the foolish vehement impulses of those days, to conceal it; but if she thinks him any great person, it is a most mischievous mistake.'

No one would have guessed by Eleanor's firm step as she descended the

stairs how much she had been agitated; but as Mrs. Foley parted with her at the dark garden gate, the two wound one another in a convulsively fervent embrace; and then Mrs. Foley repaired to Damaris's room, and told her, in a few short words, the true mystery of the cavern—that Miss Maynard had been digging there with Cecil Longford; and that the loss of the locket had led to the breach of their lives. Damaris was much comforted at finding that her discovery was really good for something; she clung almost pertinaciously to the idea of a mystery, and was almost pleased to find that there remained a shadow of it about young Lebrun.

Mrs. Foley would not coax her down to dinner; she thought the girl needed rest, and that all would talk more freely without her. A very late dinner it was, and a terrible strain on Lady Maynard's resources to devise it on the stress of the moment; but there it was on the table; and it was being eaten, when Damaris was told by her maid that Mr. Lebrun was in the ante-room, urgently entreating to see her.

It was horribly unpleasant, but Damaris, much as her head ached, felt that she must be the person to silence him about those unhappy bones, and hurried down, hoping to get the interview over before the ladies came out of the dining-room.

'Oh! Mr. Lebrun,' she began, 'the bones!'

'Bones! I speak not of bones,' he broke in, in an enraptured voice. 'It is life, not death, I speak of. Miss Brockensha, you who pitied me when friendless and unknown, I come to lay my fortune at your feet.'

'I don't understand,' said bewildered Damaris, gazing through the dim light of the ante-room lamp at his flushed face.

'It was my first thought!' he proceeded. 'She who pitied my poverty shall share my wealth! I have no mercenary soul.'

'Sir,' said Damaris, 'I wish to share nothing. If you can, command yourself, or else leave me. Indeed, you had better do so at once. I have not been well.'

'Nothing shall drive me from you till you have responded to my suit! Will this content you? My father has sent for me! My father no longer leaves me to precarious charity.'

'Your father?' said Damaris.

'Yes! The chief proprietor in the district of Cobramatta, Tasmania. A magistrate, and member of the supreme council. You will be one of the principal ladies of the colony; we will purchase a baronetcy, and snap our fingers at Miss Maynard.'

Damaris had no desire for this pastime, but only said, 'Thank you, I should not like to go to Tasmania.'

'You would be as a princess there! See, here is my father's letter. He tells me he has waited to summon me till his fullest hopes were realized, and he has become one of the first men in the colony, ready to be the founder of a family. Miss Brockensha, I have flown to you at once. Freed from sordid tyranny, and contemptuous insulting patronage, let us begin a new life.'

'I think,' said Damaris, measuring with her eye the distance to the doors, 'that sounds ungrateful.'

'How? Do I not know that your soul, like mine, has loathed the cold distant patronage of yonder loveless female, who, for purposes of her own, has concealed me from my father, and bred up the son of a wealthy leading character, whom her own machinations have banished from England, at a low school among the sons of tradesmen, and bound him to her minion to learn a disgusting profession! The motive is palpable —jealousy—jealousy of my unhappy mother!'

'We have had enough of this,' said Damaris, provoked to break in. 'I know enough of Miss Maynard to be certain that whatever she did was generous; and that to talk of her jealousy is insulting nonsense. You had better go away, Mr. Lebrun. I am glad of your good fortune, and thank you; but—'

'Nay, nay. Be not bound by these trammels! Think how proudly I can lead you to my father, and say, "Behold the prize whose disinterested affection sought me out in my oppressed condition."'

'But it did not,' exclaimed Damaris. 'I might try to find out if injustice were done you, without preferring you personally.'

'Ah! Who has supplanted me? Let me know.' He had all this time been speaking in tones that, subdued at first, had gradually become so exalted as to penetrate the dining-room door; and Lady Maynard, who, at the head of the table, was nearest to the sounds, distinguished the voices, and becoming certain that there was distress and deprecation on one side, and insistance on the other, fairly jumped up, though dessert had not begun, and opened the door, when Damaris flew to her, almost into her arms, with the earnest entreaty, 'Oh, send him away.'

'What does this mean?' said Lady Maynard. 'Why are you intruding on Miss Brockensha?'

'My Lady,' said Baldwin Lebrun, with amazing assurance, 'I am not to be put aside with the scornfulness of the aristocracy. My parentage can no longer be suppressed.'

'I know nothing about your parentage,' said Lady Maynard. 'I only see that you are distressing Miss Brockensha, and I will not have that done in my house.'

'Madam!' said Baldwin, standing his ground, 'I wish to tell you that the insolence of the aristocracy shall not prevail. My father is the principal man in Tasmania; he may—nay he will become a baronet at once, and then Miss Brockensha will repent it, if tyranny has hindered her from listening to the dictates of her heart.'

'My heart!' broke out Damaris; 'my heart revolts at your impertinence and ingratitude? Go away, Sir. I would not look at you if you were a Duke, and spoke so of your benefactors!'

There was something in the young man's tones, that when the door was open made the gentlemen suspect that his excitement was partly the effect of liquor; and Mr. Foley and Mr. Thrupp had both sprung forward,

as young Lebrun said, 'You will repent it, Miss Brockensha! Your scorn is misplaced. It is quite true.—Mr. Thrupp, they cannot keep me out of my own.'

He handed a letter to Mr. Thrupp, who glanced over it, and said hastily but sternly, 'Nobody wants to keep you out of your own. You had better be off to your father at once, since he has bethought himself of you at last; and you had better ask no questions, nor molest the ladies any more, or you might hear awkward truths.'

This was effectual; Baldwin Lebrun slunk out of the room, and Lady Maynard led the trembling Damaris into the dining-room, to administer a glass of wine, while the question was eagerly asked, 'What is it! What does he mean? Who is his father?'

'Well,' said Mr. Thrupp, 'I suppose there need be no scruple about telling the whole truth now—at least to all here present; though perhaps it should not go beyond this room till he is out of the country—not that he deserves it! 'Twas all I could do to keep it back, and I wondered you could, Lady Maynard.'

'I did not know,' she said.

'Well, Miss Maynard is—is the most wonderful lady for discretion. However, the time for concealment is over, when Sidney Brown's son tries to come over us with his parentage.'

'Sidney Brown! What? Was not he that steward who took all that money!' exclaimed Lady Maynard.

'Just so, my Lady. And now—how rogues rise, to be sure!—he really is, it seems, a member of the council in Tasmania. Not but that he might rise; he was not so black as some; and I believe he was driven on by the mess he had got into with the girl. The case was this. Miss Maynard had a girl they called Ninette, half companion to her, half governess to the poor little boys. Sidney Brown, handsome, conceited young fellow, makes up to her, and there was all the old story—private marriage and all. In fact, I believe some philandering was going on when she heeded the little boy so little that he fell over the cliff in his sister's sight. Then it was impossible to recommend her to any other governess's place after such carelessness; and they let her stay on, little guessing what advantage was taken of their forbearance. The young man came to desperation at last, appropriated Sir Walter's rents, and was making off with the girl to America, when we captured them. Electric telegraphs were new then, he had not reckoned on them.

'Sir Walter was away, attending Lord Selwood's last illness, and Miss Maynard, in her stubborn generosity, or romance, or whatever you call it, finding the poor girl very ill and utterly without a refuge, would take her up to the Priory. There she got so much worse that it would have been sheer inhumanity to turn her out. An old aunt came to nurse her; but I verily believe that the only other persons aware of the true state of the case were Mr. Pigou and myself, besides that old nurse of Miss Maynard's, who died a few years back. This wretched lad was born,

and by-and-by Ninette and he were both taken home by the aunt, who, the man having been by this time transported, made her call herself by that ridiculous name of Lebrun, and pass for a Frenchman's widow. The poor Ninette, pretty silly inoffensive thing enough, never held up her head again, and died before the year was out; and the boy stayed with the aunt, who, as long as she lived, pestered Miss Maynard for his maintenance, and when she died, coolly bequeathed him to her.

'Did the father take no notice all the time?'

'Not he! I kept an eye on him, and from time to time informed him of his son's doings. Sharp fellow, of good education. Got on quickly, set up a partnership on a farm, turned gentleman, married well, meant no doubt to cut the son; but it seems his wife and her daughter have died, and now he thinks it as well to summon the young fellow out, and ignore all who have bred him up. I wonder if he has had the decency to write to Miss Maynard! or if there is a letter at my office.'

'Well! It will be a great riddance to Eleanor,' exclaimed Lady Maynard. 'But how wonderfully she has kept her counsel!'

'She was romantically fond of that Ninette, and would do anything to save her character,' said Mr. Thrupp; 'and besides,' he added, lowering his voice, 'she was in such a distressed, excited state, and had undergone so many severe shocks—what with the death of her brothers and all the rest, and Sir Walter delayed by Lord Selwood's illness—that it was hardly possible not to let her take her way. Pigou and I dreaded the effects of opposition.—If you had been here,' to Lady Maynard, 'it would have been much better for all parties.'

At that moment a message was brought to Mr. Thrupp—'Would he be kind enough to go up to the Priory?'

Away he went; and the rest of the party proceeding to the drawing-room, there was a general clearing away of reserve, and Jane, holding Damaris's hand all the time, heard a wonderful series of revelations. Nothing seemed more amazing than Lady Maynard's ignorance both of Cecil Longford's affair, and of the history of Baldwin Lebrun; and Jane could not forbear from asking whether her father had known it. Lady Maynard was not sure. All had taken place before she had known him, and all she knew was that he had hurried to Pau to break to the parents the death of the second child, and thus had probably not been at hand at the time of the discovery of Brown's guilt. The living had not been given to him till some years later, and he had then, when his young wife had shewn herself chilled and repelled by his niece's manner, told her how changed Eleanor had been by the shock of her little brother's death, and that he suspected there had been deeper wounds. But he had never after the first few months allowed her to speak to him on Eleanor's past life, and she therefore imagined that he might have been consulted, but under the strictest seal of secresy.

Damaris and Jane were both exceedingly impressed, the first by repentance for her own injustice and hasty judgment of one who had

suffered so heavily, the second by amazement at the romance of a life she had thought so devoid both of feeling and of charity. Jane was very much shocked at all Damaris had gone through, and only regretted not having been consulted, for she would have known the bones, having been once taken to the museum and told the whole history. And her great affection for her friend made her very happy in having all the aberrations of the last few weeks accounted for.

All the time, Jane's sweetness and brightness were each moment the more overwhelming Damaris with shame at the thought of that wild castle in the air where she had coupled this fair refined creature with the ungrateful, boastful, foolish son of a convict, Baldwin Lebrun.

CHAPTER XIII.

Mrs. Foley found Eleanor the next morning very pale, and with a sleepless look, but gentle and calm, and allowing that she had been awake for many hours, but that her short morning's doze had been enough to form a barrier between her old world and her new one. To be rid of Baldwin Lebrun was an immense relief. His father had written her a very proper letter, acknowledging all her benefactions, and saying that he would gladly repay the sums expended on his education, if he did not know it would be an insult to her to make the offer. He explained further, taking blame to himself, that when a struggling man, with a prosperous marriage open to him, he had been silent on former ties, but being now a childless widower, he was most desirous to reclaim his son, and only entreated that the knowledge of the crime might be still kept from him. There was every reason to think the man had redeemed his lapse, and the responsibility of such a charge as Baldwin was no small weight to be relieved of.

'I took it wilfully on myself,' she said. 'Yet I know not how I could have helped it. Poor Ninette! as I told you yesterday, she was my evil genius, and though so weak, the more she was my bane, the more my perverse affection clung to her. All would have been saved if, after Willie's fall, I had let things take their course—if she had gone at once to a French school, and begun a fresh course of training; but I was crazy at what I took for unjust banishment; I wanted my confidante; and when she clung to me in misery, I fought her battles, and kept her here, for the whole Brown affair to be pursued, to the temptation and misery of both.'

'Why did he not marry her openly?'

'Oh! he was dependent on an uncle—our steward, a tremendous old fellow, whom they dreaded excessively. When things came to extremity, there was the embezzlement, the attempt to abscond, the capture; and poor Ninette, lying in a dead faint at the White Lion. What could I do

but bring her back to her own room, and promise with my whole soul to shield her? I know now that I was wrong to promise, but I did. No one but ourselves knew the full extent of the wretchedness, or that there would be a child to inherit the unhappy name. She was thought to be dying. She threw herself on my mercy; and I—I was still in the angry fever Cecil had left me in. I promised everything—pardon of course, and concealment. Ah! Well, I stood to my promise. Mr. Pigou managed the boy's going to school when his aunt died, and took him home when too old for school. They told me I was unwise, but a promise is a promise; and now I feel that the last link of the old chain to that past time is gone. Now I can lay all the past to rest! I know I have been hard and dry. I could never really talk even to my dear young aunt when the load lay behind! Oh! how old I felt the first day her fresh young innocent face shone on me!'

'I can see indeed how heavily reserve must have weighed on you.'

'And the having been deceived. Fancying *he* had deceived me, sure that Ninette had. I used to trust everyone so heartily. Mary, Mary, may I ever see any letters of Cecil's? If you knew how my heart bounds at being sure there was no untruth in him!'

'I could send you some—let me see, by the day after to-morrow. Or why not come home with me? Then we could read them together: you would see my Cecil.'

'Oh no, thank you,' she began from force of habit, 'I have never left Mamma. And yet,' bethinking herself, 'my aunt and the girls would come and be with her. It would be a great rest.'

'It would be opening yourself to fresh impressions,' said Mrs. Foley. 'I think you would come back refreshed.'

'And perhaps,' said Eleanor, smiling more really than for years, 'not quite so unpleasant as to make people pitch on me as the most likely person to have committed a murder! I do owe a great deal to that girl for bringing you to me. I am glad she had no admiration for that foolish lad, and I would say I am sorry for having suspected her, but really she was making herself absurd.'

'No one could be more so, poor child; but she is a very good girl, with only a little effervescence of foolishness; and I hope there are better things in store for her.'

'What, the railway engineer? What would Mr. Thrupp say to that?'

'That is the difficulty. Indeed, I don't believe the young man would have said anything about it himself. He is a capital fellow, whom we have known for many years; and he used to shew a decided liking for Damaris in her school-keeping days, but that of course was cut short when the fortune came to her. We heard no more of him till last Sunday morning, when, as Mr. Foley came out of church, young Newton begged to speak with him, and this was to tell us, with great agitation, that something—he could not tell what—was the matter with Miss Brockensha, and to implore us to set it right in time to save her from

exceeding distress. He seemed even afraid that her mind was going, and seemed to fancy that some attachment to this Lebrun was thwarted by those who had the charge of her, and kept her in such terror that she durst not speak out; and, poor fellow, he could not help betraying that the cruelest pang of all was that he was afraid the youth was not worthy of her; but he was sure that calm reasoning and kindness were what were wanting, not high-bred tacit persecution, of which he seemed to have mysterious suspicions, sensible young man as he is. Mr. Foley had a long talk with him that evening; and in this great distress, he could not help avowing his own attachment, which had begun in Damaris's school-keeping days, though he was ashamed to find that its strength only became manifest to him by Damaris being taken out of his reach, and then, as he had not spoken before, delicacy and independence kept him silent, though he had set before him the hope of working his way up to the power of addressing her upon equal terms.'

'It is a great pity he should not have her in his keeping at once.'

'So we think. More especially as in these two years he has got himself forward a great deal, and by birth he is quite her superior. His father was a clerk in a bank, but died early, and his mother gave him an excellent education by severe self-denial on her own part; he is clever, thought highly of, and if he had capital might make a great step in life. It really seems the only way in which poor Damaris's fortune could be disposed of without doing her harm; it would be set to work directly, but Harry Newton is quite resolved against speaking till labour of brain has brought him to a point of level with her. Now we think that as things stand, and considering what we know of both of them, that really it would be no harm if the guardians were to intimate to Harry Newton their encouragement.'

'I should think they would be only too thankful.'

'My husband is talking about it to Mr. Thrupp at this moment.'

The result of Mr. Foley's communication to Mr. Thrupp was that that gentleman went over to visit his fellow-guardian, and returned to seek out Harry Newton, and declare to him with many assurances that they wished nothing better for their ward than to see her safely married to one deserving of such high esteem; and that so far from suspecting him of mercenary motives, they should be absolutely thankful to see her placed beyond the reach of the designing—in short, that nothing could give them more satisfaction than to be called on for their sanction to such an engagement.

Harry Newton was at the time hard at work, surveying the fatal wood, and marking out the possible line through the Park. He received the communication ungraciously enough, and seemed chiefly absorbed in indignation that his confidence had been betrayed. But he was very near Damaris; Lady Maynard did her part of throwing them together, and when once together, the pride of disinterestedness could not long hide genuine affection.

Damaris meanwhile was at the Priory with Lady Maynard and Jane, and was there learning how lost poor Lady Isabella was without her step-daughter, and how good a daughter Miss Maynard really was. It was very unpleasant to look back on the absurd and cruel accusations she had worked herself into believing against so excellent a person; and when she went out into the Park, her heart full of self-conviction, it was something to be able to talk over the whole with a trustworthy friend, who knew all, and was not a Maynard. And when she had come to a confidential conversation about her errors, the next step was not a difficult one, though no one was more surprised at it than Damaris herself. Could anyone, especially anyone so clever and wise as Mr. Newton, think of her after she had made such a wonderful fool of herself? And yet no one was more fully convinced than Damaris, that Mr. Newton's affection for her dated before she was an heiress.

His whole manners and address were refined and educated; they had been quite above her mark in former days, and though she had served two years apprenticeship to ladyhood, it only left her brought to his level, and prepared to assume the place which so rising a man as Harry Newton would attain at a few bounds by the help of the means and position she could give him. And her life with the Maynards had given Damaris juster views of the comparative amount of wealth she possessed, and of its value, the ranks of society, &c.; and she was ready to perceive what her true position would be in a manner she could not have done two years previously.

Thus there was good cause for rejoicing in the betrothal as a thing thoroughly suitable and happy. Cordial consent was given from all concerned, and all that remained was that Damaris should come of age, somewhat to simplify the troubles of marriage settlements. And the delay thus occasioned was good for her. Miss Maynard returned from Allingthorpe refreshed and softened. She was one of those persons whose whole nature was improved by anything like happiness; and since the one feverish dream of her girlhood, she had not known an hour's real peace. First there had come bitter offence with him she loved, 'working like madness in her brain;' then the shock of her brother's accident, and her fierce wilful defence of the governess from the natural consequences of her carelessness; then—when left alone to act for herself—ensued the discovery that this protection of the poor thing had only kept her in the way of the temptation to which she had succumbed; and in the midst of the sense of having been deceived, and of universal distrust, hot-headed perverse generosity had involved her in a promise of secresy, such as could only be a burthen and a perpetual source of perplexity and distress.

Reserve and stifled unhappiness had, as it were, petrified the once impetuous girl. She had principle enough to throw herself rigidly into the path of duty; and her line was that of making herself a slave to her parents. It was not their fault. They would have had her their daughter, but she never thawed into confidence or warmth. They had

been too unwilling to accept Cecil Longford, too willing to take advantage of her petulant offence to dismiss him, for her to be devoid of soreness towards them. So whatever they asked of her she did with passiveness that became absolutely vexatious to her father; while Lady Isabella, shattered in health and broken in spirits, fell into the exacting habits of a hypocondriacal invalid, and was encouraged in them by Eleanor's submission. The kind wise uncle and his bright young wife came too late to prevent the crust from hardening; she thought 'the dead past had buried its dead;' but she lived in perpetual silence on the closed tomb, haunted by its restless ghost; and though forced to take her uncle into partial confidence, it was only on condition of silence towards his wife; and he could not lead her to any soul-easing freedom. Her devotion to Lady Isabella, after her father's death, partook of the wilful exclusiveness with which she had defended Ninette, and never leaving home, never entering into society, and reigning almost despotically in her own small realm, her views had necessarily become narrow, and she regarded the outer world with increasing distrust of all that had arisen since her younger days.

For fourteen years she had not slept a night away from the Priory! No wonder then that Allingthorpe was a new world to her, and that she there became disabused of numerous prejudices. To Mrs. Foley she attached herself with her natural vehemence of spirit, loving her with the full force of her latent romance, and casting aside all reserve with her. She was almost an oppressive guest, but for Cecil's sake Mrs. Foley could welcome much that would otherwise have been trying; and the root of bitterness being now gone from her heart, many a remaining thorn was gently drawn out. Eleanor could think, and could understand argument; and though her thoughts had hitherto all gone in her one narrow groove, yet she was capable of being convinced. Mr. Foley and she had many discussions together, and her opinions and laws were a good deal more modified than she herself was aware of by the time her month's visit was over.

At any rate, she astonished everybody by looking much younger when she returned. She talked more, was a great deal less dry, and more affectionate towards Jane, and treated her aunt with an openness and reciprocity of cordiality that took away from the sense of being domineered over, that had formerly steeled Lady Maynard against laying herself under obligations, or being directed in the management of her sons as belongings of the property. Knowing the full truth, and not fearing to appear to presume on the improbability of Eleanor's marriage, Lady Maynard could openly explain her motives for sending Walter to sea, namely, that an heir presumptive is always in danger of being spoilt by dwelling on a probably long delayed future, as the boy could hardly help being led to do, if he spent much of his time among the feudal tempered population of Torwood. And Eleanor acquiesced, and understood that her aunt had acted in no determined spirit of pride and defiance of her

wishes—a fancy on which she had long chewed the bitter cud. So when plans of education for the other boys came under consideration, Lady Maynard freely consulted, and accepted help from Eleanor as though she were an elder daughter.

Damaris had greatly shrunk at first from the meeting with Miss Maynard, but she found herself most kindly met, congratulated, and even kissed, while she was thanked for her kind attention to Lady Isabella. Then came numerous messages from friends at Allingthorpe, Mrs. Brown above all; and a perfect bazaar of pincushions and markers from her late scholars; and more than all was she amazed by Miss Maynard's consulting her on the choice of improved apparatus for the school! Yes, Eleanor was too high-minded not to allow when she had been mistaken; and Allingthorpe and Mr. Foley had convinced her that it was vain to endeavour to retard the march of intellect, but that if accepted by the Church and by authority in time, it would work for good rather than for harm. And so, everything but reading and needlework was no longer to be taboo; and such of the villagers as were willing to be instructed —who were likely to be few—should have the opportunity as far as their gracious lady was concerned.

And what was most amazing of all, was what Lady Maynard could not help whispering to her protegee—namely, that nothing had been more convincing that education and good training were not mischievous than Damaris's own behaviour.

Damaris started. She had thought Miss Maynard always detested and despised her, and her late conduct had been what she herself only looked on with unmitigated shame. Lady Maynard repeated that she would tell her the very words that Eleanor had said.

'I was prejudiced against her from the first, for I thought you had saddled yourself with her out of opposition to me, and that she could not fail to be a bad companion for Jane. But I have been struck, on looking back, with the perfect uprightness and delicacy of her conduct towards us all in the very trying circumstances. To be sure, she made them for herself; but her having done so was the result not of perfect but of imperfect education. She was very silly in her delusion, but she did not treat it as either a weak, a designing, or an ill-natured person would have done. She took all the suffering on herself, and uttered not a word till her truly trustworthy friend had come to her: and yet there was no shuffling, no deceit. Nobody could have so acted without real principle, honour, and consideration. Perhaps I am so disposed to speak because her investigations turned out so well; but indeed, I think we shall all be the happier through life for the Mystery of the Cavern.'

(*Concluded.*)

THE FAIRY OF THE SANDS.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.—PAUL FEVAL.)

PART II.—CHAPTER IX.

THE MIRAGE.

We think we may tell the reader that the Fairy feared something worse than this. She had hid herself behind the hedges near the Couesnon to let Méloir's soldiers pass. The little cockle-picker was not so formidable as they were. When she had looked at her adversary, who cast down his eyes with a humble and contrite air, but without letting go his hold, she was no longer afraid, and Jeannin might have seen a smile beneath her veil. She belonged to that country, and knew all its legends. Jeannin's action was one which women and fairies pardon, for love was his excuse.

'How could you dare to stop me, wretched child?' she said, trying to make her sweet voice stern.

'Oh, kind lady, kind lady,' Jeannin replied in a tearful voice, but holding her more firmly, 'everybody knows that I am not brave, and if I risk my life, I cannot help it.'

'If I were to take your life?'

'Good Fairy, it is well known that I am a coward; but one can die but once, and I had rather die than see Simonette married to that vile rogue Gueffès.'

'Let me go.'

'No, no, good Fairy; if I let you go you would change yourself into a fog.'

'But suppose I revenge myself upon Simonette?'

Jeannin trembled from head to foot.

'That would be very wicked of you, for Simonette has done nothing to hurt you, poor girl.'

'Let me go.'

'Listen, good Fairy; once for all, I will not let you go till you have given me fifty crowns. I have said it.'

Jeannin said this firmly but respectfully. The Fairy had dropped her basket on the sand, Méloir's purse hung at her girdle. There was a short silence, during which were heard both the distant trumpet of the Breton horsemen giving rallying notes in the night, and the whispering of the wind from the open sea. The Fairy inquired hastily if that wind did not announce the turn of the tide. Jeannin smiled and said, 'Oh, good lady, you know the sands as well as I do; only you let yourself be caught,' he added, (as a new idea came suddenly into his head,) 'at the Cayen pool, which would not stop a child of eight years old. However,

no matter, it amuses you to pretend ignorance. Yes, good Fairy, the tide is coming in.'

'Will it come quickly now?'

'Pretty fast.'

'How long will it take to go from hence to Mount St. Michael?'

The Fairy tapped the sand with her little foot.

'A good quarter of an hour, running as we have been doing.'

'The sea will stop the way?'

'In about half an hour.'

The Fairy took the purse from her girdle and threw it on the sand, where the crowns made merry music.

Jeannin uttered a joyful cry, let the Fairy go, and was seizing the purse, when a doubt struck him. If it should be the devil's money! he thought. He turned round quickly, expecting that the Fairy was already half way up in the clouds; but there she was in the same place, and Jeannin observed for the first time how graceful and noble was her figure; he could not see her face, but he thought it must be beautiful.

'Child,' she said, in a voice so sweet and sad that he could not help approaching her, 'do not let the purse be seen, or it may bring misfortune to you.'

I must take it to Simon le Prioul, thought Jeannin.

'Simonette is good and pretty, make her happy.'

'Oh, be easy on that matter.'

'Pray for Monsieur Hugh de Maurever, your Seigneur, who is now in trouble; and if he wants you, be ready.'

'Lady,' said Jeannin with hesitation, 'I am not brave, as you know; but that is no matter, I begin to believe I shall be a man some day or other. Now I did very much want fifty gold crowns, you see, because I dared to run after you to get them; well, this very night that knight down there said to me, "I will give you fifty crowns if you will give up to me the traitor Maurever." For my part, I took to my heels and ran.'

'Do you know where Monsieur de Maurever is concealed?' asked the Fairy.

Jeannin with a sly smile answered—

'I fish sometimes near Tombelaine.'

The Fairy shuddered; then she took his hand. Jeannin trembled a little from habit.

'If you were summoned in the name of the Fairy of the Sands, would you come?'

'By my faith yes,' said Jeannin readily. 'I would go this moment.'

'It is well; remember and wait. Adieu.'

The Fairy jumped across the end of the pool of Cayen. The fresh wind caught her veil and made it float gracefully behind her. Jeannin remained where he was, superstitious fear now coming over him. When the Fairy had spoken the name of Hugh de Maurever, an idea had

entered his mind; for an instant he had said to himself, Mademoiselle Reine, or perhaps her ghost if she is dead.

We have designedly passed lightly over the prosaic part of the scene—thus we have said nothing of the basket. Jeannin, no doubt, had not seen it. A basket was not very suitable for a fairy, but would have become a ghost still less. A ghost never could have carried a basket with two chickens, a loaf, and a bottle of old wine—forbid it, Poetry! No, a spirit could not do that. However, Jeannin gave up the idea of the living Reine sooner than that of her phantom.

And truly the sands are not suited for seeing things in sober reality—all has a fantastic aspect. The light itself, source and agent in all spectacles, comports itself differently here from what it does on land. Just as a common object placed in a kaleidoscope displays all manner of unexpected colours, so the state of the atmosphere, the nature of the soil, or some other cause that we need not stop to define, gives a wonderful illusion to these sands. There is no need to go to the Sahara to see a splendid mirage; the sands of Cancale Bay reflect scenes as varied and brilliant as the sands of Africa; the pale moon of the Breton coast produces fairy-land as well as the hot sun of Numidia—miraculous visions, unheard-of dreams, such as no imagination could invent even in the delirium of a fever. Like a magic mirror it betrays the secrets of a world which is not the world of man. Enchanted groves sailing amongst the clouds which gently rocked Armida's island, more beautiful than Tasso dreamt. Cold and noble lines of Grecian landscape, endless perspective of Elysian fields, Babylon's proud terraces, adorned with orange trees taller than the oaks of our woods. The ghost of the old dead forest of Scissy prolonging its groups of foliage into the sea, and covering with its shadow that scene of human sacrifices—Tombelaine. A fleet with all its canvas spread, sailing over the dry sands; a dumb procession spreading out its gold and purple in endless circles. Then a line of humble poplars screening some beloved dwelling. Illusions, illusions, ravishing and transporting deceits, under which the bare sands await their prey!

Oh no, it could be no mortal that Jeannin saw by the moonlight. She ran, but Jeannin observed that her foot did not disturb the light sand where a Christian foot would have sunk to the ankle. She ran, but her scarf and veil spread to the winds bore her on; she passed like a golden shower over the wet sand that sparkled in the moonbeams. Then on a sudden the soil went down, the Fairy went up—she was sliding amongst the clouds. Jeannin bitterly repented having told her that it would be half an hour before the tide came up, for it was come, the sea passed under her feet like a sheet of glass, but her feet were not wetted.

Oh, it was certainly the Fairy; the Fairy of Simon le Prioul's story—the Fairy of the Breton knight, who danced upon the waves. A cloud came over the moon, and she disappeared.

Jeannin, weighing the purse in his hand, took the road to the village of St. Jean; he was full of thought. Though he possessed this ardently

desired fortune that was to make him so happy, yet his head sank upon his breast.

It was only a mirage, not the sea, that Jeannin had seen under the feet of the Fairy. He knew too well to have made the mistake of half an hour; he who had lived with his feet in the water from his babyhood. It is often said that the sea in the Bay of Cancale comes up as fast as a horse gallops. If that means that the sea advances at that rate on the sand, it is wrong; but if it means that in a spring tide, a horse setting off at low water must gallop to escape drowning, it is no more than the exact truth. For though the sands are flat to all appearance, there are spots where they sink in a manner almost insensible, but enough to attract the wave, just because of the absence of the general slope.

These defects form at the rising tide curving rivers that are first filled with water, not easy to perceive when the fog comes on, because they have no banks. These waters add to the dangers, so that you may run far in front of the coming wave on a surface that seems safe and dry, and still be in danger, for the sea has silently and invisibly spread itself in a circular channel, and enclosed you in an island, soon in its turn to disappear under the water.

This is one of the greatest dangers, perhaps the greatest after the quicksands, or moving sands kept moist by underground lakes. Except in spring tides, the sea appears to the eye to come up slowly, equally, and patiently, no way resembling the noisy and furious waves upon some coasts. In fact, neither wave nor surf is to be seen, because the billow has been broken many times since it entered the bay before it came to the sands, and the tide meets with no sort of obstacle: it is only that the level of the water rises and spreads in obedience to the laws of gravitation; no effort, no struggle, no foaming crests curving over an emerald hollow, and tossing their white foam towards heaven. But what is the use of anger, haste, motion? Those who strike in silence coolly kill as well and better than if they were carried away by rage. The perfidious repose is what makes these sands so deadly.

It was two in the morning before the Fairy reached the black rocks that form the base of Mount St. Michael. The water rose behind her, and was heard flowing in on the other side of the Mount. She sat down on the rock to take breath, and pressed her hands upon her heart to still its beatings. From St. Jean des Grèves to the Mount is a full league and a half, and she had run all the way. She put up her veil to cool her forehead, and displayed to the moon's rays that sweet and noble countenance that we admired in the hall at St. Jean's. Then, going round the foot of the rock, she came into the shadow of the southern wall of the city, and there heard the heavy and measured tread of the soldier upon guard for the night. It was not for the purpose of going into the city that our pretty fairy went this way, for she passed by the Tour du Moulain, the last entrance into the city, and began to mount the steep rocks where there was no path. Although the night was light, she had

much difficulty in guiding herself amongst the sharp rocks which tear the hands, and where the feet can hardly find room to step. She went on boldly, but made slow progress. At last she gained a sort of platform, above which a stone cut straight down joined the castle wall. It was impossible to proceed; but she did not wish to go any further, it appeared, for she put down her basket and approached the hewn stone. A sort of loop-hole, cut in the granite and defended by a strong iron bar, opened on the platform.

She put her fair head against the iron bar, and in a very low voice called, 'Messire Aubry.'

'Is it you, my Reine, my beautiful Reine?' answered a distant voice that seemed to proceed from the very bowels of the earth.

CHAPTER X.

MAITRE LOYS.

THE place where Reine now was, would scarcely allow of a person to sit at his ease. Immediately above rose the platform on which was placed the Church, and at the left the sloping walls of the Montgomerie, by which is the ascent to the cloister, and to all that part of the buildings called La Merveille. There was an archer on guard in the stone watch-tower flanking the terrace. Reine knew that, for it was not the first time she had been there. She also knew that the archers had orders to shoot without warning wherever they perceived any movement on the rocks; and this order was not a superfluous one, be it said in passing, for more than once during this century the English had tried to enter by night and by treachery into the interior of this convent fortress. In common life Reine was a gentle timid girl, her large blue eyes seeking shelter under the long eyelashes, did not give the idea of a heroine; but when it was for a good purpose, Reine had the heart of a knight. She did not even think of death. She had long taken into her account that in these hazardous expeditions death was everywhere—on the sands as well as near the Mount. Quicksands, sea, balls, and bolts, all are messengers of death, and Reine braved them all. Reine braved them because she was a Christian, because she was young, because she loved! Joan of Arc had lately accomplished that miracle which shines like a diamond in a dark spot of our annals. The eighteenth century has insulted her in order that her memory should have every honour. Reine was no Joan of Arc; perhaps her arm would have failed beneath armour; but she had no throne to save—her strength was proportioned to her modest self-devotion. The vengeance of Duke Francis had made her poorer and more destitute than the meanest of her father's vassals. She had only her life to give—she gave it with simplicity, it might almost be said joyously. She was not one of those interesting creatures who make their

martyrdom wearisome by the sadness and ennui of their cause; she was only a young girl, supporting her sorrow courageously, but aspiring ardently after happiness. She was beautiful, she was beloved. She made efforts with prayer and with hope.

Aubry was the right sort of lover for this fair child of the sands. Brave as a lion, ardent, impetuous, sincere, young in body and mind, as handsome as she was beautiful, a true bud of knighthood. They loved with all the warm ardour of their young hearts.

It might perhaps have been long before it had been acknowledged, for in those days the code of love was as voluminous as our code of laws; and in propriety all its decrees should have been followed; but with them, sorrow had cut short the preliminaries. When Aubry threw his sword down at the feet of Duke Francis in the Church of St. Michael, he had won the battle at a blow. Henceforth Reine considered him as her betrothed.

Aubry had now been a fortnight in prison. Francis of Brittany had caused him to be arrested on the evening of the events recorded before. He had seen no one but the lay brother who brought his food, and Reine who came sometimes to visit him.

The window of his dungeon had been so formed that he could see nothing but the sky. The earth on which he rested was some feet below the loop-hole. This dungeon had been hollowed out, with three other similar ones, under the terrace, by Nicholas Famigot, ancient Claustral Prior and twenty-fourth Abbot of St. Michael's. Within it was all rock, and over the door was a square chiseled out in the stone, with the date A.D. 1276.

The workmen who were employed to dig out this cavern had left a little cube of granite to support the prisoner's head. Besides this little piece of attention, the four dungeons were quite bare.

Some years after, the democratic King Louis XI. was amazed at the sight of these model prisons. He knew the dangers of the war he had declared against his powerful vassals; he loved old established prisons, and Mount St. Michael's pleased him beyond expression. He re-visited the place, and made all the use he could of these desirable dungeons.

At the time of our history, there had been no political prisoner to make the crypts of Mount St. Michael illustrious; they were neither more nor less than the convent penitentiary, and monks and vassals of the abbey had alone been confined there, and Duke Francis was obliged to ask as a favour that Aubry de Kergariou might be placed there. By another special favour the brother warden had been authorized to give him four trusses of straw, so Aubry was comfortable.

When the voice of Reine was heard from the little projection under the loop-hole, Aubry was asleep on his straw; but the sleep of a prisoner is light, and the first call placed Aubry on his feet. With one bound he reached the sill, and there held himself suspended.

'Good-night, Reine, beloved Reine,' he said almost joyfully; 'I was dreaming of you.'

Reine stretched out her hand as far as she could, but all his efforts only resulted in his touching that beautiful hand with the end of his fingers. Reine could not help saying with a sorrowful smile—'Poor Aubry!'

He laughed.

'You pity me,' he cried. 'Well, I was thinking yesterday that if I were at liberty you would not come so far to see me, my beloved Reine; and when I think of that, I rejoice in being a prisoner.'

'Folly,' murmured Reine, blushing.

'I love you so much, you must not reproach me for the poor happiness that I find in this tomb of stone. I am here with you, Reine. When awake I think of you, when asleep I see you in my dreams, so I am not so weary of it as they suppose.'

His right hand, which held by the window-sill, let go, for it began to be benumbed; his feet touched the ground and rebounded, he seized the granite edge with his left hand, which in its turn supported the whole weight of his body.

A man must be a lover, and a lover of no more than twenty years old, to keep such an intolerable position.

'I saw you just now,' he said, 'in the little green path near my father's house at St. Brienne, your feet sank in the mossy turf, and Maitre Loys was frisking before you. Do you remember Maitre Loys?'

'Your beautiful black blood-hound?'

'My beautiful blood-hound—my poor dear friend; the only being in the world that cared for me since my father died, and before Heaven had given me your love, my Reine. What has become of my noble Loys?' and his voice was sad.

'What is become of him?' said Reine.

Aubry answered—'When I went to Avranches I left him at Dinan, at the sign of Grand St. Metard. I owed a crown to the innkeeper, and no doubt he has sold him.'

'We must find out.'

'Will you, Reine?' he cried with eagerness. 'Listen! you are my guardian angel—I never can love you enough.'

Aubry disappeared again for a moment, and coming up, his right hand seized the support.

'This Maitre Loys is happy,' said Reine, laughing.

'Does it astonish you that I think of him?' asked Aubry. 'When you are my wife, you will see how he will love you. But you cannot go to Dinan.'

'I have a messenger quite ready.' And she thought of the little cockle-picker, who had such good legs.

'Thanks, thanks, my Reine!' he said with warmth. 'If I did but know that my beautiful Loys was in good hands, and properly treated, I should want nothing here. But let us speak of you—any news?'

Reine shook her head.

'The country is full of soldiers,' she said; 'we shall find it difficult to hide and defend ourselves henceforth. Yesterday they proclaimed the price put upon my father's head.'

'It is not gained yet, we may say thankfully.'

'They are numerous; half a dozen men-at-arms, and their chief, who is a knight, and many soldiers.'

'Ah!' said Aubry, 'has Duke Francis been able to find a knight to debase himself to such a business?'

'He did not find one, he made one,' said Reine.

'That is right—who is the wretch?'

'A relation of yours, Aubry.'

'Méloir!' cried he with indignation and contempt, yet not quite suppressing a smile. 'Méloir—my rival, you knew, Reine. You will see that he will be hung some day, unless I put the point of my dagger into his breast.'

'Poor Aubry!' said Reine; 'there is a great distance between his breast and the point of your dagger.'

Aubry disappeared, as if this observation, so cruel because of its truth, had knocked him down; but it was only that his right hand was tired. These sudden plunges of the poor prisoner added to the strangeness of this scene, where these two hopeful and courageous young hearts struggled almost victoriously against deep and overwhelming distress.

When Aubry's head appeared again, Reine saw that he was shaking his locks with anger.

'Patience,' he said, 'I know that I am good for nothing now; but one day, please Heaven, I will pay all my debts with one blow. But let us return to you, Reine; you were speaking of the followers of this wretch Méloir.'

'I said that I am frightened at their number, Aubry; and I was going to add that the secret of my father's concealment is no longer mine. Two nights ago, as I crossed the sands, I found that I was followed. I returned; I did all I could to deceive the watcher, and I thought I had succeeded, but I was mistaken. As I set foot on the rock at Tombelaine, I again saw the tall shadow, thin and ill made, that came out of the fog as I did.'

'Did you know the spy?'

'I recognized the Norman, Vincent Gueffès, who has lived at St. Jean des Grèves for some months.'

'Is he an honest man?'

'In the village they say he would sell his soul for half-a-crown.'

Aubry was silent.

'There is another, but he is a loyal and true-hearted lad. I only fear Gueffès. Last week you remember we were full of hope; we said, at the worst, our trouble will only last forty days, since Duke Francis has only forty days to live. Heaven is my witness that I pray every night that he may repent, not that he may die; but these are things

that prayer will not alter. Monsieur Gilles said in forty days, and his dying voice still sounds in my ears. Now a fortnight has passed, and we have but twenty-five days of sorrow; yet, Aubry, my hopes are fading.'

'Do not say that, Reine, or I shall go mad in this cursed cage.'

'Alas! an old man and a young girl against so many soldiers! And I have not told you all. If Vincent Gueffès does not sell us, they will do without him. Have you heard, Aubry, of the blood-hounds that hunt for shipwrecked persons round the rocks of Penmarch? Méloir has sent for a dozen of these blood-hounds.'

'The wretch!' cried Aubry.

'To-morrow, as I cross the sands with my father's food, I shall be hunted like a wild beast.'

Aubry's hand stretched to the iron bar and shook it furiously; but the bar planted in the rock did not even move.

'It shall give way—I will tear it—I will scratch the rock with my nails! Reine, I shall die distracted in this hole now, if I hear the cries of this infernal pack in the night!'

He could not finish; he groaned, his bloody hands let go the bar and the stone sill at the same time. Reine heard him fall heavily.

'Aubry!' she cried in alarm. No answer. 'Aubry!' she did not dare to raise her voice because of the archer on the terrace.

She joined her hands, and her despairing prayer went up to Heaven. She prayed for pity, and for the third time she called, 'Aubry, come back, I have brought you a steel file; I have been to Dol.'

'The words were not finished before Aubry's head appeared again joyous at the loop-hole.

'A file!' he cried, as mad with joy as he had been with grief; 'a steel file! We are saved, Reine, we are saved—saved!'

A hoarse sound was heard within the cell, and it was suddenly lighted. 'Stoop,' whispered Aubry, and he let himself down.

Reine obeyed, but she had time to see within the cell a bald head and a heavy forehead, receiving the full light of the lamp.

(To be continued.)

A FRAGMENT.

'Our work here would be absolutely unendurable, if we did not bear in mind, that we should look forward as well as backward; if we did not remember, that the victory of fallen man lies not in innocence, but in tried virtue. "Forwards—forwards—forwards!" should be one's motto.'—*Dr. Arnold.*

WHAT a comfortable room it was! How delightful to turn one's eyes from the streaming pavement and flooded square outside, to the bright fire blazing away so cheerfully within, throwing its dancing light into the

dark corners, and casting all sorts of odd shadows, that flickered strangely on the ceiling!

It was a room where easy-chairs innumerable were arranged in the most inviting positions; not damask and gilt, (for such furniture does not come under the denomination of 'easy,') but covered with warm crimson chintz,—the very chairs in which to bury oneself at five o'clock on such an afternoon, with one of Mudie's books, plenty of which were scattered about the table.

That happiness depends neither on place nor circumstance, is a truth which none can gainsay; yet it did seem strange that every one of the occupants of that room should be so thoroughly out of sorts: stranger still, that not one could have given the reason why, had they been asked.

It might have been the weather—a pouring day in Christmas holidays is trying sometimes; or it might have been that the postman had passed, when he *ought* to have left letters for some poor injured members of the family, who declared, 'It was too bad—they would never write again!' or perhaps it was because Cook had forgotten the mince-pies at luncheon—a very little will sometimes launch us on a regular sea of grumbling.

Whatever the cause may have been—weather, postman, or Cook—the effect was very visible: namely, that all the Maynards on that particular afternoon, in that cosy drawing-room, were out of sorts.

Even Grace—'the Sunbeam,' as she was universally acknowledged to be—shut up the piano with an impatient bang, and—declaring that it was impossible to sing, play, or do anything rational, whilst they were all arguing so—walked up to the fire-place, where she stood in most melancholy mood, looking in the mirror at the reflection of her round fresh face, now clouded, and the usually dancing grey eyes, now almost tearful; wishing in her inmost heart that she could always feel as she did at those times, when people called her 'a sunbeam,' 'a sight for sair e'en,' &c.

Some complained that it was all Fred's fault, because he had come home so early—he always upset everything, from the brick houses built by the poor little plaintiffs against the ottoman, down to everything else of more or less importance. Fred said, that they would do just the same, if they had long legs and wished to stretch them,—turning a younger sister out of a low arm-chair as he spoke; adding, that he did not consider a drawing-room the proper place for little girls in the daytime, which provoked Constance to retort, tossing back her long golden hair, that 'if he kept to regular hours in the city, he would not have seen her there at all. Miss Harvey always told them, "regularity was necessary in all things;" and she herself thought it would be much better if Fred never came home till seven o'clock, his proper time!' which piece of logic was applauded by the little ones as a 'shut-up' for Fred, who sprang up with the intention of literally turning her out of the room, but stumbled

over the 'little pig's house,' and measured his six feet on the carpet, threatening to crush two small children who, however, just escaped in time, and with awe-struck countenances, remarked on his appalling length.

Before he could administer fitting punishment to the culprit, who was the cause of his finding himself in such an undignified position—before his sister Edith, seated at the table illuminating, had time to exclaim bitterly at the shock sustained by the whole room, wishing that brothers would not so out-grow their strength as to be continually overbalancing themselves—before Constance could take flight, for which she was preparing, by springing over Fred's legs, and so reaching the door—there came a peal at the visitors' bell, which brought Fred up into a perpendicular position in an instant—sent Constance out of the room, all the sooner because she saw her brother now ready for action—and brought three or four of the others to the window, just in time to see a Hansom-cab drive off, and to hear the door shut upon someone, now taking off his coat in the hall.

'It must be Shag!' exclaimed Grace; and her words were the key-note to a sudden chorus. 'Shag! dear old Shag!' 'Nobody but Shag would come out on such an afternoon.' 'I have been wishing all day that Shag would come—and now here he is!' 'Shag is the very thing I want!' And then the door opened, and with Constance half pushing half leading him, 'the Thing,' as Fred had called him, whose arrival occasioned such delight, entered the room.

What was he like, and who was he?

Fred Maynard once said, that if Arnold Carey (alias 'Shag') were ever lost, the advertiser would be sure to find him, by describing him as the nearest approach to a brown bear in appearance, yet discovered in a biped.

He came into the room, too, with that shambling sort of trot peculiar to those bears that have been trained to dance, and have never quite acquired the elegance of that accomplishment; and his voice—as he gave them all a good-natured friendly nod, saying, 'How d'ye do? too much trouble to shake hands all round,'—was so very deep, that even *that* was compared to a growl, which was a calumny, for a voice that is manly, sonorous, and at the same time melodious with a melody peculiar to itself—can scarcely deserve such an appellation.

And now, who was he?

He was the son of one of Mr. Maynard's oldest friends, and dear to him for that old friend's sake. Consequently, when at the close of his college life, some few years back, he settled in London, the Maynards' house was always open to him, and he was free to come and go whenever he pleased. Very soon he was a general favourite. 'Mr. Carey' he would not allow, so they nicknamed him 'Shag,' on account of his shaggy straight brown hair—'thatch,' as some of them called it.

He had not been in the room two minutes, before he was dragged

down upon the floor by the builders of the brick houses, who requested him most earnestly to build some wondrous edifice: so there he sat, with his awkward limbs in a strangely cramped position, talking nonsense with the children, and playing with them, whilst the *older* children gradually relapsed into their former grooves.

The momentary excitement caused by the arrival of a Hansom and Arnold Carey had passed away. They had all been wishing for him till he was fairly in the room; and now, they did not seem to care about him; he was stupid, and going to devote himself to the little ones. And yet, if any member of the party there assembled had dared to breathe so much in words, great would have been the wrath of the others at any slight being put upon poor dear old Shag.

'Poor dear old Shag,' indeed! he saw at a glance how matters stood, but took no notice. He knew very well what it was to be out of sorts sometimes; but then he had this peculiarity—of rarely quarrelling with anybody but himself. In the present instance, he thought, 'It will blow over—it can't last till school-room tea-time.—And now, young man,' he said aloud, to a sturdy boy in knicker-bockers, 'my legs are not so young as they used to be, and I have a letter to write by this post, so give me a hand—that's it!'

'How young used you to be, Shag?' gravely inquired Knickerbockers; 'because you have been old ever since we knew you; and we laughed so when Mamma told us she remembered you in a pinafore.'

'How young used I to be?' repeated Shag. 'Well, I can't quite say; but I was young once, a long time ago; though I'm not so old as your grandpapa yet.'

'But Grandpapa talks of you as a young man,' exclaimed Constance, with wide open eyes; 'but then Miss Harvey says that all things go by comparison.'

'Yes, little one,' was the grave rejoinder; and more was coming, but he checked himself. And as he sat at the writing-table, leaning his head on his hand, such an indescribably yearning expression overspread all his features, that Constance was not far wrong in thinking he looked hungry; though it was not the hunger to be appeased by tea and bread-and-butter, which she was for ordering at once. He shook himself as a dog does when it wakes, tossed back his long straight hair, said, 'No, thank you,' to Constance's offer, told her to get something to do; and with an altered manner, and a quiet smile creeping out at the corners of his honest blue eyes and large decided mouth, dashed his pen over the paper in that handwriting peculiar to university men, more suggestive of a stick than of a quill.

Those few words about his age had set him thinking; and the train of thought was not one that he cared to pursue just then, so he banished it into a far corner with many other thoughts of a similar nature, constantly appearing, and constantly being driven—beaten—fought back, by a man whose nature was fraught with what many would call weaknesses; but

whose will was stronger than that of many, who think themselves too strong-minded, too practical, to be ever troubled by what they call 'nonsense.' Nobody seemed to know Shag's exact age, for his face was so lined and rugged, that perhaps he looked older than his years, which might at times have been taken for fifty; and yet Grace said, she often saw it almost like the face of a child, (whiskers excepted;) but then she always maintained, that his was one of the most beautiful faces she had ever seen, whilst Edith thought him the ugliest man imaginable. So he was a strange anomaly, this Mr. Carey.

His letter written, he subsided into a low arm-chair by the fire-side, with the newspaper. He possessed to a great extent the faculty of making himself comfortable, but he had a clumsy way of doing it; and as he collapsed into the chair, there was another shock received by the table, and Edith was provoked to exclaim, 'Shag, how tiresome you are! You have quite spoilt my "I"!'

'I beg your pardon,' was the humble answer from behind the Times. 'Which?'

Edith deigned no reply; and he read on in undisturbed gravity, wondering when *it* would blow over—wondering why Gracie looked so thoughtful as she knelt before the fire warming her hands—wondering why Fred was so irritable and snappish to the children when they addressed him; and he came to the conclusion, that it must be the same influence, which moved him sometimes to bang doors instead of closing them, and to stride about the room instead of sitting down.

Just as he was getting quite absorbed in a most interesting leading article, the door opened, and Mr. Maynard came in hurriedly.

'Can anybody tell me where Elsie is?—Ah, Shag! how are you? Phew! who *has* been smoking?' (The 'Times' went up an inch higher before Mr. Carey's face.) Mr. Maynard continued: 'Fred, how often have I desired you to change your coat when you come into the house! If you will persist in that nasty habit, you must oblige me by not bringing the atmosphere of a public-house into my drawing-room.'

'Haven't smoked this week,' came from the music-stool, where Fred was twisting and twirling about, playing the 'Guards' Waltz' with one finger.

'I am the culprit, Sir,' growled Shag; and added something about 'a close Hansom.'

'Then really, Arnold,' replied the much-aggrieved Mr. Maynard, 'I heartily wish you had walked in spite of the rain; had you done so, we should all have now been in a healthier atmosphere.'

Poor Shag mumbled the words, 'Rheumatism—no umbrella—very sorry,' but the grotesque expression of his countenance was not seen by Mr. Maynard, who left the room as quickly as he had entered it, saying, 'Find Elsie, and tell her I want her in the dining-room.'

'Governor's out of sorts too,' said Fred. 'I like to hear him call you "Arnold;" he thinks it sounds so tragic!'

'Fred, suppose you drop that word "Governor;" it is senseless, to say the least of it.—Connie, go and find Elsie,—Miss Vernon, I mean,—where is she?'

'The bear is a docile animal when tamed, but terrible when roused,' said Fred, still on his music-stool. 'Behold the action of the beast! how noble, and yet how rambling! how peculiar to the species is that shuffling gait!'

The girls looked warningly towards their brother, knowing that even the good-natured bear might be driven too far: and a younger brother called out from the rug, where he was stretched reading, 'I say, shut up, Fred. You never leave a fellow in peace.'

But Shag either did not or would not hear. He was walking up and down the room rapidly, with his hands in his pockets, and came to a sudden halt behind Edith's chair, saying, in anything but an irritated tone, 'I am very sorry I have spoilt your text. Is it not too dark to paint? Where is the injured "I"?'

'It doesn't matter, Shag, thank you,' answered the illuminating damsel, a dreamy looking girl of sixteen. 'I have made a much worse mistake since. Just look! I have put an "e" instead of an "o"; and I meant this to have been particularly well done.'

'Make it "Ideals," instead of "Idols," then,' suggested Fred, coming up to the table to criticize, having spared Shag any further quotations from natural history.

'What's the difference between Idols and Ideals?' asked Knickerbockers, who often irritated his elder brother by his apparent thirst for knowledge.

'All the difference in the world; and you wouldn't understand it if I were to tell you,' was the reply.—'Make it "Ideals," Edith; it would just suit you—sentimental, dreamy young lady, who forgets to mend her brother's gloves, and puts no water into the tea-pot, because she is scribbling rubbish on scraps of paper, which she calls a story. Oh, that she would follow the more practical footsteps of her matter-of-fact brother!'

'I *hate* matter-of-fact, practical people,' said Edith, with heightened colour, 'except you, Shag, (in parenthesis, at which matter-of-fact and practical Shag smiled grimly;) and I should hate to give up any of my Ideals!'

'Hate away then, and be a miserable old woman,' was the sententious rejoinder.—'Gracie, my darling, poke the fire; and then go and sing me a song;' and the handsome, lazy, spoilt brother dropped into his arm-chair again, requesting Mr. Carey to smile again, and not to turn Edith's text to stone by looking at it so fixedly.

'I was thinking of what you said about the Idol and the Ideal,' was Shag's answer, still in a brown study; 'and I don't think there is always such a wide difference.'

'Too sleepy to argue, old fellow,' was the rejoinder: and before Shag

could speak again, Constance came into the room, followed by a young lady in mourning, the Maynards' cousin, Elsie Vernon, who spent the greater part of every year with them; indeed, their house was considered her home, except by numerous relatives of the aged, ailing, and querulous class, who were rather too exacting—so thought the Maynards—in opining that Elsie, being a free agent, should devote more of her time to them; but none who knew her, would wonder that she should be in request as companion to old or young.

She was one of whom it might truly be said, To look at, was to love. By no means would she be considered a perfect beauty—at least, not as some reckon beauty. She was tall, of a striking, rather commanding, appearance, from a habit she had of holding herself very upright, almost stiffly, when with strangers. Her hands were not of that matchless delicacy in shape, such as novelists often describe; enough for them to say that they were plump and womanly—capable of work—ay, and not needle-work only.

But pass on to her face, and there rest. Yes, that was just the great charm of her face, and herself altogether. In talking to Elsie, there was such a feeling of perfect rest. It would be difficult to say which of her features attracted you towards her: whether it was her large soft dark eyes, or the little well-formed mouth, which, when she laughed, (as she often did, and very merrily too,) showed such glistening white teeth; more lovely than all these—far above the beauty of her eyes, complexion, and glossy black hair—there was an air of quiet and serenity which surpassed all, and which made her a most comfortable person. When she spoke, too, it was in such a soft voice, with the most bewitching little Scotch accent, from having spent many years in Scotland, her native country. She was shy, but always self-possessed; very clever, but not a blue-stocking; perfectly original, having rather a contempt for the opinion of the world in general; and going on in a straightforward course of her own, which would sometimes cause her elderly aunts to say in alarm, 'Elsie is too independent.'

Some old and dear friends of hers, living in Scotland, were once in great trouble: hearing that they had expressed the wish to have her near them, she set off directly, and alone—though it was then May-time, and she in nowise eschewed the enjoyments of a London season. Arriving at her friends' house late at night, she said in her quiet way: 'There was nothing to keep me at home; and I did so wish to come.' Perhaps she may be described in two words: a 'true woman.'

Arnold Carey had missed her very much in the group around him that afternoon. He liked to rest his eyes upon her face, whilst he drew her quietly on into some argument—perhaps about the last book she had read; enjoying first, the quaint freshness of her opinions and remarks, and then, the spirited defence of her favourite characters, abused by him solely for the pleasure of hearing her defend them. However, all teazing was now far from his thoughts—he was only too glad to see her.

'Miss Vernon, come and take my seat by the fire;' and the polite Shag tumbled out of his chair, where he had but just tumbled in.

'Miss Vernon,' said Fred in mock gravity, 'pray do nothing of the sort. The worst part of the bear-nature is uppermost this afternoon. It's to be hoped *you* are not out of sorts too—infected perhaps by my father, in the long confab you have had together. But he isn't so terrible as Shag.'

'Fred, what a shame!—Thank you, Mr. Carey: please don't move, for I am going to my usual corner on the sofa.'

A relapse into his former position on the part of Shag; and perfect silence on the part of everyone else, only broken by the sound of Elsie's knitting-needles.

It was too dark to illuminate now; and Edith, with an aggrieved expression still on her face, seated herself on a stool beside her cousin, and rested her head on her lap, as if in a haven, safe from any more remarks which might be forthcoming from Fred.

All the party were drawn round the fire, but no one seemed inclined to talk; till at last, Constance—putting her hand into Arnold's, white and thin, like a woman's—said, 'Did you ever tell stories, Shag?'

'Fibs?'

'No, nice tales.'

'Yes, once upon a time I did—when I was at school.'

'Oh, could you tell one now? This is just the right light! such a clear fire! and the room is *almost quite* dark, except that little flame jumping up now and then!'

The others all joined in begging for a story, except Fred, who closed his eyes, and wished them all good night.

'It will only be a little one, then,' Arnold said, 'and not much in it; but it will pass the time till you go to your tea;' then leaning forward, his elbows on his knees, his chin resting on his hands, and looking earnestly into the glowing embers, he began:

'Once upon a time—it matters little when or where—that you must find out for yourselves—there were two countries, Realitana and Idealana. Each was very beautiful, but very different.

'Idealana was the most lovely country you could possibly imagine. Winter was not known there: its fruits and flowers glowed in the sunshine of an eternal summer. There, the birds sang sweeter songs, fruits came to greater perfection, flowers gave out a more exquisite perfume, than in any country ever before or since heard of; and oh, the luxuriance of the whole scene, as it lay smiling beneath the softest of blue skies, cannot be described! The aspect of Realitana was very different to that of its sister-land. Its scenery was varied: as luxuriant in some parts as Idealana, but so barren and rugged in others;—beautiful rivers,—refreshing woodlands and meadows,—which, however, were generally rather difficult of access, for it so often happened that one was obliged to stem some brawling torrent, or climb a steep hill or huge

mountain, or trudge for miles along a dusty road, beneath a scorching sun, before those pleasant places could be reached. Some said, they were tenfold more pleasant after such weariness and discomfort; others said, they were not worth the trouble. The climate of Realitana too, was as varied as its scenery. Seasons, which were ever changing, were, perhaps, very good for the peculiar nature of the country—indeed, were said to be most healthy for the inhabitants themselves; yet some of them found therein cause for much complaint. "Their spring was beautiful sometimes, certainly; but such cold winds *would* come whistling over the mountains, nipping some of their most delicate and favourite blossoming plants: their summer," they said, "was so intensely hot—shady nooks and streams they certainly had, but not enough: and as for their autumn and winter months—they were the worst of all. What would they not give, if only they might be inhabitants of Idealana! Besides these minor grievances, they were constantly fighting against numerous enemies, who, in spite of repeated defeats, never seemed to weary of attacking them. Now, in Idealana there was no fighting. No scratches and bruises there—no terrible struggles for life—no mighty battles in defence of their own inheritance; everything flowed on in uninterrupted ease. Some of the Realitana people would often cross the stream which separated the two countries, and spend some time in that other land, wherein each of the discontented thought he found just what he lacked at home. Beautiful visions would flit before them, soothing them into a half-waking, half-sleeping state; till suddenly would sound the trumpet-call "to arms" from the other side; and well was it for the dreamers if they were back again in time to fight for their own, for nobody else could keep it from falling into the enemy's clutches.

'It was a strange thing, that not one of the Idealana people had ever been known to come to Realitana in the same way. Indeed, some of the contented, most hard-fighting inhabitants of Realitana, would not believe in their existence: but then, what could you expect from men who never leapt the stream, for the sake of burying themselves in the flowery shades of that other side—never, even for a day, forgot their battles and their hard work by listening to the delicious warblings of the Idealana birds! Besides, poor things! they were short-sighted. At least, it was a peculiar sight: for while they saw Idealana as through a mist, yet they declared they could see a fairer land beyond; so, after all, they were far-sighted, and those who pitied them, were the near-sighted ones.

'No flowers that had been transplanted from Idealana to Realitana had ever grown—they always drooped and died; birds too, had shared a similar fate.

'And now I must tell you about a Realitana child, who waded one day through the stream, and stayed so long in Idealana, and enjoyed it so much, that he might have passed his whole life there, had it not been for several causes which vexed and grieved him much at the time, but were

really the means of a most merciful escape for him—I say, merciful, because the climate would in time affect the health of any strangers, and thoroughly unfit them for the sterner life and warfare of their own country.

'It was a butterfly that first led him there; and he of course thought it the most charming spot he had ever beheld. It mattered little to him where the butterfly went, now that he was surrounded by all for which he had yearned in his native land. Yet, when the novelty had in a measure worn off, he felt unsatisfied. There was something that was too luscious in the fruits, something almost intoxicating in the very perfume of the flowers; and the whole atmosphere was loaded with it, so that he felt drowsy and listless, and wished that the lovely visions which continually passed before him were not quite so fleeting; they were little better than the dreams which came to him at night in his Realitana home. Notwithstanding all this, he felt so fascinated by the whole scene, that I believe he would have lived and died there; yes, *died*—poisoned slowly by the fruits and flowers—had he not one day heard his father's voice from the other side of the stream, sternly calling him home to do his duty, and work with his brothers, instead of wasting his time in chasing the butterflies of Idealana. He started up, all his early longings to rest in those fair pastures returning in full force; but he feared his father; and though it was only a craven, miserable fear, which led his unwilling steps towards home, yet it was well for him that it was so; it saved him from wasting his dawning youth and energy in that beguiling land.

'Before he left it, he plucked up by the roots one of its exquisite flowers, meaning to transplant it to his garden at home. Tenderly did he bear the blossoming plant; but when he was about to place it among his mother's flowers, behold! compared with them, it was actually ugly, and exhaled a noisome perfume, so that he threw it away in disgust, murmuring, "Nothing beautiful can live in this home of ours. Oh, the weariness and coldness of Realitana!"

'Thus he made himself and others miserable, in longing after the good things of Idealana, which did not satisfy him when within his grasp. He would wander about, asking the ever-recurring question, "Why is there that beautiful land across the stream, if I may not go into it? Father, you say there is good in everything. Where is the good in Idealana?"

'At this his father would shake his head, and reply, "You will learn in time, my son. Go over, if you will; only do not live there. Explore its furthest boundaries; only do not lie down and sleep there. And when you go, take my telescope with you." For the father was one of the far-seeing ones; but the son was one of those who could see every beauty and perfection appertaining to the brilliant sunny Idealana, and like the rest of them, pitied with a kindly contempt those who strained their eyes, and saw beyond. So he laughed, saying, that when once there, he should not wish to see further.

'However, he tarried at home some years, doing nothing; groaning, as he looked at the dusty roads and white rocks; resolutely turning his eyes from the green shades and gardens of Realitana, now in all the beauty of early summer. No; he would not ramble about with his sisters; the dust choked him, the hills fatigued him. So it came to pass, that one lovely night,—when all was slumbering and at rest, except his restless spirit,—he set forth for Idealana, feeling more excited and discontented than he had ever felt before.

'He must have been rather deranged in mind, or perhaps his eyes were not fully opened; for when he reached the stream, he saw what, to his strangely near sight, looked like one of the irresistible, visionary forms of Idealana beckoning him across.

'Gladly he struggled through the stream: faint and exhausted, he sank at the feet of the beautiful being, who seemed in the dim moonlight so superior to anything he had yet beheld. He enthroned her on the Idealana rocks—not granite, like his native rocks—but moss-covered, and clothed with flowers and creeping plants. He said she was perfectly beautiful, beyond anything he had ever seen; because, remember, it was still night, and the moon was often obscured by fleeting clouds. He brought her some of those luscious but poisonous fruits, crowned her with those poisonous flowers, and knelt before her in rapturous adoration. It never occurred to him that he was kneeling to that dimly seen piece of perfection, as he always used to kneel, when, as a little boy, he said his prayers at his mother's knee. No, he had forgotten all that. Here were all his aspirations after the beautiful satisfied; here he would kneel, and here alone.

'That was the shortest summer night he had ever spent. He could no longer see his own land; and even Idealana was dim and indistinct: where he knelt only, was it to his poor blinded eyes perfectly clear, perfectly blessed. Everything else might be darkness—here was light.

'But even now the daylight was coming on the wings of a mighty wind, which blew from some far away region beyond Idealana—carrying the clouds away with it, entirely frightening the moon, and bringing with it the glorious sun, which shines alike on all; more than this—it rushed over him, and That before which he knelt; and That could not withstand its searching power, but fell to the ground, from its pedestal of Idealana stone, and flowers.

'Not till then did he see that it was only one of his sisters' wax dolls, perfectly beautiful of its kind, but only a doll! His sister had been playing on the banks, just between the two countries, with her treasure, and had left it there behind her. There it lay now, broken in pieces; for the height was great from which it had fallen, and the wind was very strong.

'And he, who could see now—what did he do? Storming and scolding, like one beside himself, he plunged into the deepest shades, losing his way, but recking little; bitterly blaming the waxen imitation

of the beautiful, instead of blaming himself: "If only it had not fallen, all would have been well!" Such was his cry. Yet had he not placed it on that high pedestal himself? too high to withstand the power of such a wind. And would it have been well for him if it had not fallen? if he, with his dimmed vision, and still blinder spirit of worship, had been allowed to rest there, content to idolize what *seemed* to him perfection?

'No such self-questionings crossed his mind then. Through brake and briar he struggled—through dark forests, crying for "Light!" till at last he sank exhausted in the long grass; and burying his face in his hands, wept as he had not wept for years; and through his tears came that ever-recurring question: "What is Idealana? Where is the good?"

'Was he dreaming, or did he really feel a light touch on his shoulder? He may not, perhaps, have been dreaming more than people always did dream, when they left the bracing air of Realitana for the more fascinating climate of the sister-land.

'He raised his head, and saw beside him a form and face far surpassing any of the fleeting visions which had once so charmed him. This being was radiant with "pure and living light;" and the face was like his mother's, only made more heavenly by the glory which was around it. One arm was raised, and she pointed to a thin curtain of mist, hanging between them and some bright Beyond, as she said gravely, "Idealana is death to those who are content to dream there for ever. Realitana is life, and it is safe. There is a Borderland between Idealana and a far better country; and only when your steps are bent towards that which lies beyond, will you discover Idealana to be not useless, but good. Work on manfully in Realitana; and whatsoever things are lovely, think on those things."

'He saw no more, for the mist had become so dense, as to veil the speaker from his sight; but as he rose to his feet, and turned towards the Realitana shore, where the morning sun shone brilliantly, it seemed to him that the tone of her voice and her last words still rang in his ears. Over and over again, like distant church-bells, did they chime in the air; organ-notes were pealing—angel-voices (so it seemed to him) were singing; and the words they sang, rang strangely and harmoniously in unison with a hymn he used to love when he was at home.

'When he crossed the stream, and drew nearer home, he saw that it was Sunday in Realitana, and everyone was in church; and there they were singing the same hymn which he had heard sung by the angels when he was in Idealana. Perhaps he had grown wiser, more far-seeing, more appreciative, since his last journey into Idealana; for never before had the church seemed to him so beautiful, so wide, and vast. It was as if scales had fallen from his eyes, for as he stood there, singing with the rest, he could look straight through the open door—over the rugged ups and downs of his native country—into the flowery meads of such an exquisite part of Idealana! It was the Borderland of the beautiful

Beyond; and it was towards that source of all that is glorious, good, and light, that his eager gaze was strained.

'So he was at home again once more; content, if need be, to fight many a battle whilst travelling to the land far away, where he would at last find that perfect satisfaction, for which he might in vain pray and fight in Realitana, and seek in Idealana, but which cannot really be found in either country; reflected it may be on the Borderland, but those who see it, know full well that it is only the shadow—knowing too that the substance will be seen some day, but not yet.

'As for those far-seeing ones, at whom he had sneered for being blind, he could respect their clear sight now: pity them he must, for not caring to see the Borderland; but so long as they went Beyond, it mattered little which path they took; at least, *they* had never been dazed by the wretched make-believe Idealana, which had so embittered his early life.

'Led by a butterfly first, into that land where he wasted his dawning strength in self-indulgence; then, deceived by the twilight of that same mock Idealana into worshipping—a toy, a beautiful plaything! Yet, had it not been for the downfall of that idol, his strivings after perfection might have been, to this day, a mere idolizing of things seen; for it was in his wild despair and overwhelming disappointment, that he found himself in a new region, which was the Border-land, where his last craving cry arose, bringing that angel's answer. His life till then had been a series of mistakes; but out of them all he was brought at last to see his way plainly.

'So now, humbly and thankfully he sang with the rest:

'"The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from its throne,
And worship only Thee."

'And his song went out at the open church-windows, into the still summer air and deep blue sky—over the woodlands, hills, and rivers, of Realitana, till it reached the Borderland, where answering voices sang: "Whatsoever things are lovely," whilst the angel voices beyond echoed: "Worship only Thee."'——

There was a silence, as Shag stopped for a moment, and then said: 'That's all.'

He was still seated in the same position: his elbows on his knees, his chin resting on his hands, and his eyes looking so earnestly into the fire, that Constance at last ventured to ask him in a low tone, if he saw the two beautiful countries there.

He started, as if from a dream, and asked them abruptly how they liked it.

'Oh, it was very pretty,' said Constance eagerly, who apparently was not made so thoughtful by Shag's story as were some of the party; 'very pretty indeed; and you are a dear good old Shag for telling it.

But I *do* think it was rather unkind of the man to break the doll, and to be so angry with it, and leave it there. Didn't he ever pick it up and mend it?' And she clasped her hands upon his knees, and looked up into his face so sorrowfully with her large blue eyes, that he smiled, as he replied:

'Don't you remember that the doll was left in that unhealthy part of Idealana, and he never went there again—never saw it again?'

And here, there was a tinge of sadness in his voice, which made Fred think it was high time for him to interfere: he did so, by saying in a marvellously wide-awake tone, considering that he had wished them all good night half an hour ago:

'Strange rambling sort of story! I'm glad you appreciated it, Connie. I can't say *I* did.—Your sudden flights from the sublime to the ridiculous, Shag, were wonderful. First of all, you make us think that we are listening to some allegory of most elevated kind—and then, suddenly, in comes a telescope! shortly followed by a doll! Now, did anyone ever hear of anything so anti-sublime as—a doll? The very name sounds absurd! I only wonder you did not make the poor young man put on his galoshes before crossing the stream—he ran such a risk of catching cold!'

Arnold laughed good-humouredly. And Fred went on—

'Yes, you may smile as benignly as you like, from your supreme height of conscious superiority—staring at Elsie as if you would eat her.—Come, Elsie, most sapient and demure Miss Vernon, what's your opinion of Mr. Carey's rhodomontade?'

But Elsie only said quietly, that she liked it—nothing more; and then the knitting-needles that had been resting in her fingers for the last half hour, began clicking again busily; and she asked Edith if tea were not ready.

This was a sort of signal for the whole party to move: the little ones obeyed the summons to nursery tea, whilst the go-betweens went off to the school-room; but Edith stopped as she passed Shag, to say in a low voice, 'Then, Shag, you don't think it would do to follow Fred's advice, and make my text, "Keep yourselves from Ideals," instead of "Idols?"'

'No—' was the answer, not in so low a tone but that Elsie, in spite of her needles, heard every word—'no; keep an ideal of the greatest good before you all your life: don't be disappointed if you never find it here; but don't, for that reason, lose sight of it; only remember, you may mend gloves, and make good tea, and keep your brother awake all the time.'

Edith laughed happily, and thanked him, (what for she scarcely knew;) and would have said more, had not Fred caught hold of her, exclaiming, 'That will do! Come and make tea; Grace and I want a cup before dinner, whatever older and wiser people may think.'

So Arnold Carey and Elsie were left alone; she, standing before the

fire—he, lounging in the arm-chair—each lost in thought; till at last he said, in his deepest, most earnest tone: 'Tell me what you think of it.'

'*It*,' meant the story, she knew; and her answer came directly:

'I was just thinking that I admired the hero of your story, more than the far-seeing ones who never went wrong; because he had to overcome so much, and he *did* overcome. With all his mistakes, he was in earnest the whole time.'

'The far-sighted ones were happier, Miss Vernon: he had a very hard fight; and when the idol fell, there was remorse, and self-reproach, which were worse than all the rest.' He was not thinking of the story then, and Elsie could say nothing; but the fire and Arnold Carey suddenly looked very dim, and her eyelashes were glistening, when he raised his eyes to her face, and said: 'Nobody could idolize you;'—a speech worthy of a bear, as Fred would have said! And the answer was so innocently humble—'I don't think they ever did, or ever will,'—that Shag, horrified, murmured apologetically,

'I never meant that—I never meant that!' And he was turning over in his mind how he could explain his meaning to her, that it would be next to impossible for anyone to worship a woman whose every action, almost every word, must lead them involuntarily to that pure source, whence her purity came; but he did *not* explain it—at least not then, for they were summoned by a chorus of many voices to the school-room, where he was soon exciting peals of laughter round the tea-table.

So his visit had effected some good; for, whereas he had found the Maynard family out of sorts, he left them 'all right again,' as Constance expressed it. After he had gone, all were unanimous in declaring him to be the most amusing and matter-of-fact old fellow they had ever known; whilst Elsie wondered if it is good for us, that we should too often know so little of the inner lives around us.

And Shag—the matter-of-fact, amusing Shag—as he walked home beneath the stars, was struggling against a tide of olden memories, which might have made his heart sink very low, had it not been for the Voices Beyond.

ECILA.

INSTRUMENTS.

'Wind and storm, fulfilling His Word.'—*Psalm* cxlviii. 8.

WITH a wail of unutterable anguish the wind rushed down from the mountains, where the snow-laden pines stood steadfastly firm, only shivering and quaking a little as the gust swept by. 'On such a night as this! Even on such a night as this,' sobbed the wind, 'when all creatures breathe peace and good-will, I must do my errand. Wherever I go there will be misery, men will revile and dread me: oh, that I

might be spared this night at least—this Christmas Eve!' But still as it wailed the wind rushed onwards, for a mighty irresistible Bidding was upon it; and as it rushed it gathered force, the clouds sped madly across the sky, the snow showered off the branches, each little tender blade of grass cowered and prostrated itself before the power of the storm. Here, where a tree would not bend in time, it was torn up and dashed with a groan upon the ground; there, a great branch was wrenched from the stem to be tossed up and down like a plaything. Everywhere there went up a cry of distress, and evermore through all the sound of fury rose the unceasing wail of the wind, 'Even to-night, to-night! Even to-night!'

The storm had descended from the mountains into the deep gorges and ravines beneath them, but now it sped onwards across a wide plain towards another range of hills, at the foot of which, beside a narrow river, there lay a quaint old German town. It was an hour or two past midnight, just the time when all was quietest; yet, late as it was, along one of the streets, in which the houses were built with curious gables and irregular projecting fronts, two men were walking in earnest conversation. They were the doctor and his assistant, and the former was speaking.

'I feared from the first that poor Fritz would not rally, but the end has come a little sooner than I expected. God help the poor woman!'

'Heavens, what a night!' interrupted the younger man, involuntarily, as a more than usually tremendous gust confronted them round a corner, 'and Christmas morning, too! But I beg your pardon, you were speaking of the wife—what will become of her?'

'I mentioned her this morning to our excellent Mr. Clauss; he has promised to see to her, and two of the children can be taken into the asylum, where they will be under my own eye.'

'Ay, ay,' said the other warmly, 'living or dying, the care of them all falls upon you. What would have become of this unhappy fever-stricken town, but for your example! You have shamed us, encouraged us, given us hope. Not one has turned to you for aid or sympathy and been unanswered. Oh, if you only knew—!'

He stopped, speechless; and his friend, too, must have been overcome, for he walked on a few steps in silence. Then he said in his low clear voice, which made itself heard through all the raging of the storm—

'Heine, I have received more than I have given—more a hundredfold. If you in your turn knew—knew the depth I had fallen into when this came to rouse me! Without Lisbeth all seemed desolation, despair. Little by little a merciful hand lifted me out of the blackness, gave me your love, the love of these poor people; showed me that life may yet be—Ah!—'

He was lying on the ground, struck down by a heavy tile which the

wind had hurled from his own roof; and his companion, scarcely knowing what had happened, was kneeling on the stones by his side, calling frantically upon him to speak and relieve his fears.

But Dr. Rudolf did not speak. They lifted him up, reverently carried him into the house, and laid him on his bed; and he lay still where they had placed him—motionless, speechless.

The storm died away as the first streaks of the Christmas dawn stole upwards from the east, and the wind fled back to the mountains, wailing as it went—'That has been my work. To smite down one who is the blessing of the town, whose life is more precious than any other there—that has been my Christmas work!' Suddenly its course was checked. The unseen Power which controlled it, turned it back; and again the wind felt itself compelled to enter the little town under the hills: not as it had done the preceding night, but stilled, gentle, a soft breeze instead of a furious tempest. Its track was guided, and it could not resist, not even when it was sent softly and noiselessly through a little open window.

There on his bed he lay, the man whose heroic efforts had, humanly speaking, saved the town from being swept off by fever and fear.—There he lay, with a look of calm rest upon his features, and another Something beside it which awed all the bystanders with its presence. He had spoken once, to ask that the window might be opened; but that was an hour or two ago, and they scarcely knew whether he was sensible or not. Outside the house people clustered round the door, forgetful of their fears of infection, and cried out—strong men, some of them, too—with heart-rending sobs and entreaties to see their preserver once more. The newly-made widow came with her baby clutched in her arms, and forcing her way into the chamber, sank down by his bed-side in an agony of grief. The Burgomaster hurried up, his features quivering with emotion, and wrung young Heine's hand with a silent mighty clasp of sympathy. Something in his friend's face must have recalled the fading senses, for as his eye fell upon him, Dr. Rudolf whispered,

'What of the fever?'

'It is lessening. There are no fresh cases.'

'Ah, thank God!' murmured the dying man; 'the blessed wind has cleared the air.'

The blessed wind! Could they re-echo the words who stood there watching what the wind had done? Yes—when they saw the brightness steal over his face, the light of the 'perfect day.'

'Christmas morning,' said the feeble broken voice. 'Dear ones, you are not weeping for me?—oh, if you knew the rest, the joy!—What are the words? No more parting, no, no more, and Lisbeth is there too—'

The lips closed, but the smile rested on them like a glory. When,

one by one, the people were let in to see for the last time the face of the man who had so loved them, that smile stilled the noisiest grief. Not one could look on it and doubt that Christmas Day had brought an everlasting Peace to him.

And the wind stole out, comforted; its wailing changed into a hymn of praise.

F. M. P.

TOM TUMBLETOES AND THE COW.

A TRUE DEVONSHIRE STORY.

Some years ago there lived in a town in Devonshire, a man of the name of Thomas Tumbletoes. It was a curious name—but nevertheless Tom was pleased with it. It stood alone, and did not clash with that of any of his neighbours. It marked his individuality, and no mistake as to his identity could possibly occur. Mr. Tumbletoes was Mr. Tumbletoes all over the town, and wherever else he was known. So Tom was proud of his name.

His parents, who were very poor, could not afford in his early life to send him to school, nor even to give him the simplest rudiments of education—and Tom grew up an ignorant boy, so far as what he called 'larning' was concerned, and never learnt either to read or write—and although I have often heard him lament this lack of acquirement, he never attained it in after life; for when I knew him, even after he had prospered in the world, he could not sign his name, but made his cross on all documents requiring, what under other circumstances would be called, his signature.

His parents therefore, being in this low position of life, were glad to take advantage of an opportunity that offered of binding him an apprentice to a sawyer; and for many years of his early life he followed this laborious occupation. But Tom Tumbletoes, after a time, did not like this style of life. Although uneducated, he felt that there was something in him that, if brought out, would enable him to rise to a better position. 'I'm top-sawyer, to be sure,' says he, 'in this here pit; but Tom Tumbletoes has got a "head-piece," (as he called his brains,) and the time will come when he will climb up the hill and be top-sawyer there, and leave this here underground work.' So he made up his mind to rise in life, and worked hard, laying up his savings until he had made enough to set himself up as a master tradesman, the attainment of which point had been hitherto his great ambition. He therefore gave up his work as a sawyer, and set himself up as a dealer (or merchant, as he was hereafter proud to call himself) in all sorts of building materials; had men under his command, and walked about his premises, giving his orders, and issuing his directions as to this thing and the other, and was in his own estimation a great man.

Tom often came to me on parochial or magisterial business, and, knowing the honesty of the man's heart, I used sometimes, on these occasions, to ask him into my library, and talk with him about the affairs of the nation. He was not educated enough to be a politician, but what little he knew of public matters, gave him a Conservative tendency; and being like-minded myself, his blunt comments often entertained me, and over his glass, I drew him out occasionally into most amusing conversation.

He inveighed vehemently against the Whigs; not that he knew what the term meant, but they were in power at that time, and kept on interfering with the duties upon the articles in which he dealt. His general term of vituperation against the Whigs was 'them black-eyed scoundrels.' Now it did not occur to me, when I first heard this expression, to ask Mr. Tumbletoes what he meant by it. I took it as he used it, and being myself no friend to the Whigs, I passed it by, as being only an expression of disapproval of that political body, in which I entirely agreed with him. But it occurred to me afterwards that it was a curious expression. Why on earth, thought I, as I ruminated upon it, should all Radicals have black eyes; or why should everybody who has black eyes be a Radical? Is this a fact, or not? This position puzzled me amazingly, but at last I came to the conclusion that it was an extremely delicate feeling on the part of Mr. Tumbletoes that induced him to use this expression, and I gave him every credit for it. I have no doubt he thought it was, and intended it to be, a modified and refined substitute for a much harder expression of very much the same sound. But it will appear, from what follows, in the narration of Mr. Tumbletoes, which I am about to give, that he set a great value upon the colour and carriage of the eye; and I am far from being satisfied that my interpretation of the expression is correct. However, I let him continue to use it without comment or inquiry.

'Them black-eyed scoundrels,' he said on one occasion, 'be always a meddling with a tradesman's business, somehow or other. Then they goes a taking the dooty off this here thing, and then off that, and then off t'other, till a man dothn't know what's what—what to be a buying of, or what to be a selling of, or where he is. Why can't 'em let things alone, that what I says; why can't 'em let honest folks carry on their own business as they likes? And then, if they takes off one dooty they puts on another; and so 'tis all the same to they, in the end—only changing sides like, and kicking up a bother. Now there's that income tax they've a put on—'tis a shameful thing, Sir, that is. "Button up your left-hand pocket," says they, "us don't want no more out of that; but keep the right one open—us be coming there now." And, sure, I'd raither pay, as pay us must, I s'pose, in some shape or other, out of the left-hand pocket than the right. If I buys sugar, or tay, or backy, or any sich like article, I pays the cost of it, and some of it, I s'pose, goes in dooty, but I don't know what; and that's the beauty of it, that's what makes it

easy like; that's what I calls paying out of the left-hand pocket. And that I considers a very different thing, from having a feller come rat-tat-tatting at your door four times a year, loud enough to frighten a chap out of his wits, with a book in his hand, and a printed paper, and an ink-bottle and pen tied up to his button-hole, and demanding of ye, in the Queen's name, payment down of four or five golden sovereigns, in the shape of income tax. That's what I calls paying out of the right-hand pocket. No, no, the left-hand pocket for me, Sir, and let things alone, that's what I says.'

Notwithstanding Mr. Tumbletoes' want of education, it will be seen that he was not altogether void of some power of thought and argument in his own rough way. The blunt remarks just quoted are essentially Conservative, and far from failing to convey a graphic stricture on the practical effect of direct and indirect taxation; although, if you had talked to him on the subject in those terms, he would not have understood them. In spite, however, of a total absence of literary knowledge, there was always some strong sound sense, mixed up with a degree of humour in his conversation that rendered it agreeable. Natural ability was rooted within him, and there was a seed of intellect implanted in his mind, that if it had been dressed and cultivated would have brought forth much fruit. His was a striking instance of a powerful original intellect, having been lost from the want of early culture and instruction.

I have often listened to him, I may say, with surprised interest, as he has given expression, in his own quaint way, to his opinions on public and local matters. On the occasion, however, to which I am now referring, he simply told me a story, which I am about to relate in his own words; but before doing so I must just carry him into his place of business, and into his family circle.

Mr. Tumbletoes was a tall man, strong, bony, and muscular; and at the time to which I now refer, about fifty years of age. He was married, and had a family of several children. There was an honest but bold expression about his face, which implied a self-satisfied and independent spirit. 'There may be many richer and higher in rank than Tom Tumbletoes,' he would say, 'but then Tom's an honest man, and has worked hard for the little money he possesses. What's rank and station to me?' says he, 'so long as I've an honest conscience and pays my way for everything I wants.' Of such like sentiments would Tom ever and anon make his boasts.

One afternoon, after he had been superintending his workmen in the yard, and his time for going home to tea was arrived, he went into his little office in the corner of his yard, (for although he could not write himself he had built an office to look grand, in which his son kept his accounts,) washed his hands, put on his blue frock-coat, rubbed the dust off his corduroy breeches with a handful of shavings, and wiped his boots over with the same; put on his broad-brimmed low-crowned hat, glazed with oil-skin, and taking up a small square piece of wood from

his desk, and wrapping it carefully in his cotton pocket-handkerchief, put it into the side pocket of his coat, and walked joyfully home to take his tea with his family. There was an unusual degree of content and gladness about his appearance, as he entered the little parlour where his wife and children were waiting for him, and rubbing his hands with great glee, he hastily seated himself in a chair, and pulled out of his pocket the piece of wood that he had wrapped up so carefully, and uncovering it, laid it before his wife, exclaiming, 'There, Sally my duck, look to that, and give us a dish of tay to wash it down.'

Sally, after examining the board, which was covered all over with red chalk marks, which neither she, nor any other person, but Tom himself, could decipher, said,

'Look to what, Tom? wash down what, Tom? why, thee'st mazed, Tumbletoes.'

'Mazed, Wife,' exclaims Tom, 'not I; why, canstn't read? why, that's the balance sheet, as they calls it, of my profits for the year. But stop a bit—I forgot that nobody can't read my figures but mysell. I'll read 'em to 'ee. There, they figures be meant for three hundred and fifty pounds, and that's the clear profits of my labour for the past year.'

Sally then looked as delighted as himself, and was going to reply, but Tom went on—

'There, I'd rather have they small profits made by the honest sweat of my own brow, than all the thousands that Squire Pocketit, the Justice over the way, have got by cheating the Government out at Gibryaltar, or what they calls the place. There will be a hundred pounds apiece for Tom and Tim, and something for thyself and the young 'uns; and then, there'll be a hundred pounds that I means to give to Dolly—poor Doll, her've a bin dumpy of late, but her's a nice maid, Sal; her've a bin glum, 'cause I wudden let her keep company with that chap, Podjy Ragg, that 'ave a bin rinning after her so long; but I'll cheer up the heart of the poor wench now. I'll gie her this hundred pounds, and tell her she may go to the pa'son, and put in her banns with Podjy, as soon as she likes; and then, if they don't thrive, they may starve, and Tom Tumbletoes can't help it. Nobody sha'n't say that black's the white of my eye; I shall have done handsome with the cheeld; for you knows, Sally, that when you mated with me, we hadn't a got half their fortin, but now we've a got ten times so much, thanks to Providence, and my head-piece.'

Such was Mr. Tumbletoes in private life; but I must not longer delay the object with which I commenced—that of relating to you, in his own words, as near as I can, his description of his adventure with the cow. So here goes for the Story of Tom Tumbletoes and the Cow.

'You see, Sir,' says Tom, 'I rode my mare Bess up to Exeter one day, when I had a bit of business; and having finished it, I'd jist a bin a taking a mouthful of bread and cheese, and a glass of grog, with some

chaps in the Leg of Mutton public-house, jist to make mysell comfortable a bit, afore I started home, when it begun to git darkish like, and I thought I'd better mount Bess and be off. Now I never liked the Mutton as a publick, you must know, Sir; I calls it Mutton for short—'tis low and noisy like, and the chaps I meets with there drinks and smokes, and swears and argufies with each other, too much to please me; but I uses it because you see, Sir, 'tis the nighest publick this way; and after I've a rode Bess fifteen miles up, and have a got to ride her fifteen miles back—why, I likes to save her legs a bit; and so I puts her up to the nighest publick I comes to in the city. I says to her, "Bess, my darling," says I, "you've a carried my legs fifteen miles up, and be a going to carry 'em fifteen miles back, and 'twould be hard upon thee, if I couldn't save thy legs a bit, while I carries my own about the streets of this here city for an hour or so." So I puts her into the stable, gives her her corn and water, and sees her comfortable like, and then starts upon my business. Bess is a noble animal, Sir, but you knows her well—you must have see'd me a riding of her many a time. Her's as good a creatur as ever was folded. Many's the mile that her and me 'ave travell'd together, in foul weather and fair, by night and by day, in sunshine and rain; nobody can't be better friends than Bess and me. Bless her heart, Sir—why, her loves me terribly. Her knows my step and my voice, and neighs a'ter me, and follows me about like a child. Her couldn't be fonder of me if I was her own father. But what be I a telling about? in course I couldn't be her father, but her's as fond o' me as any dumb animal can be of a Christian. And one thing I must ask of 'ee, Sir, if you please, and that is, that as I goes on with my story you won't lay no blame upon Bess. Her's as innocent of the accident as the child unborn; it would break her heart, poor thing, if she yeard that she was blamed for it, and her would never be herself again.'

'Mr. Tumbletoes,' said I, 'I know your mare well, and I believe her to be deserving of all the praise and affection you bestow upon her, which does you great credit. You may depend upon it, that I will cast no reflection upon her, for any part she might have taken in the accident you are about to relate. But pray, Mr. Tumbletoes, go on with your story.'

'Thank 'ee, Sir, for that,' said Mr. Tumbletoes, 'thank 'ee with all my 'eart. But as I was a saying, 'twas gitting darkish like, and I thought I'd better be off. So I ordered out Bess, mounted her, and rode off on my way home. I'd a got on a few miles, and was trotting her along gentle like, when all of a sudden she pricked up ears, turned her 'ead a one side, as if to see whether anything was behind her, and, afore I had time to say Jack Robinson, bolted off like a shot. "Halloa, Bess," says I, "where be going to, what's the matter now? Stop, Bess," says I, "you'll find it easier to go slower like than at this here pace; why can't 'ee tell me what the meaning of it is?" I had no sooner said this, than she quickened her pace without minding a bit what I said to her, and I then heard the sound of horses' feet a coming behind me. "Halloa,

Bess," says I, "what's all this scrimmaging a going on behind us—clatter, clatter, clatter; it seems as if a whole flock of wild horses, or a lot of steam ingines, was in chase of us." So I turned mysell round, as well as I could, in my saddle, to see what 'twas, and then I see'd four sodgers in red coats a galloping along like mad. Afore I could settle myself in my seat again, they had a'most come up to us, helter-skeltering along, and making such a row; but Bess plucked up her ears, and making a sudden spring, said to hersell that her wouldn't let the red-coats pass her. In course, I couldn't blame her for this, you know; 'twas natural like, jist the same as if a lot of fellers was a rinning after me, and I says to mysell, "You sha'n't catch me, not if I knows it." So I praised her for it, as I should have praised mysell; and I says to her, says I, "Well done, Bess," says I, "go it, my lass—spin along with 'ee, my darling—rattle away," says I, "only mind and take care of thyself and me, Bess, that's all." So on us went, up hill and down, like lightning, the four red-coats close at our heels, a making more noise than all the blacksmiths in Exeter a hammering to once. As us was a rattling down a steep hill, covered with fresh stones, at this here pace, the sodgers, whose horses were fresher than Bess, got the best of her, and passed her, some on one side, some on t'other. This Bess didn't like at all, so she began a kicking in the middle of the hill, and I lost my sterrups, and thought I should 'ave tumbled off, but I'd jist a managed to recover mysell again, when about twenty yards afore me, I see'd a cow's head a poking out of a field gate. "Take care o' the cow, Bess," says I; and the cow then moved out into the road, on the side that Bess was a galloping down, and stood stock still broadside to us, with 'er 'ead a poked a one side, looking about to see what the row was. I see'd 'twas too late for Bess to steer hersel out of the way, and that us must run foul of her, and 'ad jist a got time to say to Bess, "Oh, my dear eyes, Bess, 'tis all over with us now!"—when slap goes Bess up aginst the cow; by George and the Dragin, what a shock 'twas! Out comes I, out o' the saddle, like a bullet from a gun, goes clean over the cow's back, without touching of her, and pitches upon my head upon the road, about six yards off. I didn't know whether I was dead or alive, nor how long I laid there; but when I come to mysel, I found that two men was a supporting of me, and that one of 'em was a townsman of my own, one Joe Bragg. Now, I must tell 'ee, Sir, that Joe and me hadn't a bin friendly like of late. He's a sly chap, Sir, that Joe Bragg, and don't carry his eyes straight. Somehow or other, I always mistrusts a feller that don't keep his eyes straight; then he carries 'em this side, then t'other, then downward, and then upward; and I seem they upward-looking chaps be the wust of all, 'cause they'm gen'rally canters, as they calls it, which I takes to be a genteel word for 'umbug, edn't it, Sir?'

'Well, Mr. Tumbletoes,' I said, 'I am not so sure about that; but I think, with certain modifications, and in some particular instances, the terms *may* be considered synonymous.'

'Never mind your mollifications, Sir, begging your honour's pardin, says Mr. Tumbletoes, 'nor your sinnonomies, which is what I don't understand, but which, I s'pose, means that I'm all right. But Joe, you see, he can't carry his eyes straight anyhow, and the consekense, in course, is that he goes crooked in 'is doings; he can't help it, you know, Sir. Now, give me the man that looks straight 'fore, right at 'ee like, and isn't ashamed for 'ee to see the colour of his eyes. That's the man for me—he's an honest man, and I knows how to deal with un.

'Now, I'd a 'eard, you see, that Joe 'ad a bin doing something one day, that seem'd to me to be pretty much out of the square; and so I thought I'd haul un over the coals a bit. So I says to un, "Joe," says I, "you've a bin walking crooked again, I finds. Now, my good feller, why can't 'ee keep your eyes in a straight line, like I do? If you goes a smuggling of 'em this way and then that way, and never carrying of 'em' straight a-head, you'll be sure to go over the left, and tumble into a muddle. Muddles and mucks," says I, "be always upon one side or t'other, but never straight 'fore; why can't 'ee keep your eyes in a right line, that's what I wants to know? Why can't 'ee go to church now and then upon a Sunday, and say thy prayers, and listen to the pa'son? that would keep 'ee straight a bit." And much more good advice I giv'd un than this. But Joe, he didn't take it kindly like, and turn'd bumptious and sarcy; so us 'ad a few words, you see, and lastly fall'd out, and us never spoke to one and t'other from that day, till this here very night. So as I was a saying, when I see'd who 'twas 'ad hold of me, I says to un, says I, "Halloa, Joe," says I, "how com you here—where do you drop from, Joe—and where's Bess? I've a had a reg'lar turn over, 'an't I?" says I: "'twas all the old cow's fault, but, thank God, I bean't dead; though my 'ead-piece is terrible sore, and I seem I feels blood a rinning down over my face, don't I? but where be taking of me to, Joe?" says I.

'"To a cottage close by," says Joe, "to put ye to rights a bit; and Bess is a coming with us, she was standing close by where you was a lying."

'"Poor thing," says I, "no blame to she; 'twas the old cow's fault, and they scrimmaging red-coated sodgers', not she's." What becom'd of the old cow I never axed.

'Well, Sir, so 'em led me on to the cottage, where there was a lone woman, who took'd us in most kindly like, and had the blood wash'd off my face, and a bandage tied round my 'ead; for there was two terrible gashes in 'un—one jist above the eye, so that the skin and flesh was a hanging right down over my eye. But howsomever they managed to bandage it up somehow or other, and wanted to send for a doctor, and to keep me there all night long. But I says to 'em, "No doctor for me, thank'ee; bring me a looking-glass." So they brought me a looking-glass; and when I see'd my face, I didn't know it a bit, no more than if 't'ad bin the man in the moon's face, a wounded. By the powers, 'twas a terrible sight; I was afear'd my poor 'ead-piece was a done for altogether

at last. So I put down the looking-glass again, and says to mysel, The sooner I gits home to Sal the better; and I told 'em to get Bess ready, and I'd ride home, "for nobody," says I, "shall ever say of Tom Tumbletoes that he was afear'd of a bloody head, or was ever conquered by a cow."

'"But," says the good woman, "you'd better stay here for the night, Mr. What's-your-name. You're not—"

'"Tumbletoes is my name, Madam," says I.

'"Well, Mr. Tumblingtoes," says she, "you're not—"

'"Tumbletoes, Madam," says I.

'"Well, Mr. Tumblertoes," says she, "you're not in a state to go riding home to-night. I can give 'ee a bed for yourself and one for your horse too, if you like it."

'I see'd the good woman couldn't rightly catch hold of my name, so I didn't try to correct her any more; 'tic'larly as I didn't know what her's was. So I says to her, "Thank 'ee, my good woman," says I, "I owes 'ee a deep debt for all thy kindness; but I must be a going home to Sal, thank 'ee, all the same. You'll excuse my calling of 'ee woman, Madam," says I; "but I don't know your name no more than you knows mine; I suppose you've got one, though; and I must find un out, one of these days, when my 'ead-piece is put together a bit again, and com and thank 'ee for all thy kind care of me, this here onfort'nate night."

'"But," says she again, "you're not in a plight to go riding home to-night; it would not be safe to allow ye to attempt it. You must stay here, indeed you must, Mr. Tumblingtoes."

'"Thank 'ee," says I again; "Tumbletoes is my name; but never mind the name nor the plight, my good woman; I *must* get home to Sal, or her'll be puzzling of 'er brains, and ransacking of 'em till they gets dumfounder'd like, to know what 'ath become of me. And when her doth see me in this here state, with my 'ead-piece all in shords like, her'll be mortal wish'd and flambergasted, to be sure; but the one's better than t'other, and so I must be off to once, thank 'ee. I 'opes Joe Bragg 'ath a took good care o' Bess, 'ath he?"

'"Oh yes, Sir," says she, "your mare has been well cared for, and is very comfortable in the stable."

'"That's all right then," says I; "and now please, my dear woman—Madam, I means—to ax un to git 'er to a bit."

'So Joe coms out with the mare; and a'ter they'd a help'd me out, with one arm in a sling, and a bandaged 'ead, I mounts 'er as well as I could, and I says to Joe, "Now mind, Joe," says I, "that hereafter and for ever, as they says, you and me be friends. Let's 'ave no more bumptiousness nor no more fallin's out; you've a acted a Christian's part to me this night, and I'll mind it; and if ever I've offended thee, of which I'm ignorant, I asks thy pardin, that's all—so good night, Joe; keep thy eyes straight, my good feller, and God bless 'ee." And Joe and me've bin friends ever since

'Well, us started, Bess and me; and after us 'ad got on a bit, I says to her, "Now, Bess, my darling," says I, "you've a got better out of this here scrimmage than me. I dare say you be shook'd a bit, and all that sort of thing, and that you cusses in your 'eart the old cow. But your 'ead-piece isn't a tear'd like mine, and your limbs be sound, so I trusts to you to take us safe home both together. And now, let's be off, my darling, and no more old cows, or red-coated sodgers," says I.

'Well, us travel'd on both together very gentle like, but I was so weak from loss of blood, that I 'ardly know'd where us was a going to; but Bess, her pick'd out 'er way nicely, and at last I finds mysel at my own door. As soon as I'd a open'd it and shew'd mysel, my face and clothes covered with blood, the bandage half off my 'ead, and the brim all off my 'at, my eye! what a scrimmage there was!

'"Halloa! Tumbletoes," screech'd Sally.

'"Halloa! Father," cries Tom and Tim.

'"Oh! poor Father! somebody 've a murder'd 'ee," says Dolly, fainting in the corner.

'"Halloa! Father-law, halloa! Dolly," says Podjy Ragg.

'"Oh dear! Daddy," says the young uns.

'"Whatever's the matter with 'ee?" says they all.

'So I told 'em all to hold their bother; and when they was a quieted down a bit, I tells 'em all about the old cow, and how Joe Bragg 'ad a help'd me, and how kind the good woman 'ad a bin to me, and all the rest of it, sodgers and all. And then they wanted me to send for a doctor, but I said no, for says I, they head-doctors charges mortal high, and then Bess, she'll want a doctor too, and a penny saved's a penny gain'd, says I. "So Tim," says I, "you put on your 'at and rin down to old Blisterem the farrier, and tell un to come up immediately, or sooner if he can, and to bring his sticking-plaster and sich like things with un, as be fit for doctoring a broken 'ead, and when he've a doctored me, he can go and doctor Bess." So old Blisterem soon com, and patch'd up my wounds, and I turn'd into bed. But, goodness me, how stiff I was the next day, and how my poor 'ead and bones did ache, to be sure. I tried to move in my bed, but couldn't, no more than if I'd bin a copse. I seem'd crumbled up like, and squash'd down with some terrible weight like, or other; like that pictur you sees of Atlis, or what his name was, a carrying the world upon 'is shoulders. He must 'ave bin a mortal strong chap, Sir, that Atlis; and 't'as always bin a puzzle to me to know what the feller stood upon, when he took'd up the world in that there way; or where he was a goin' to carry un to. But that's neither here nor there to my story, which I've pretty nearly brought to an end. Well, Sir, I was a going on to say that Providence was very kind to me. I soon got able to move about again and attend to my consarns; and here I be, you see, Sir, once more a sitting down with you, in this here room, as comfortable as ever I was in my life, and my 'ead-piece as sound as ever. So I begs to drink to your 'ealth, Sir, and a long life and

'appiness to 'ee, in as good a drap of gin as ever I'd wish to wet my whistle with.'

I then congratulated Mr. Tumbletoes, on his recovery from such a dangerous accident, and recommended him to continue to pursue the same honest course he had hitherto done, and his honesty would be sure to meet with its reward.

'Ay, ay, Sir, there's little fear of that,' says Mr. Tumbletoes. 'If an honest 'eart and a sound 'ead-piece won't take a man safe through the world, nothing will.'

Here ends the story of Tom Tumbletoes and the Cow.

ON THE VELOCITY OF LIGHT.

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'Is the popular science to be found in magazines worth having? Is it worth while for me to attempt to read such an article as this? Perhaps I could not understand it: at best, it can but give me an isolated patch of knowledge: so I shall leave it unread.' Such probably are the reflections of some of those who take up this magazine. But before the answer is finally made, let me remark, first, that if you will give attention to what follows you will find in it nothing incomprehensible; and even if it is isolated, which it can scarcely be, yet it is so conspicuous a passage in the history of science, that is, in the history of the steady advance of the human mind from ignorance to knowledge, that it claims and will repay your study. You cannot read all history; you therefore read the accounts of critical times in the history of the greatest nations; it is not unreasonable to attempt to learn something of science in the same way. And further, there is a peculiar pleasure in following out ingenious and conclusive reasoning; and the problem of determining the velocity of light gives a fine illustration of such reasoning.

Let us first make sure that the nature of the problem is clearly comprehended. What is *the velocity* of light? If a train is moving at the rate of thirty miles an hour, we say that *its velocity* is thirty miles an hour: and if the discharge of a rifle is heard at a distance of so many feet from the rifle one second after the discharge, we say that the velocity of sound is so many feet a second. So if the flash of the rifle were seen at a distance of so many miles from the rifle one second after the flash actually took place, we should say that light (that is, the flash) travelled so many miles in a second; or that the velocity of light is so many miles a second. The three cases are exactly similar; the train, the sound, the flash, take *time* to move from one place to another.

Such is our assertion. Let us examine it a little. It is obviously true in the case of a train. But is it true of sounds? Do sounds take time to travel? Do we hear a person speak after he has spoken? I tap the table, and hear the sound at the instant that I tap, not after I have tapped. These sounds then must take no time to travel. This would not be a fair conclusion. It would be fair to infer that sound takes no time *that you can notice* to travel a short distance; that is, that it travels very fast. But if the distance is made a little greater, then the time that sound takes to travel will be made very evident. Watch from a considerable distance a person hammering or chopping or whetting a scythe, and you will see, as you have probably seen scores of times, that the sound reaches you some time after the action that caused it has been seen to take place. Anyone may roughly determine the velocity of sound for himself, by noticing the time that elapses between any sound and its echo, and measuring the distance between the station of observation and the wall or rock that yields the echo: for the sound must have travelled twice that distance in the observed time.

All this is obvious and familiar enough, and it admirably illustrates the similar problem of determining the velocity of light. Let us attempt to solve it in the same way. Instead of making a noise and waiting for its echo, let us make a flash and wait for its reflection in a distant mirror: and notice the time that elapses. This experiment has in fact been often tried, and with a simply negative result; but of course the only safe inference from this result is that the time that the light takes to go to the distant mirror and to return is so small as to be inappreciable to our eye and mind. Hence for a long time the velocity of light was known to be great, but it was not known how great.

It is in cases like this, when direct methods fail to obtain any result, that mathematical or indirect methods are necessary. I say mathematical *or* indirect, because the very essence of mathematical methods is that they are *indirect* ways of effecting accurate measurements: to climb a tree, and let down a string from its top to the ground, and measure the string, is a direct way of finding the height of a tree; to compute its height from the length of its shadow is a mathematical method of solving the same problem. To find the size of the Earth, the distance of the Moon, the weight of the Sun, and such problems as these, can only be solved by indirect methods; and so too the discovery of the velocity of light, which baffled direct methods, was achieved by observations and reasoning on phenomena which seemed to have very slight connection with this particular problem. We now proceed to this indirect method.

When the telescope was invented it was very soon directed by Galileo to the planet Jupiter. To his great delight, a delight which is felt by generation after generation of amateur astronomers, he saw that Jupiter was attended by four brilliant points of light. The observation of a few days sufficed to shew that these little points of light were satellites or moons which revolve round Jupiter. Sometimes therefore they are seen

on one side of the planet, sometimes on the other. Sometimes, moreover, they pass into the shadow of Jupiter and are eclipsed; that is, they cease to be visible to us, because there is no sunlight shining on them. It is necessary to pay careful attention to the circumstances of these eclipses.

If a conical tube is imagined to envelope the Sun and Jupiter, and extend behind Jupiter, it is clear that no sunlight will reach any point within that conical tube on the side of Jupiter remote from the Sun. There will in fact be a long tapering conical shadow thrown by Jupiter on the side opposite to the Sun. Now all the satellites of Jupiter move very nearly in the plane of Jupiter's orbit, and in orbits which are very nearly circular, and so near to Jupiter that in every revolution they pass into its shadow and are eclipsed, (with the exception occasionally of the fourth satellite, the most distant of the four from Jupiter, which may pass a little above or below the cone of shadow, and so escape being eclipsed.) Let us consider however the eclipses of one satellite only, the first, or the one which is nearest to Jupiter. This revolves in a period which has been exactly ascertained by long continued observation, and is nearly forty-two and a half hours. Accordingly it is eclipsed every forty-two and a half hours. There is a circumstance connected with our observations of these eclipses that is important. Recalling to mind that the Earth moves round the Sun in a much smaller orbit than Jupiter does, we shall infer at once that we on the Earth can only see as it were this conical shadow thrown by Jupiter very obliquely. We are always on the sunny side of Jupiter, and its shadow stretches away behind it, seen by us a little to the right or a little to the left of Jupiter, according as the Sun is to the left or the right of it. We are, in fact, so placed with respect to this conical shadow, that it is impossible ever to observe the first satellite passing into the shadow and then passing out of it; in other words, to observe its immersion and subsequent emersion. And for this reason. Supposing the Sun to be in such a position as to throw the shadow of Jupiter behind it and slightly to the right of the planet as seen from the Earth, the satellite, revolving as nearly all the bodies of the Solar System do, in a direction opposite to that of the hands of a watch, would be seen to pass into the shadow, *but it would have passed behind the planet before it was out of the shadow:* the emersion would take place behind the planet, and be invisible to us. The re-appearance of the satellite would be from behind the planet sometime after its emergence from the shadow. Similarly, if the Sun threw the shadow to the left of the planet, it will be clear on reflection that the emersion could be observed, but not the immersion.

Now the satellite had been observed for years, and its average period of revolution determined very exactly. Its orbit was found to differ from a circle almost inappreciably; and this fact, and the uniformity of its motion, made it easy at length to foretell precisely the minute at which an immersion or an emersion would take place. It is clear that these ought to take place at intervals of forty-two and a half hours; immersion

following immersion at this interval for a period of a little more than half a year, while the shadow of Jupiter was to the right of it; and emersion following emersion at the same interval for a similar period. The interest that was felt in the Jovian System, a solar system in miniature, and the importance of thoroughly mastering it, induced astronomers to observe these eclipses with very great care and perseverance. This care was the greater because an unaccountable irregularity was soon detected in them. The immersions and emersions did not take place exactly when they were predicted. It appeared, in fact, on minutely examining these discrepancies, that *the immersions followed one another always at shorter intervals than the emersions*, though not regularly so. No reason could be assigned for believing that the satellite went round Jupiter in a shorter time when the Earth happened to be in a position for observing the immersions, than when it happened to be in a position for observing the emersions. The irregularity was most perplexing. By a happy suggestion, however, Roëmer, a Danish astronomer, explained the irregularity. Thus. When we can observe the immersions, (it is well to make a diagram in order to be perfectly clear on this point) the Earth is moving, more or less directly, *towards* Jupiter; when we can observe emersions, *from* Jupiter. If then light took time to travel, the very irregularity described above would necessarily arise. For see what must, in such a case, take place. An immersion happens, and the last flash of light speeds away from the satellite, and after a certain time reaches the distant Earth. The moment when it reaches the Earth is of course the moment at which the immersion *is observed*. Forty-two and a half hours afterward another immersion takes place, and the last flash again speeds away after its predecessor, *but meets the Earth in a shorter time than the former flash*, for the Earth has been moving all the time (the forty-two and a half hours) in the direction of Jupiter. Hence the interval between the observations of the immersions will be less than the interval that really exists, (forty-two and a half hours we have supposed,) by the time that light would take to travel over a space equal to the difference of the distances between Jupiter and the Earth at the beginning and end of the forty-two and a half hours. And similarly of course when the Earth is moving from Jupiter, and can therefore see the emersions, the interval between the observations of the emersions will be increased, as before it was diminished. And this furnishes a basis for calculation. For it may easily be shewn that the Earth moves about 1,200,000 miles in forty-two and a half hours, and it may be observed that when the Earth is moving towards Jupiter as exactly as may be, the interval between the immersions is shortened by six and a half seconds. *Hence light travels about* 1,200,000 *miles in six and a half seconds, or at about* 185,000 *miles a second.*

Very ingenious certainly, on this discrepancy of a few minutes or seconds in the times of the observed and predicted eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, to build up all this superstructure of deductive reasoning, and crown it with such an amazing statement as that light travels 185,000

miles, seven and a half times round the Earth, in one second. But is this kind of reasoning conclusive? To make a prediction which does not come true, to guess a reason for the failure of the prediction, and then if the reason explains it (as it is likely to do, or it would never have been suggested) straightway to hold our guess as proved; is this, stated thus plainly, the method of science? Certainly not. But when the prediction is always very nearly verified, and when the guess is justified by analogies and by *a priori* probability, and when it is found to reduce at once the disorder of unaccountable phenomena to perfect order, and when it is tested constantly by predictions founded on it coming true, such a guess deserves the gravest attention *as a guess*, as an *hypothesis*, as it is called. And then methods of verification are sought. This is the distinguishing characteristic of modern science, the rigorous *verification* which is everywhere required.

We may admit, then, that (*the facts* above given being established as correctly stated) there is considerable probability in the hypothesis that light moves with a velocity of 185,000 miles a second; and we proceed to the verification.

The first verification discovered was of a most singular, indirect, and unexpected kind.

During the year 1725 and the three following years the great English astronomer Bradley was engaged in a research (with a totally different object) which required extremely accurate observations of the apparent positions of the stars. An instrument was expressly made and used for this purpose. It was in fact a telescope fixed with great care, to shew whether a certain star in the head of Draco came to precisely the same place in the heavens overhead night after night. The observations began in November, and in the course of a few weeks it became obvious that the apparent position of the star was undergoing a slight change; this change was watched for a whole year, and then it was found that the star had come back again to precisely the point from which it started twelve months before. Thoroughly roused by this singular discovery, he devoted himself to observing other stars with the same care, and examining all conceivable causes for this change of apparent position. At last he satisfied himself that it could be completely, in every detail, accounted for by the hypothesis that light moved with the velocity very nearly equal to that which Roëmer had assigned to it. The nature of the phenomenon and its explanation will be best seen by an illustration.

Suppose yourself seated, facing the horses, in an open carriage, which is not moving, while rain-drops are falling in still air. The rain-drops will seem to descend vertically. Now suppose the carriage to begin to move towards the north; you at once perceive that the rain drives in your face, or seems to come from a point north of the vertical. If you had a tube and tried to hold it so that a drop should pass through it without wetting it, you would have to hold it vertically when the carriage was at rest, and inclined somewhat towards the north when the carriage

was moving towards the north. Now suppose further that the carriage was driving round and round in a circle: the rain would then seem to come in succession from every point in the compass, and the tube would have to be inclined in every direction, so that the point of the sky to which it is directed would seem to have described a small circle round the point vertically overhead. Now for the carriage driving round in a circle substitute the mighty Earth revolving in its huge orbit round the Sun; for the rain-drop falling from the clouds above substitute a flash of light speeding down from a star vertically over the orbit; for the tube substitute a telescope. Hence you will perceive that IF light has a finite velocity, the light from a star really vertically over the orbit of the Earth will seem to come from a point a little on that side of the vertical towards which the Earth is moving at the moment. That is, the star will at any moment be seen at a slight distance from its true position, and in the course of the year, it will seem to have described a small circle round a certain point, its true position, in which it will never have been seen.

Now this hypothesis that light moves with the velocity assigned above exactly explains the kind of motion, its amount, and its direction, not for one star only but for all; and this motion, &c., is so peculiar that it is impossible to believe that it can arise from any other cause. Fully to treat of this would require technical language and much space; but it may be accepted that this verification, by what is called 'Aberration,' is perfectly satisfactory. Further, the velocity of light admits of more exact numerical estimation from this phenomenon than from the eclipses before spoken of; and the value assigned by Bradley came almost exactly half-way between the greatest and the least values that had been obtained by different calculators by the previous method.

Such then are the two great indirect methods by which the problem has been solved. And the fact of its having been solved at all set men upon thinking once more whether direct methods were really totally inapplicable. Could any apparatus or device make perceptible a velocity of 186,000 miles a second? If we had the Solar System to experiment in, it would be easy; but on this little globe of earth, so small that a flash of light could go round it in less than the seventh part of a second, how could the experiment be performed? It has been done, however, in two ways; both of great simplicity in the conception, and great ingenuity in the execution.

Very much of the difficulty of science consists in the imperfection and weakness of our unassisted senses. We cannot judge great distances, as we can small, by looking at them. We cannot see very minute objects; the molecular motions of bodies are for ever hidden from our eyes. Our eyes are blind to very faint lights. We cannot observe motions either very fast or very slow. We cannot see the tree growing, or watch the vibrations of a gnat's wing. Our appreciation of intervals of time is dull and limited. Our ears can only hear a few octaves of sounds, eleven at most; and are deaf to all others, which doubtless exist in endless variety.

Our sense of touch is dull. We cannot appreciate small differences of weight or of temperature. The object of all scientific instruments is to assist our weak senses, and enable us to observe what is hidden to the unassisted sense. The direct determination of the velocity of light was first accomplished by M. Fizeau, at Paris, in 1849. His method was simple and very intelligible. He placed a mirror on the hill of Montmartre, so as to reflect back the light of a powerful lamp in the balcony of his house at Suresne, which was about five and a half miles off (nine thousand four hundred and forty-one yards.) The light of the lamp was collected by a large condensing lens, in order to make the reflected light stronger. In front of the lamp, between it and the mirror, were placed two wheels, exactly alike, and close together, on the same axle, which would if continued pass through the lamp and the mirror, and thus the lamp-light fell on the side of the nearest wheel. Each wheel consisted of (say) one hundred spokes, and one hundred spaces between them, the spokes and the spaces being exactly the same shape. Lastly, one of the wheels was fixed, the other, the one nearest the mirror, was capable of rapid rotation. The mechanical contrivance by which this rotation was effected also allowed the number of turns that the wheel made in a second to be easily calculated by a species of clock-work. The lamp is shaded behind, so that an observer standing behind the lamp, can look by its side through the two wheels at the distant mirror. When the experiment is performed, the wheel is turned, at first slowly, and at the moment when the spaces of the wheels are opposite one another a flash of light goes through, falls on the mirror, is reflected back, passes through the still open spaces, and is seen by the observer at the side of the lamp. This flash was of course followed by another, when the next spaces became opposite one another. Now let the wheel be turned more rapidly, and the result may be this. When the spaces are open, a flash of light escapes, falls on the mirror, is reflected back, but at the moment of falling on the wheels finds a spoke opposite to a space, and cannot get through, and the observer sees no light. As long as this rotation is maintained, every flash that escapes when space is opposite to space, is intercepted on its return by space being opposite to spoke. And that the intercepting of light is due to this cause alone is proved by making the wheel rotate *twice as fast*. For then when the flash comes back, the next spaces will have advanced enough, and once more space will be opposite to space and the light will be visible. And if the rotation is three times as fast, then again space will be opposite to spoke, and no light can pass through. Nothing more need be done, then, than observe with what velocity the wheel is turning round when first the light in the mirror becomes invisible to the observer by the side of the lamp. Suppose it is turning eighty-five times in a second; then the wheel performs one complete revolution in $\frac{1}{85}$th of a second; and since if there were one hundred spokes and one hundred spaces, the wheel must turn through $\frac{1}{200}$th of a revolution in order to bring a spoke where a space had been, it would

take therefore $\frac{1}{17000}$th of a second. But in this time the flash travelled about eleven miles, and would therefore travel one mile in about $\frac{1}{187000}$th of a second, or light travels at 187,000 miles a second approximately.

Of course it will readily be understood that the principles only, and not the details of the experiment are above given. To succeed in it required great care and skill: and it was considered so brilliant an achievement, that the Institute awarded to M. Fizeau the Emperor's great prize of 30,000 francs.

The next method adopted for the direct determination of the velocity of light is a very simple and ingenious one in principle; and it has some striking advantages over M. Fizeau's. In the first place, no great distances are required: the experiment can be performed in an ordinary room. In the second place, it will enable the experimentalist to discover the velocity of light not in air only, but in water, glass, or any other transparent medium.

The method is not entirely the invention of any single person; its history is briefly as follows. Wheatstone, a man of extraordinary mechanical ingenuity, had shewn how a mirror, caused to revolve with great rapidity, might be made to indicate and measure very small intervals of time; and had applied his method to discover at what rate electricity travels along a wire. Arago suggested an experiment founded on this artifice of Wheatstone's, for determining the velocity of light, but he never performed it. Foucault made some very important improvements in Arago's suggestions, and actually performed the experiment, of which I shall proceed to describe the principal features.

Let a small mirror, which we will call A, be fixed on a vertical axis which is capable of rapid rotation. Let a bright light be placed on a level with the centre of the mirror, at the distance of a few feet. Let another fixed vertical mirror (B) be placed say twenty feet off, also on the same level, and in any direction, so that the line joining it to A is perpendicular to B. Hence if any light is reflected from A to B, it will be reflected back again from B to A. Hence the whole course of the light, when the mirror A is still and in the right position, will be easily seen to be from the lamp to A, from A to B, from B to A, from A to the lamp again. Now if the mirror is turned rapidly round, the light will be reflected from A successively in all directions in a horizontal plane, and therefore sometimes, at rapidly recurring intervals, it will be reflected to the mirror B, and back again to A. But observe that now in consequence of the time taken by the light to travel from A to B and back again, on its return to A it will find that A has moved somewhat, and therefore it will be reflected back from A not along its original path, straight back to the lamp, but a little on one side of it. This fact is the key to the method. Now we will go into more detail. Instead of the lamp we have a vertical wire, brightly illuminated, which is placed inside a horizontal telescope, (illuminated therefore, of course, from the side,) at the focus of

the object-glass, and therefore distinctly visible on looking through the telescope. The telescope is directed to the mirror A: and therefore the light of the illuminated wire will fall on the mirror, be reflected as before by both mirrors, and as it leaves the mirror A will fall on the object-glass, &c., of the telescope, and form an image *by the side of the real wire;* both of them visible by looking through the eye-piece of the telescope. Now it is only a matter of straightforward measurement, to find out how much the image has been moved to the side; and then a matter of easy calculation how much the mirror A must have turned round in order that the image should have been so much shifted; and then how long the mirror must have taken to turn through that small angle; which is easily calculated if the rate of rotation of the mirror is known; and that will be the time taken by light to travel from A to B and back again. Hence the velocity of light can be ascertained.

As before, the difficulty lies in the execution. It is not easy to make a mirror rotate fast enough, from 1000 to 2000 times in a second, to make the phenomenon visible at all; and there are many minor practical difficulties which make this a very remarkable success. One of the most ingenious inventions of M. Foucault was an adaptation of a small turbine or top, worked by steam or compressed air, which made the mirror rotate with very great velocity, but seemed to be useless because its velocity could not be estimated. To enable an observer to estimate *with great ease*, while he is watching the wire and its image, how many rotations the mirror makes in a second, seemed a hopeless problem. But Foucault succeeded.

It is obvious that this method enàbles the experimentalist to find the velocity of light in water or glass as well as in air. The result is of the highest value in physical theories. Light travels more slowly in water and glass than in air. This settles for ever and completely the old dispute as to the nature of what we call light. What is the sensation we call seeing? How do external bodies so affect our eyes that we become conscious of them? The ancient Greeks imagined that something flitted from the eye to the object and back again; as we might put out a hand and touch an object within reach, and become acquainted with its form. Newton supposed that a luminous body constantly emitted infinitesimally small particles which could pass with incredible velocity through air or water or glass, and by their striking on the eye gave rise to the sensation we call sight. *Now* all physicists believe that light consists in undulations of an ether, a perfectly elastic fluid, which our senses cannot directly make us cognizant of, but which permeates all bodies and all space, and which is a medium for transmitting motions which we perceive with our eyes as light, just as the air is an appropriate medium for transmitting those motions to our ears which we know as sound. Now it is somewhat singular that these two theories, apparently so different, could long continue rivals. But most of the phenomena of light are explicable on either view. One experiment, however, if it could ever be made, would

be decisive. The emission theory required that light should travel faster in water than in air; the undulatory theory that it should travel slower The experiment has been made by Foucault; you know the result, and the emission theory is a thing of the past.

The velocity of light leads to some singular reflections. When we look at the Sun, we see it as it was a little more than eight minutes ago, and not as it is while we look at it. And when we look at the stars, we see them as they were several years ago. Light takes three years to travel from the nearest star to us. Last year a star was seen suddenly to become brighter, and to blaze with great brilliancy for a few days, and then gradually to die away and disappear. It was a star on fire that our astronomers were watching. But they were watching what took place years and years ago; no one knows when: for no one knows how far the star is away. Some stars are visible of which it has been shewn that their distance is so great that their light must take 4000 years to come to the Earth. Such a star might have been extinguished centuries ago, and yet we could not be aware of the fact.

Let us conclude with one obvious reflection that arises from such results as these. Our ideas of size, and distance, and velocity, and time, are all relative to ourselves and to our own actions. In the works of nature, and in the mind of the God of nature, there exists neither great nor small. These vast distances, totally inconceivable by us, are travelled over by light, with a velocity totally inconceivable, consisting of undulations of a minuteness totally inconceivable. What wonder if there are mysteries in a world like ours, when a simple phenomenon like light surpasses our conceptions alike on the side of the infinite and of the infinitesimal!

THE FEAST OF THE DEAD.

Beautiful thoughts spring up naturally and simply wherever nature is beautiful; and nowhere is it possible to find greater variety of beauty than in the neighbourhood of Florence, and nowhere doubtless than in the gay world of that city is there less thought and less feeling for all that is noblest and most heart-stirring; nowhere does solemnity and enthusiasm seem more misplaced. But Florence, and the *monde* of Florence, are, and must ever be, totally separate and distinct. The city which gave birth to the strong energetic natures of the early Florentine republic, to the public spirit of such men as Michell di Lundo, the hardy daring and power of endurance of old Corso Donati, the brilliancy and power of some of the Medici, the statesmanship of Capponi and Macchiavelli, and the deep thought and genius of Dante and Michael Angelo, must have a '*fond sérieux*.' The Florentines undoubtedly, if considered superficially, are not a serious people. They are brilliant,

penetrating, and unbelieving, and their nature inclines to hardness. But underlying all this apparently stony glitter is much real power, acute thought, love of truth, and appreciation of, and tendency to strive after, the accomplishment of great deeds and high aims. They are not a religious people; for Italians, not strikingly superstitious, and they become less and less so every year. Still occasionally the prevailing spirit of the lower classes in Italy comes out strongly in the Florentines; as, for instance, in the adoration and faith they showed last year, after the great floods, when the miraculous angel-painted Madonna in the Church of S. Annunziata was unveiled. In this case perhaps it was excusable, as good times generally do come after a few days of deep respect devoted to the sacred picture; possibly, we may think, because recourse is always had to it when things are at their worst, and in the natural course of events *must* mend. Generally speaking, their feasts are kept, as ours in England, more exclusively for the purpose of holiday-making, and the religious element is quite subservient to the secular. But one feast there is, which none but the lightest natures can treat entirely as a holiday; and gay Florence becomes grave and thoughtful most years on the 2nd of November, our All Souls' Day; or, as they more poetically call it, 'La Festa dei Morti,'—The Feast of the Dead. The solemn beauty of the thought takes hold of us strongly under the deep warm rays of the Italian sun. Our phlegmatic northern hearts are slow to rouse, our minds are quick to seize and to contemn all tendency to idealism, verging towards superstition; but even we cannot take part in the festa of the dead without having our hearts stirred to their lowest depths. For who is there who has no dead to call to remembrance? who has none in the kingdom of spirits to whom they would gladly do honour if only in thought? *We* are content with thought. Not so the Italians. In the great Florentine mausoleum, the Church of the Santa Croce, the sight presented, even to an indifferent spectator, on the Feast of All Souls, is curious in the extreme. Near the Altar, in the centre of the church, is an elevated bier hung with black, and surrounded by enormous candles, throwing up in strong relief this strange emblem of death. Before all the tombs of the great dead buried there, are lighted candles and flowers. Every here and there, all over the church, the flat tombstones are surrounded by candles, and wreaths of flowers are laid on the ground. Everywhere are mourners assisting at the Masses, which are all day long being said for the dead. In the crypts, which are extensive, the sight is still more curious. Not a square yard of ground that is not covered with lighted tapers; flowers, real or artificial; scrolls, with affectionate words relating to the dead; crowds of people come to stare, determined to see every striking device, every fantastically decorated altar; and amidst all this assemblage of sight-seers, many real mourners, absorbed in their prayers, utterly heedless of the ceaseless coming and going around them. To our eyes the effect is only curious, not devotional. The crypt looks like an illuminated vault, and the heat and glare and

rush of people are infinitely disagreeable. The idea is beautiful; the execution of the idea a failure—for us, that is. For the Italians it is different. They *must* make some outward tangible demonstration of their feelings. *We* bury our dead out of our sight; we banish all outward remembrance of them from our lives; we make every effort to seem to forget. *They* remember them openly, with Masses and prayers, at least once every year, and such remembrance does them honour. There is something deeply moving in the mourning of a whole city for its dead. A whole city; for it is not only at Santa Croce, but in every church in Florence, that such ceremonial takes place. But it is not for the dead of yesterday, or of a few years back, that our sympathies are most deeply awakened in Florence. The feast has there a peculiar significance—a feast it ought to be—a rejoicing for all the noble lives which have been spent and ended there. A thanksgiving for the great dead. Few cities have been so richly endowed with genius as Florence. The genius of Florence is dead, but the dead rise again.

Standing towards evening on the hill of San Miniato, the great cemetery of Florence, our thoughts naturally go back to the past. Below us lies the town; the yellow and red of the Duomo, and its lovely campanile, stand out clearly against the background of hills all ablaze with purple and pink and violet. The low snow-capped Apennines stretch away into the far distance, and the Arno shimmers in the setting sun. The close of the autumn day, the stillness, the hazy light, all lead us to the thought of rest. The dead past fades from our memory with the fading day, and the glorious beauty around us smiles away our sadness, and points rejoicing to a still more glorious future. The 'day of the dead' is over in the city of the Florentines, but the sadness of its memories is yet tinged with hope—hope of a re-awakening of the beautiful city to higher life, to nobler ends, and to recovered greatness—hope for her dead of full completion in the after world.

1865.

FERNDOM.

(BY FILIX-FŒMINA.)

CHAPTER XII.

THE ARISTOCRACY.

HITHERTO we have been considering what I must call the lower tribes of the great Fern family, those having affinity rather with the flowerless portions of the vegetable kingdom, than with the higher group of flowering plants.

I know that there are some bold lovers of the cryptogamia, who,

arguing with more zeal than discretion for a higher place for their favourites, will point from ferns and mosses to lichens, and from lichens to zoophytes, and bid you remember how in that mysterious organization, animal life becomes so intimately blended with vegetable life, that the most scientific find a difficulty in stating the exact point where one ceases and the other begins; but taking Man—as we see him in the *Garden* of Eden, surrounded by flowers and fruit—as the crowning point of the Creation, and going backward to the earlier stages (as we find them pictured before us in the 'rocky strata of the globe'), we shall pass by gradual gradations from perfection to imperfection; from 'every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food,' to the 'pines and cycads and palms of the oolite; and from these to the tree-ferns, the reeds, and club-mosses of the coal measures; and from these again to the marsh-plants of the old red sand-stone, and the lowly sea-weeds of the silurian strata.'

Thus regarding the world in which we live, we shall, in spite of our affection for the ancient race of ferns, look upon flowering plants as a higher order than the cryptogamic family; and in this light, when we discuss the comparative merits of the different inhabitants of Ferndom, we must confess that the seventeenth genus *(Osmunda)*, together with the eighteenth and nineteenth, belong to an order somewhat higher than obtains in other genera.

Writing of ferns, Professor Lindley says, 'A singular form of ferns is that in which the whole of the segments of a leaf (Professor Lindley *would* call a frond a leaf) are contracted and curled up round the thecæ (sori), so as to lose entirely the natural appearance, and so resemble a sort of inflorescence. A striking instance of this is not uncommon in bogs, in the form of a plant called the Osmund-royal or Flowering Fern *(Osmunda regalis)*; a minute species occurring in woods, and called Adder's Tongue *(Ophioglossum)*, because of its narrow inflorescence, is another British example. Such is the first and highest degree in the scale of organization among flowerless plants;' and it is through this peculiar development of the fructifying organs, as seen in *Osmunda* and *Ophioglossum*, that Professor Lindley traces the affinity of ferns, through the cycads (which we have seen immediately follow them), up to the flowering plants.

The genus *Osmunda* has but one British representative—*Osmunda regalis*, the Royal or Flowering Fern, or Osmund Royal. Mr. Moore, and others, tell us that the derivation of the name *Osmunda* is uncertain, but that it is said to come from the old Saxon *osmund*—domestic peace. Others, again, will tell you a pretty legend of a certain King Osmund (some say the monarch was only a poor fisherman on some Scottish lake), who, in a time of great peril, kept his queen safely hidden from his enemies amidst the thick foliage of this noble fern, which grew on a little island close to the royal palace.

From whatever source the term *Osmunda regalis* may have sprung, it

is singularly appropriate to the Royal Fern, which sends up its spreading leaf-like fronds to the height of six or more feet, crowned here and there with coral-like branches of fructification, which in some instances will throw out, as it were, a part of a pinna at the apex of the fruit.

Botanists tell us that the (may I say) germ of the frond lies hidden somewhere amidst the fructification, or rather that the frond is 'changed into a bipinnate panicle of contracted rachiform (from rachimorphus, the floriferous axis of spiked grasses), capsuliferous (sorus bearing) divisions,' which I am sure non-botanical ears will consider a highly satisfactory explanation.

Abundance of water is necessary to the well-being of *Osmunda regalis*, hence it chooses for its home, bogs, damp orchards, and river-sides, where it holds its court surrounded by giant reeds, and bulrushes, while the delicate blossoms of the frog-bit, the water-violet, and the forget-me-not, pay their *devoirs* at the feet of the monarch.

In our searchings after this fern, it is well to bear in mind the treacherous nature of the immediate precincts of a court. There is the king—he may be safely admired at a distance, but a nearer acquaintance can only be gained through quags, and by feet ankle-deep in water. Trowels are useless; a good spade and a strong arm are necessary to ensure a prize. And when caught, there will still remain the difficulty—what to do with it? No common fernery can support the royal guest, which requires plenty of room, constant shade, and a large supply of water. Drainage is not necessary, for the fern revels in the miasma of swamps and bogs; and unless its favourite conditions can be complied with, it dwindles away from a fresh, happy-looking giant, to a poor, discoloured dwarf.

The Royal Fern has only a few varieties, and of these the parentage is a little uncertain. The prettiest is perhaps *cristata*, in which the apex of the usually dwarf-like fronds, as well as the apices of the pinnæ, and sometimes of the pinnules also, are flabelliform, the fan usually being trefoil-shaped. Mr. Wollaston found a crested form of *O. regalis* in Devonshire, to which he has given the name of *sub-cristata*, and this variety having the stamp of nature upon it, comes before us as even more interesting than the prettier *cristata*.

Another gardener's variety is *acutilobum*, a handsome and distinct form, not yet publicly distributed.

To these may be added (according to Mr. Lowe) *interrupta*, and *bulbifera*; the latter, one of those curious proliferous forms that throw out bulbils from the base of the pinnæ. Both of these varieties, I believe, owe their origin to the garden.

The *interrupta* of the garden must not be confounded with the very delicate and pretty North American *Osmunda interrupta*, which is the only *interrupta* known to me, and which (in my specimen) differs from the normal British form of *Osmunda regalis* in having the pinnules much rounded, the apex of frond and pinna being, as in *cristata* (though to a less degree), trefoil-shaped.

Besides the varieties I have named above, Mr. Fraser mentions *pallida* and *purpurascens*, but of these I know only the name.

The genus *Osmunda* possesses at present no naturalized representative in New Zealand, and it is unknown in Palestine. The world distribution of the species *regalis*, ranges over the temperate regions of Europe, North Africa, Asia, North America, and South Africa; and over tropical Africa, Asia, and America.

Of all our present British species of ferns, *Osmunda regalis* is the most nearly allied to the extinct ferns of the British coal measures, and from the exclusive conditions under which alone the species will flourish (the gradual drainage of Britain rendering year by year these conditions less possible), it seems probable that by-and-by the Flowering Fern may be amongst the things of the past, as far as its wild English habitats are concerned. At present it is generally distributed over Great Britain, growing in its favourite localities in ditches, bogs, and other wet spongy situations, where sometimes it attains a height considerably over six feet. It is a fern of a most noble presence, firm yet graceful in its bearing, its towering stature softened by the rich green fronds which spread around it on every side, making it a fit and grand representative of the extinct giants of the primeval world.

Like to *Osmunda*, in that its fructification may be said to be inflorescent, but most unlike it in other characteristics, is the genus *Botrychium* of Swartz, and which Mr. Moore places as Genus XVIII. amidst British Ferns. The species composing the genus have thick juicy 'ternately decompound' fronds, producing the fructification in clusters (as the name *Botrychium*, from the Greek *botrys*, a cluster, denotes) at the end of a separate and distinct branch or frond.

In Great Britain the genus has but one species *(lunaria)*, which is to be found only on open downs, or amidst the rich herbage of meadow land.

Botrychium lunaria, the Common Moonwort, is a curious little fern, never (in any plants I have seen) exceeding from two to three inches in height; it appears above the ground in May, and very shortly disappears again, either from the ravages of slugs, or from constitutional weakness. The dark green fleshy frond appears as though it sprung out of the stipes which supports the fruitful spike, which is many-branched; it has small, fan-shaped, decurrent pinnæ, which have a stumpy look, and are sadly wanting in grace. In an old-world book I have read that in some parts of Devonshire, the common people call *Botrychium lunaria* 'Unshoe the horse,' from a popular tradition that the fern has the power of drawing out the nails from the shoes of the horses that happen to tread upon it; and in support of the truth of this tradition, we are further informed that 'once upon a time' the Earl of Essex had a troop of horse drawn up on White Down, near Tiverton, and that when they moved away the shoes of thirty horses were found scattered on the ground, and 'no reason known *except* that *Botrychium lunaria* grew there.'

I should like to find out some clue to the origin of this legend. Can it be in the shape of the pinnæ being suggestive of a horse-shoe? or in the fact of the fern only growing on breezy moors, or in meadows where horses may be supposed to lose many shoes?

It seems that the little 'Unshoe the horse' is destined never to be a popular fern; it is rare and local in its choice of habitats; it grows so sparingly and perishes so quickly, that a season will sometimes pass without my seeing one plant; and as for cultivating it, that I believe to be almost impossible. If healthy plants are taken up with a large and exceedingly deep piece of the native soil about them, and are then planted in a congenial, breezy, sunny, well-drained, slugless spot, being supplied with plenty of water; then indeed they may come up the second year, and if kept entirely free from every sort of slug, they may reach maturity; my personal experience has never been crowned with so great a triumph, though I believe that such a result has been attained. I treat the Moonwort as an annual, planting it yearly in the fernery. It is no great hardship to do this, for *Botrychium lunaria* chooses its habitats well. Far removed from the noisy bustle of life, it makes its home in the quiet meadow, or on the breezy moor; it seeks no shade, but lifts its fragile form up towards the sunshine by day, and the sweet moonlight by night; the more robust and leafy frond clasping the tender spikelet in its arms protectingly. Only the two—I have never seen their lonely *tête-à-tête* broken by the presence of a third frond; they spend their short day of life together,—one purpose animating the two, to adorn the little spot of the wide world of nature where they find themselves, and then to die, as they have lived, together.

I have read a curious circumstance relating to the Moonwort Fern, but I have never tested the accuracy of the statement. It is said that the form of the inflorescence or fertile branch may be distinctly traced in its root, as the future flower of the hyacinth may be traced in its bulb.

I look upon the Moonwort as both a local and rare fern. I only know personally one habitat, though I have had plants given to me from several other localities.

I have found it rather commonly on Haldon Hill in Devonshire. I have had plants brought to me from Shropshire and from Amport in Hampshire; and I heard of the fern growing plentifully at Llanberis in North Wales, and near Haverfordwest in South Wales.

Of its varieties I know nothing from personal observation. Mr. Fraser enumerates four (one of which appears to be only a synonym); *incisum* (found in Yorkshire, Westmoreland, and Ireland); *lanceolatum* (synonym for *rutaceum*); *rutaceum* (reported to have been found at Barry, near Dundee, but of which, as a naturalized British form, there appears to be some doubt), having a 'triangular, twice-divided barren branch;' and *tripartitum* (found in Ireland), described by Mr. Lowe as having a deltoid frond with a 'three-parted instead of a single axis, each frond resembling three small fronds.'

The world distribution of *B. lunaria* is within the Arctic circle; in temperate Europe, North Africa, Asia, and North America, and in temperate South America, and Australia; in tropical countries it is unknown.

In New Zealand, the genus is represented by the species *virginium*, which, like the British *lunaria*, chooses open ground for its habitat, and has the same solitary frond, and the same erect stalk, bearing 'a many-branched spike of capsules.'

And now we arrive at Genus XIX., the last of the British genera as given by Mr. Moore.

Ophioglossum, or Adder's Tongue (from *ophios*, a serpent, and *glossa*, a tongue), has two species—*vulgatum* (truly British), and *lusitanicum* (only found as yet in one of the Channel Islands).

It seems strange to class these small and most unfernlike-looking ferns with the noble *Osmunda regalis*, as being amongst the 'first and highest in the scale of organization among flowerless plants,' but they possess in common, the inflorescent-looking fructification, appearing as the crowning point of an upright spike (considerably taller than the sterile frond, from the heart of which it seems to spring), which has the appearance of a tiny bulrush, instead of being branched as in *B. lunaria*. The sterile branch or frond is smooth and entire, formed of a perfect network of anastomosing veins; the whole fern has a strange resemblance to a weed, and might at first sight be mistaken for a dwarf plantain.

I have always found the British species *Ophioglossum vulgatum* extremely difficult to cultivate, and as it has no beauty, and (in spite of its high pretension) but very little interest attached to it, I have given up doing more than placing a strong plant, which never has the grace to come up a second year, occasionally in the fernery. It is not a rare fern in such localities as it fixes upon for its home. It abounds in the meadows of Warwickshire, where it must be sought for amidst the rich pasturage, and I have heard of it as occurring plentifully in other places; but, with one exception, I have never seen the Adder's Tongue in any collection of living ferns. It is very short-lived, not appearing above the ground till May, and disappearing in June or July. It has but one known variety (found in the island of Orkney), which by some botanists has been considered as a sort of intermediate between the species *vulgatum* and *lusitanicum*.

In this variety (once known as *vulgatum minor*, but now called *microstichum*), the barren frond is a narrow oval, and the whole plant much smaller than the species; it comes up later in the year, not reaching maturity till September, when the normal form of *vulgatum* has long passed away. It seems to me that this circumstance alone would be sufficient to justify the placing of the so-called variety *microstichum* as a separate and distinct species.

With the exception of temperate South America, *O. vulgatum* is

world-wide in its distribution; it occurs commonly throughout New Zealand, where it has four varieties (*lusitanicum* doing duty as one).

In size the common Adder's Tongue rarely exceeds from three to four inches in height, the fertile branch being longer than the barren.

The second species of *Ophioglossum*—*O. lusitanicum*, the Dwarf Adder's Tongue—is the neatest and the most compact little fern imaginable; the sterile frond measuring scarcely more than half an inch in the leafy part, and the tiny barren frond being but very little longer.

In two dried specimens which I have in my herbarium, the entire length of the whole fern—measuring to the very end of the fibrous root—does not exceed two inches.

I had often wished to see this fern, fresh from its native home, and in January last I had half a dozen plants sent to me from Mr. Wolsey, the original discoverer of the fern in Guernsey. Each specimen consisted of a little bulbous-like root, throwing up two separate branches, each branch containing one barren and one fertile frond. Whether I shall succeed in cultivating the fern, I cannot tell at present; the roots, or it may be only the remains of the roots, are resting in the flower-pot in which I planted them, and I am looking for the re-appearance of the dwarf-like plants by-and-by.

Unlike the sterile fronds of *Ophioglossum vulgatum*, which are erect, those of *lusitanicum* are drooping and bend away from the fertile branch, giving a graceful look to the otherwise stiff little fern.

Ophioglossum lusitanicum has at present only been discovered (as far as Great Britain is concerned) in the Island of Guernsey; nor is the world distribution of the fern very widely scattered; it is found here and there within the bounds of temperate Europe, North Africa, Asia, and New Zealand, as also in tropical Africa, and Asia.

And now my pleasant task is well-nigh over. I have in turn spoken of the forty-four (or, according to Sir W. Hooker and Mr. Baker, the forty) distinct species of British Ferns. The disputed species are—1. *Polypodium Robertianum*, included in *P. dryopteris*; 2. *Polystichum angulare*, included in *P. aculeatum*; 3. *Cystopteris alpina*, not reckoned as British; 4. *Hymenophyllum unilaterale*, included in *H. tunbridgense* (*Lastrea spinulosa* being reckoned as the species instead of *L. dilatata*). I have endeavoured to keep the species so simply in connection with the nineteen genera to which they belong, that the reader may, without any difficulty, be able to disentangle the knotty point for himself.

I have also tried (while acknowledging the extreme beauty of very many) to snub the varieties into their proper and inferior place, so that they may not be confounded with the more ancient species.

In speaking of species, I understand by the term 'original creations;' not all that are called species now-a-days, but all of those ancient forms which have continued unaltered (and are now, as far as we can prove, unalterable) in their specific character from the 'day' of their creation.

Perhaps it will simplify the matter by putting it in this way—that all 'original living creations' are species. The difficulty for us to determine is, what are ancient and what modern forms? Then there is this other difficulty. What is necessary to constitute a creation? Is the Lord's hand shortened that it cannot create?

When I first began, what I fear can never be more than flounderings in the great scientific sea, the question of species seemed to me to be so simple, that I wondered why so many words had been spent upon it.

Alas! it was but the 'bliss' of 'ignorance.'

Little by little, as I became more accustomed to the sight of giant waves, caused by the agitating influence of some vast intellect struggling in the waters, I learned how less than little I could ever hope to understand of a subject at once the most interesting, and perhaps the most baffling, that has ever been proposed for the mind of man to unravel. Ever and anon one feels on the very point of firmly grasping the great truth, that all acknowledge lies *somewhere* in the question—we stretch out our hands and find—only a shadow.

When we think of the enormous wealth of intellect brought to bear on this subject; when we see good men, earnestly, yet humbly, striving to arrive at Truth, which *must be one*, still divided in opinion, we pigmies can only hope to stand in the shadow of the giants, and pick up some of the crumbs they scatter around.

Yet it is well to gather up the crumbs. It is a beautiful thought that the beneficent Creator does not confine His choicest gifts to the great of the world, but has placed them within reach of the humblest inquirer after Truth. It is a blessed thought that bit by bit as we gain Truth—whether scientific or other—we gain, as inseparably joined to it, a portion of that happiness which radiates from the Great Source of Truth and Bliss.

This is a pleasure that toûches the most noble part of our nature—it is never boastful or loud-tongued (for the faithful inquirer after Truth always fears exceedingly to perpetuate an error), it is rather full of humility, and seeks to hide itself away in the recesses of the heart, as a sacred joy with which a stranger cannot intermeddle.

And what is called the 'mania for ferns,' should include within it this great joy, this diligent search after Truth (the acquirement of which must ever be fragmentary and progressive) which will be continually bringing us beneath the shadow of the giants, who perhaps, if we sit very quietly and listen very attentively, may at last say, 'Come up into the Light, and share the Truth we have found.'

(Concluded.)

MISSION WORK AT HOME.

No. IX.

ST. LUKE'S MISSION, BURDETT ROAD, STEPNEY.

It has been very gratifying to find that the accounts which have from time to time been given of the great Mission Work now going on in London, have met with much interest and sympathy, if we may judge by the kindly response which they have called forth. One Mission especially, in the generous help which has been bestowed, and the warmly-expressed wishes for its success which have accompanied that help, seems to have been almost adopted by the readers of 'The Monthly Packet' as their own.

We mean St. Luke's Mission, Burdett Road, Stepney; and we believe that those who so readily responded to the appeal made on its behalf in March, will be glad to learn something of the further progress of the Mission which they have so kindly helped to build up and to strengthen. We cannot do this better than by leaving the Missionary clergyman to speak for himself in the following pages, and we therefore insert in full the particulars with which he has furnished us, respecting the working of the Mission from the 1st of January in the present year, up to October 18th, St. Luke's Day.

Before entering upon this, however, it may be permitted to us to give an *outside* view of the Mission, only premising that every Mission has its own peculiar aspect, varying partly according to the locality in which it is placed, the population amongst whom its work is carried on, and the means which may be found most effectual in gaining access to the homes of the poor, and if possible, awakening in their hearts a care for those higher and holier things too often forgotten in the struggle of daily life.

It is a simple picture of a London district, given in the words of the Missionary clergyman at St. Luke's. 'I can walk round the district in fifteen minutes, yet it contains upwards of 6000 inhabitants.'

To reach numbers so great as this, and bring them if possible *individually* within the influence of Christian teaching, has been one of the great objects which the various agencies in connection with the Bishop of London's Fund have endeavoured to effect; and nothing has perhaps stamped more decidedly the Missionary character of the work than this individuality. One of the most encouraging proofs of the progress made by the St. Luke's Mission, has been the numbers who have come forward for Confirmation. There are few points on which the poor are more difficult to reach than this; and knowing, as we all must know, how much they shrink from what they call 'making a profession,' it is surprising to find, during the two years St. Luke's Mission has been carried on, that there have been ninety-six candidates

for Confirmation, not only very young people, but others who had neglected it in early life. This seeking out of men and women, and endeavouring to awaken them to the responsibilities of their Christian life, has been one of the special works of the Mission; and the regret expressed by some whom circumstances had prevented from availing themselves of the opportunity thus held out to them, proved that they had learned to value rightly its great importance. Thus one who had removed to a distance before the last Confirmation, and whose husband had gone to sea, wrote in answer to the clergyman's invitation, 'It was very kind of you to remember me for the Confirmation; I should have very much liked to have come;' and after explaining the impossibility of doing so, added the request, 'if there should be another Confirmation next year, we would both try to be there, if you would be so kind as to let me know when it takes place.' And the Mission Services at St. Luke's are evidently looked back upon with regret, for she adds, 'I am very sorry I am not there to attend. It was a great disappointment to my husband on leaving London.'

The subject of the Confirmation was brought prominently forward on the evening of Monday, the 1st of July, when we had the pleasure of being present at one of the special Quarterly Services held at St. Luke's.

A railway journey will bring all parts of London together, and render even the extreme east accessible; and then a walk of some little distance along the Mile-End Road—a road so long and straight, that it would have done credit to the Romans, and so wide, that it is evident space was not always so valuable in the east of London as it is now—brought us to Holy Trinity Parsonage, where a kindly welcome awaited us from the Incumbent and his wife.

There was much to see and hear about the progress of the Mission, and the plans of the new church to be looked at—only plans at present, for as yet not a single stone has been laid. On our way to the Evening Service, we passed a large vacant space in Burdett Road, and this was pointed out to us as the site purchased for the new church of St. Luke. Situated in a central position in the district, where it will be equally visible and equally accessible to all, with its principal front to the road; no position could be more advantageous. Then we reached one of the prettiest of infants' school-rooms, kindly lent by a neighbouring clergyman, in which the Mission Services are held.

The service, with its voluntary choir and harmonium accompaniment, was choral; and to every seat we found supplied a Hymn-book, and the Canticles and Psalter, thus giving to every member of the congregation the comfortable feeling of being at home in the Service. After the Third Collect, we had the old familiar anthem, 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help,' so suitable for an evening service. Before the sermon, which was preached by the Dean of York, the Missionary clergyman addressed the congregation on the progress and prospects of the Mission, its past, its present, and its future. The

candidates for Confirmation were especially addressed; it had been one object of the Service to endeavour to bring *all* together that night. Not only those to be confirmed that week, but those whose Confirmation had taken place a few months before, and others who had been confirmed in the previous year. Between seventy and eighty were present that evening out of the ninety-six who have thus come forward for Confirmation; and there was not one amongst the whole number, the clergyman said, of whom he had entirely lost sight, or with whom he had not had some personal communication since; and *all*, he hoped, would before the close of the year be numbered amongst the Communicants.

Yet this is just one of the points in which the want of the church is most deeply felt. It is true that, from the first, the people have thoroughly understood that they were intended to avail themselves of the opportunities of Communion at the churches around them, and the number of Communicants at those churches has been augmented by those who have been gathered from the St. Luke's Mission; but is it not due to those who have advanced thus far in their Christian course, to provide them as quickly as possible with *their own* church, in which all the Services and Sacraments may be duly administered to them?

The services at St. Luke's are just a specimen of such Mission Services. The Offertory meeting all the moderate expenses of Divine Service, and leaving a balance in aid of the building fund for the new church. The people, poor though they may be, who assemble there, thoroughly recognizing the principle of Christian worship maintained entirely by the free-will offerings of the worshippers. In like manner, it is intended that the new church should be a Free Church, with all the expenses of its services supported in the same way by the free-will offerings of the people.

Another subject will be found treated of in the following pages—the neglect of working men with regard to attendance at the House of God, which is unhappily only too evident to all who reside in London. Taking into account the many thousands of working people who may be numbered in almost every London district, where are they represented in the House of God? Undoubtedly, the multiplication of these Mission Services has done much to win them back to attendance at public worship; and the visiting from house to house, the kindly interest in all that concerns their welfare, the watching over their children, and gathering them, as soon as opportunity offers, into classes, either for general Scripture instruction, or as candidates for Confirmation, all have their influence in leading the working people of this great metropolis to see that these Missionary efforts are undertaken by those who really care for their souls, and whose great desire it is to see them rich in that which can alone give peace and happiness, rich in the faith and hope of a Christian life.

The Mission of St. Luke's has not been wanting in that which is

likely to confer pleasure as well as to do good. The Cottagers' Flower Show has each year been a pleasant social gathering, perhaps looked forward to and enjoyed with as much real interest, as many a more imposing horticultural show in fashionable society; and the extreme economy with which it is managed renders it an inexpensive method of giving innocent pleasure to all. The care and attention bestowed by the poor on the cultivation of their window flowers, and the opportunity of seeing the more beautiful plants kindly lent by friends for the show, may alike have a gentle influence in leading their minds upwards to Him Who 'hath made everything beautiful in His time.' But it is the deeper, inner work of the Mission which is of chief importance; and of the progress which that has made the following pages will speak.

ST. LUKE'S MISSION, BURDETT ROAD, STEPNEY.

THE account of St. Luke's Mission, which was given in the March number of the Monthly Packet, brought our work up to the first day of this year. With much thankfulness for the appeal then made, and its liberal response, I have prepared some details of our Mission since then.

At that time, the Rev. P. J. Richardson entered on his work as deacon, having been ordained on the Christmas of 1866. His salary is derived from the Aid Fund of St. Michael's, Chester Square, and his assistance did not come too soon for my relief.

We had just ended a month of continued Services, and closed a happy and useful Advent season by our second Quarterly Collection. Notice had been given for a Confirmation to be held in Limehouse Church on March 21st; but I find my diary chiefly filled for some time with allusions to the want caused by stoppage of labour at the docks. The Metropolitan Relief Association supplied me with funds, and the amount of money distributed by me was perhaps five times as great this year as in the same season of 1866. I have always been averse to exaggerating relief; and the experience gained in the cotton distress in Blackburn prevented my wishing to obtain money from the Mansion House Fund merely because they had it to give. Accordingly, in Trinity parish, we did without any such application; and the Offertory in the parish church, and increased liberality of friends, both in money and clothes, enabled us to give very considerable aid. It is constantly found true, however, that some cases are too heavy, and some too gross, for the clergyman to desire to move in them. I had the assistance of the same almoner, from the Society for Relief of Distress; and there is perhaps no more pleasant association in my winter's work, than the days on which he and I have met to fulfil his labour of charity.

Let me instance one case. Mr. Richardson had recommended to my notice the family of a green-grocer, whose wife was seriously unwell. The second daughter—the eldest being at service—had the charge of the house and six younger children; and she, though in need and neglect, seemed worthy of our care. The mother died, the shop was given up—

it was perhaps a false start—and the father went to lodgings, and drove his cart for others. His worn-out horse fell down before my eyes in Burdett Road, when I was on the way to give the family five shillings aid. At that moment I said nothing of the errand I was about, but asked what another horse could be got for; and with a few subscriptions, amounting in all to £3 10*s*., we set up the man again with a strong pony. I see him often, thoroughly pleased that his shop, which brought him discomfort, is gone, and that his cart supplies the whole family with food and work. The girl was confirmed in March; Mr. Richardson took the boy under his instruction in the evening, and he too was confirmed. I do not mean to say that they are a model family, but at any rate, they are a secret pleasure to me.

I recall with a smile another instance. In compassion for the bare feet of an elderly man, a dock labourer, who stood at my door, I was giving him a pair of my boots. He thanked me, but seemed utterly out of heart by the long starvation he had suffered. 'I have never had anything like this,' he said; 'I cannot bear it any longer. I will throw myself into the canal.' 'But,' I said, and it was the best argument I could have used, 'in that case I must keep my boots.' He found life was worth something, and went his way. At the end of September, I see him wearing the same boots.

One family I had brought before the almoner in 1865. He asked about them again. I said I was shocked at the state in which the room was kept, but equally pleased to find the uncomplaining way the widow held on. I had them 'on trial.' At last I mentioned the matter to one of the ladies of Trinity, and told her I wanted a complete reformation, and this for £1. Some time after, I found everything comfortable; the lady and the widow had done it, and the bill was less than I said. Here again I will not say anything great about the results in the family; but we have a lad, who did not understand much of what was going on; and the reader, if at the Services, would see him constantly, his short-sighted eyes looking into the Psalter, and his lips offering thanks and praise.

In the middle of these cares for the bodies of the people, I was glad to find a letter, coming from a Bible-class in the west of London, consisting of clerks chiefly, with a donation, to be spent in preference upon the Services, unless the temporal wants required this also. We had a little before begun to use Psalters, and this helped us on. We have now a Psalter, as well as a Hymn-book, for every seat.

It was just at this time I attended a meeting called among working-men by some persons endeavouring to start in Mile-End a 'Christian Unitarian Church.' The discussion was open, and the subject considered was, 'Why working men do not go to Church?' It is a remarkable fact, that among two hundred men, many familiar with religious topics, having sixteen speakers besides the chairman, I never heard the word 'prayers' uttered during the hour and a half we were there. This I openly stated on the next night. I do not, however, take these men as an average sample of the mechanics and artizans near us. These, I find, nearly all have some feeling for the Church, and think it might be as well if their class went to church; but the habit of church-going is lost. Weak convictions about the duty and necessity of the open worship of God prevail, and indifference results—the gratification of an idle day, spent by some in more, by others in less, absence of thoughts of God.

Late in bed, their pipe, the paper, a walk, or the beer-house; now and then attending Service in the evening; this is in general the workman's Sunday. My firm conviction is, that the men know what they are doing, and have no real reason in their minds, but want of inclination. Admitting, however, the 'indescribable class-feeling,' now making a barrier; ought not the Church, 'as a class,' to endeavour to counteract it? And if it be a truth, ought we not more boldly to say, 'The open worship of the Christian Church pertains to the Salvation given by our Lord Jesus Christ?'

Take an instance. An engineer has lain by for a year in consumption, and his club first gave him 10*s.*, lately 5*s.*, a week. All this time, additional aid of 5*s.* or 2*s.* 6*d.* has been given. I sympathize very much with the wife, who is laborious, and with them both, for the change is great, and a child has been lost during the illness; but during this time, neither of them has ever crossed the door of a House of God. The heart of the wife is there, I admit, but not the heart of the man. What obstacles! He is ill; he cannot come. His will—he does not wish to come. Your kindness—you must not in honour, then, force him to come. He is a dissenter—it is almost wrong to ask him to come. His club has a rule that a sick man may only go out in the morning; he has had a rule for himself only to go to the House of God in the evening. He can be a Christian at home. At the bottom is this: he does not care to come. How can we make him have a care to come?

I had written thus far on a Saturday night in September. How ardently had I longed to see some sign that they thought the grace of God was to be associated with Christian charity. Well, then, on Sunday evening, I saw the wife joining in our prayers. The Gospel of the day was the theme. 'The blessed things the great and learned have not seen or heard; the glory of God in Christ, the glad tidings of the Gospel of peace.'

Such are the blessings we want the working man to accept and love. Whether they will hear or forbear, we will be thankful for our own faith, and work and pray that the Holy Ghost may move them to the same Salvation. It is of course my imperative duty to be considering this subject, the religious state of the working man; and it led me to examine one point in St. Luke's. I can walk round the district in fifteen minutes, and I found, amidst the deepest want of work, twenty-six licensed inns and beer-houses, and three others in building, and every avenue out of it had one or more houses for drink. 'Government must want us to drink to get the taxes, else they would stop licensing so many places to tempt us.' Of course this seems child's talk, but *it is* talked.

I return to the order of my diary, and its next notice agrees with all these thoughts now before us. In February, sermons were preached in the mother Church of Trinity, for the Bishop of London's Fund, and I had an opportunity of asking the people of the north part of the parish to help us in the southern part—to help us in bringing men 'to reckon themselves dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.'

The third Annual Report of the fund was at this time prepared, and the following circumstances of St. Luke's Mission given, in the hope that some liberal donors might set forward the permanent church. 'In the southern part of the district of Holy Trinity, Stepney, a large tract of ground has recently been devoted to the erection of houses suitable

for the labouring classes, large numbers of whom have been driven out of the centre of London by the demolition of their previous abodes. Five or six thousand artizans and mechanics have thus been collected on a piece of ground previously occupied for agricultural purposes. The Church of Holy Trinity stands to the northward of the Mile-End Road, and in the midst of a dense, although not a poor population. The clergy of this church have therefore already abundant occupation in ministering to the wants of the inhabitants of those portions of the parish which lie to the northward and immediately to the southward of the Mile-End Road. It is therefore of much importance to detach from the parent parish the southern portion, which is contiguous to the district of St. Paul, Bow Common. In order to prepare the way for this object, and to provide for the immediate pastoral superintendence of the new population, the committee established a Mission some years ago; and the clergyman who undertook this duty has been permitted, through the kindness of the Incumbent of St. Paul's, to carry on Mission Services in his schools, which are situated close to the boundary line separating the two districts. These Services have been much frequented by the classes for whose especial benefit they were established, and who readily show their zeal by contributing to the weekly Offertory. The Missionary clergyman has also been supported in his efforts by liberal aid supplied by the wealthy but distant congregation of St. Michael, Chester Square. A church and an endowment seem all that is further necessary to secure the continuance of religious habits amongst the poor but respectable inhabitants; and a site being secured, it is hoped that the public may supply the funds necessary to erect on it a permanent House of Prayer. There is still required a sum of about £3,300.

To this I add a notice taken from *The Times* of March 2nd, 'The Church in East London. From the statistics furnished by the Registrar General, given in *The Times* of the 28th, it appears that, of the four metropolitan districts in which the annual value of property is lowest in proportion to the population, two are on the north side of the Thames, and two on the south. The lowest in the list is Bethnal Green. Next are Woolwich and Bermondsey, and above them Mile-End Old Town. The returns from the other East End districts are considerably higher. The poverty of Bethnal Green has long been well known; but the claims of Mile-End Old Town have never been brought prominently before the public. It contains a population of 86,500, and may roughly be described as covering the area between the Great Eastern Railway on the north, and the Commercial Road on the south. Ecclesiastically, it is known as Stepney. There are within the hamlet six churches, or one to about 14,400 of the population, and the total clerical income is given at £2,100. If however, the new Church of St. Benet, Gracechurch, about to be erected, be taken into account, there will be a church to 12,300 of the population, and an income of £2,500. Bethnal Green, with a population of 109,000, has thirteen churches, or one to about 8,400 people, with an aggregate income of £3,800. In the list of six districts recommended by the committee of the Bishop of London's Fund, for the immediate erection of churches on sites already secured, the first named is Mile-End Old Town, in the new parish of Holy Trinity, Stepney.'

Both these statements put our position most fairly and strongly. We earnestly crave from those better provided for, help for St. Luke's.

Confirmation approached, and our Services, with addresses, were well attended. In Lent, beginning March 6th, these were increased; and without giving the detail up to Easter, such as I gave of our December Services in the March Monthly Packet, the summary is:—In Lent, thirty-two services, 2,658 persons attending, and offerings, £9 14*s.* 0½*d.* Indeed, this time seems in my book to be so full of every kind of matter connected with our work, that its description would fill more space than I can be allowed for the whole notice from January to October. Adult Baptisms. Extra Services. Letters of sympathy and aid, the response to the appeal of March, which have never since ceased to come, full of encouragement and kindness. Classes with boys, under Mr. Richardson. Meetings of young men with myself. Then the Confirmation, March 21st. An illustrated lecture given by Mr. Thornton, Hon. Secretary to Bishop's Fund. Choir practice more frequent, for Quarterly Collection. Notice of our work by Ladies' Diocesan Association. Inquiry for female aid, still to be sought. Relief and visiting all through the spring. Then our Quarterly Collection on April 1st. Our preparation for Easter Communion. Then a second Confirmation to be prepared for July 5th, and a Quarterly Collection prepared for on July 1st.

I shall speak briefly of some of these points. Our first Confirmation this year consisted of twenty male and nineteen female candidates; and the attention called to this rite induced us to receive many names conditionally for another Confirmation, to be held in Stepney Church later on. I may say this second Confirmation was of immense trouble. I have counted a hundred names on one page of my book, all worked with, more or less, and the result was seventeen females, and five males. In all, we had sixty-one candidates this year, and the other names and work will aid, I think, our coming classes. But perhaps the attention was disproportionate; and though our Quarterly Collection on July 1st was altogether the greatest evidence of work we have had, I already perceived our strength was over-tasked. The statement of accounts for Easter was published during this time, and we found our economy had only spent £27, as the whole expense of the year, while the Offertory amounted to £66 14*s.* 4½*d.* Indeed, I shall here insert our collections to St. Luke's Day, October 18th, and state at once that our Offertory in two years has been £121 10*s.* 5*d.*

On July 1st, the Sermon was preached by the Dean of York, the first stranger who had given to our church. Nearly eighty of the ninety-six candidates we have had were there; and after Service a presentation was made by the choir to the gentleman who voluntarily conducts them, forty members uniting to purchase some tokens of their gratitude and esteem.

On July 5th was our second Confirmation, with twenty-two additional candidates; and since then we have carried out the plan of giving an 'Imitation of Christ,' or 'Scudamore's Steps to the Altar,' to such of all our people as we find devout. To deepen our work is our most anxious desire and task.

I was full of the past, present, and future of the Mission, but would not allow myself to think, but went away at once to re-collect, amid variety and change of scene, my hopes and strength.

Immediately on my return, we had the time fixed (August 30th,) for our Cottagers' Flower Show. It was most successful. 700 persons visited

it, and 109 exhibitors showed 214 plants. Friends added 237 others, and almost all the work was done voluntarily. In many ways I consider the show to have been an education for the people, and not least in the economy and yet the excellence of the show. The entire expenses, for prizes and everything else, was £4 3*s.* 6*d.*, which the penny admittance chiefly paid.

We have now both of us returned from the holidays we gave ourselves, to dedicate I trust anew our energies to the work to which we are called. May God help us, is my fervent prayer.

One object engages much of my attention now—to add to the subscriptions for our Church. The first real start was given through the Monthly Packet; then came donations from some of the City Companies and friends, but these need to be doubled and trebled before we can venture to begin. The large grants from the Fund, £830 for the site, and £1200 towards the building, must be supplemented. Yet with Christmas work coming on, and many difficulties intervening in this as every similar work, much in this way cannot be done by ourselves. But we must go on. May then God help us, and move the hearts of others to assist to build the House of God, and edify by grace and love the Body of Christ.

WILLIAM WALLACE, M.A.

So ends the account of St. Luke's Mission up to October 18th, St. Luke's Day. On that evening, the little flock met together for Service, and at the prayer for 'All Sorts and Conditions of Men,' special prayers were offered 'for E—— and E—— C——, and their two children, who have been obliged to emigrate, through the distress prevailing, and are now on the sea.' They had been sent away only two days previously, in answer to an offer which some kind donor had made to pay for a 'Christian family likely to do well in Canada.' And so some, who in the Mission had been watched over with hope were thus removed, probably for ever, from its care. And yet better so—better, that with a winter of so much distress threatening, some at least may be placed where perhaps they can begin life again in more prosperous circumstances; and well that they are those who may carry with them from their fatherland recollections of Christian teaching, and the prayers of the Church at home.

'We are ready,' writes the clergyman, on the following day, 'to be patient and persevering, not only because we know no work in the Lord is in vain, but because some signs follow us from time to time, which we cannot but consider encouraging fruits of our labour.'

Yet after all, how near is the Church of St. Luke to completion? There is the site purchased by the Bishop of London's Fund for £830, and a grant of £1200 towards the Building Fund. Then collections in the Quarterly Collecting Books, and donations sent through the Monthly Packet, £122. Special donations given or promised, perhaps £400 or £500 more, and the small annual sum contributed at the Offertories after paying the expenses of the Mission Services. In prospect there is this

sure though small amount to be looked forward to; then the persevering efforts of those who have become collectors, and the occasional promise from some brother clergyman to give an Offertory collection, in a better provided district, in aid of St. Luke's.

A slow gathering of the 'tale of bricks,' without which the church cannot be erected! We do not imagine that this waiting-time is lost time, in any sense; perhaps the period which is thus spent in taking root downwards may do more to strengthen the after-growth and progress of the Mission than it is easy to see at present. Yet let us remember that a *Churchless* Mission is still we may almost say a *Homeless* Mission. It is wanting in that which is at once the centre and the home of all its work. The church is wanting still, and what is all else besides when His House lieth waste? The church, the resting-place alike of the pastor and the flock, the Home whose service on earth is the best type and shadow of the Heavenly Home above, the place where every care may be set aside, and every burden laid down; where strength may be gathered for every future work, and help obtained for the performance of every present duty. How long will it be wanting in the Mission district of St. Luke?

IVANOVNA.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WINSOR GREEN.

Sir,

Having lately paid a very interesting visit to the Home at Winsor Green, near Birmingham, I think it may interest your readers to have some little notice of the continued success of this little Institution, of the rise of which they heard from another Correspondent, some time ago.

It may most truly be called a Home, for the spirit of love rules throughout, and every child is made to feel that she is individually cared for; that her little joys and sorrows are shared by her kind friends there, that her faults and evil ways cause them pain rather than anger, and that her improvement and well doing are the earnest desire and aim of the loving heart which has collected these little erring children around her, and saved them from the various evil paths in which they were so recklessly wandering.

It is no easy task to deal with children whose hearts have become hardened in wilfulness; and courageous must be that heart, with the courage of true love, who, renouncing all self-pleasing, can choose to cast in her lot in life with these little outcasts; for this Industrial School is specially intended for the reception of exceedingly ill-tempered, wilful, unmanageable girls, whose troublesome dispositions debar them admittance into other schools; and many of these she has had the happiness of transforming, by God's help, into useful members of society, and faithful servants of God.

An entire failure of health and strength has compelled her to seek rest in a long absence from this 'Home' of her thoughts and affections; but she is ably represented by a friend, who enters fully into all her plans, and guides the little household in the same spirit where love and firmness each exert their due influence.

Some thirty girls are at present collected under her roof, and we saw them busy and happy at their several occupations. Things are so arranged, that each girl takes her turn in the various departments of cooking, house-work, washing, needle-work, and also passes some hours of every day in the school-room, where, however, the

instruction is of the simplest and most useful kind, exciting in them a desire for improvement, and giving them the power to pursue it as they may hereafter find occasion. In one room we heard intelligent answers given, with bright and eager looks, to Scripture questions; and later on, it seemed to be a real pleasure to them, when those who could be spared from their different works, were summoned to sing to us, which they did with true and sweet voices and apparent enjoyment of the words. Some were from the Hymns Ancient and Modern, but, not confined to hymns and sacred songs, we had some gay melodies.

We inspected their needle-work, which did them great credit, as well for its neatness as for its cleanness.

The bed-rooms are large and airy, each girl having a separate bed, for the tidy appearance of which she is answerable. Above their beds, we saw sacred pictures or favourite texts illuminated; and at the head of each bed hangs a small bag, containing each girl's own special treasures. Under each bed is a basket to receive their clothes as they are taken off at bed-time.

They go out frequently for a ramble in the country, besides the daily early morning walk to church, and the weekly carrying home of clean linen which has been sent to their laundry. Saturday is a half holiday, devoted to mending their own clothes, and also part of it free for amusing themselves. Sunday afternoon brings with it its own peculiar pleasures of sacred music and pleasant readings, and more free intercourse with the Lady Superintendent, who also dines with them on that day.

She is always desirous of promoting their pleasure, by little summer excursions and treats; and finds it wise and necessary, in dealing with these poor undisciplined excitable children, to draw less tightly the bands of discipline, and to admit of more relaxation than is generally allowed in schools. Their bright happy looks, and rosy healthy cheeks, bore testimony to the wisdom of this arrangement.

We heard some interesting accounts of some of these poor rescued children. One, ———, who had been the plague of her home, with a temper fierce and unmanageable, shunned and dreaded by all around her, and spending her days in idleness, and her nights sleeping in out-houses or pig-sties. But hopeless as such a case would have seemed, nothing is too great for the grace of God; and the unwearied efforts and love here brought to bear on her, softened her almost savage nature, and she became an altered character. She is now considered by the clergyman of her village a pattern cottager's wife, so neat and trim in her appearance, so bright and happy, having learnt the true secret of joyful content, not to seek to be loved, but to love others for our dear Saviour's sake; and seeking to approve herself to Him in her daily life, she has found peace.

Another girl of fourteen years of age, ———, who has been four years in the Home, came voluntarily, but begged to be locked in at night, and also 'when I get in a bad fit of temper,' lest she should under a sudden impulse run away. She had before her entrance into the Home, supported herself by selling little wares in the streets, and thus travelled over the country, catering for herself, and 'keeping out of harm,' as she called it. She might well have laid by money, but for her reckless love of at once spending all on suppers for others, &c. She is much improved, though it is still very difficult at times to manage her, and she seems to find it impossible to impose a due restraint on her sharp and clever but unruly tongue; yet even over this restless spirit the Home seems to exercise a fascination, and the dread of being sent away quickly reduces her to submission.

The openness as to religious matters, and the simple faith of some Maories who were staying in the house two years ago, made a vivid impression on her mind. 'They believe in the next world more than in this, anyone can see that they do make God their Friend,' was once her remark; and the testimony of the Maories to her character (and they are very observant people) was, 'When she has quite left off her bad angry talk, she will make a very good missionary, her heart is strong.'

There is a small library in the Home, to which the girls have recourse in their leisure hours, but every book has been read and re-read so often, that new books are much needed by them, and contributions of nice books, whether new or old, would be a valuable gift from some of your readers, to the poor ill-tempered girls' Home.

A. M. B.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

The Rev. L. C. Biggs thankfully acknowledges receipt of G. H. F.'s *kind corrections. The hymn,* 'They come, GOD'S messengers of Love;' *and the translations,* 'Ye choirs of New Jerusalem;' *and* 'At the LAMB'S high Feast we sing;' *are thereby proved to have been written by Robert Campbell, Esq. for the S. Andrew's Hymnal, in* 1850. 'THREE in ONE, and ONE in THREE,' *was written in* 1851, *by the Rev. Gilbert Rorison, LL.D.*

C. N. *wishes for information as to any mode of disposing of ladies' work, the proceeds to be used for charitable purposes.*

In answer to Irene, NEWPORT *sends the following list of* 'Romances sans Paroles de F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy:—

1er RECUEIL, OP. 19.

1. Doux Souvenir.	3. La Chasse.	5. Inquiétude.
2. Regrets.	4. Confiance.	6. 1er Barcarolle.

2e RECUEIL, OP. 30.

7. Contemplation.	9. Consolation.	11. Le Ruisseau.
8. Sans Repos.	10. L' Egarée.	12. 2e Barcarolle.

3e RECUEIL, OP. 38.

13. L' Etoile du Soir.	15. La Harpe du Poète.	17. Appassionato.
14. Bonheur perdu.	16. Espoir.	18. Duetto.

4e RECUEIL, OP. 53.

19. Sur la plage.	21. Presto agitato.	23. Chant triomphal.
20. Le Nuage.	22. Tristesse de l'âme.	24. La Fuite.

5e RECUEIL, OP. 62.

25. Brise de Mai.	27. Marche funèbre.	29. 3e Barcarolle.
26. Le Depart.	28. Chant du Matin.	30. Chanson de Printemps.

6e RECUEIL, OP. 67.

31. Meditation.	33. Chant du Pélérin.	35. La Plainte du Pâtre.
32. Illusions perdues.	34. La Fileuse.	36. Serenade.

7e RECUEIL, OP. 85.

37. Rêverie.	39. Delire.	41. Le Retour.
38. Les Adieux.	40. Elegie.	42. Chant du Voyageur.

Received from G. W., F. W., *and* C. M., 10*s.*, *with many thanks, for the poor in Shoreditch.*—SISTERS OF THE POOR.

S. M. A. *will be much obliged if any of the Correspondents of the* Monthly Packet *can inform her where the following lines are taken from, by whom they are written, and if there are any other verses:—*

'Eye hath never seen the glory,
Ear hath never heard the song,
Heart of man can never image
What good things to them belong,
Who have loved the Lord of Glory,
Worshipping in this world's throng.'

S. *begs to inform* A. B. *that there is a very good tract inculcating reverence in churchyards, entitled,* The Curate's Daughter; or, The Sacredness of Churchyards,' *published by Parker. It is bound up in* Tales and Allegories.

C. *would suggest to* Gladys, *for the employment of her home leisure, an application to the* Ladies' Association *of the* S. P. G., 5, *Park Place, St. James, who would receive and forward the simple clothing worn by coloured children in Mission Schools, and also fancy work for sale in India.* The Net, *a very interesting Missionary publication,* (1*d. monthly,*) *contains many suggestions in aid of the cause; and the September number has two notices of sales of work desired at the Cape and Orange River State. See page* 142, *and inside of cover.*

I fear Gladys *will have found a sufficient answer to her letters in the appeal from Shoreditch, in the very same number of your* Packet. *But if she, or any of your other Contributors, are still seeking a way to help, the following extracts, from a letter just received, will I hope interest them in the Nursery at Portsea. 'They are sadly in want of funds for clothing, food, &c. The rent required for the house they have taken is so high, though it is in one of the worst streets of miserable Portsea. Their number averages twenty children a day, from one month to three years old. Often they have four babies in arms! You may imagine what the work is for the one woman and three girls, who are all the staff they can afford. Of course, making any clothes is quite out of the question for them. They would be most grateful for any pictures, or things of that kind, too. The head nurse is a sailor's widow, and receives £1 a month; she devotes herself entirely to the work; and two or three young ladies go regularly twice or thrice a week for one or two hours in the day, to help in the nursing, that she and the servant-girls may go out by turns. Any help you can give should be sent* carriage paid *to the care of* Rev. J. D. Pratt, Trinity Parsonage, Portsea, *for the Nursery of the Good Shepherd.*—R. L. C.

We have another letter for Gladys, *but it is delayed for want of room.*

S. *will thank the Editor if he will explain to her why the clergyman* retains in his hands *the Chalice when the Communicants receive.*——*As we believe, both for reverence and security from accident; but the custom necessarily is regulated by the form of the Chalice. We have inserted this question, but we wish it to be understood that we do not think the style of inquiry suitable to a popular magazine.*—ED.

Can you inform me whether Dr. Goulbourn, the present Dean of Norwich, was, some years since, either the Incumbent, or a Curate, at Quebec Chapel. It is, I believe, a chapel of ease to St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, London.—E. E.

Will you kindly tell me where to find the following quotation:—

'What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark! canst thou hear me?
I will play the swan,
And die in music.' —EVELYN.

ALICE.—*Faber's Hymn,* 'O Paradise,' *may be found in* The People's Hymnal, *(Masters.) Editions of the words with music, are published by Messrs. Richardson and Son; Burns and Co.; and Novello and Co.*

Kathleen.—*Thanks, but too late.*

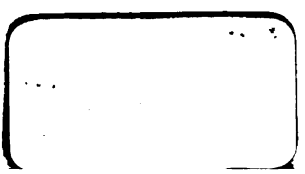
Declined with thanks.—E. O.; Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity; The Dream; O. V. L.; Letter on the Wider View.

Thankfully accepted.—Christmas at Malta.

Golden Hair *asks the author of—*

'While other knights hold revels—he
Was wrapped in thoughts of gloom,
And in Vienna's hostelry
Slow paced his lonely room.'

A Subscriber to the Monthly Packet *would be glad to be told of books suitable to read with a class of young ladies for the 'Study of the English Language, and for the Cultivation of English Literature,' and to be placed in a library at the disposal of the English inhabitants of a Continental town.*

The Sisters of the Poor of St. Michael's, Shoreditch, *acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of £5 towards their Schools.—St. Michael's, November 22nd.*

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.